





CROWD WAS THERE Bernardino Hears Able Speakers. ns and Barrett on Vital Issues.

BERNARDINO, Oct. 28.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The opera-house tonight to accommodate the crowd that came to hear Senator Bernardino and Hon. John Barrett on the political issues of the day.

Senator Bernardino, who was the first speaker, made a strong appeal for the support of the people of the state in the election of November 3. He said that the people of the state were the only ones who could save the country from the clutches of the foreign powers.

Hon. John Barrett, who was the second speaker, made a strong appeal for the support of the people of the state in the election of November 3. He said that the people of the state were the only ones who could save the country from the clutches of the foreign powers.

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Hay Intends to Advocate Vigorously the Adoption of the Russian Suggestion as the easiest method of obtaining a satisfactory solution.

Secretary Hay and other officials of the administration believe in general arbitration, but they think it is in the interest of the powers and China that direct negotiations should be first tried. Those who advocate arbitration, however, argue that swift action could be secured by the reference of the entire dispute to arbitration at this time than by beginning negotiations in the future which may be indefinitely prolonged and finally produce no result.

The authorities are anxious to obtain information relative to the replies of Germany and Great Britain on the Russian suggestion. No information on this point has yet reached the State Department. Should all the nations accept, the adoption of the Russian suggestion in the way of a satisfactory solution of the whole Chinese question will be removed.

Secretary Hay, Minister to Turkey, said in this city last night: "It is reported that the United States should lead in the matter of arbitration. We have never ceased to urge the course upon the powers and it is now up to them to make the proper time for us to put our words into action. The great dispute between Germany and Great Britain which undoubtedly has the approval of our government, leaves nothing to be settled except the amount of indemnity which China must pay to the several powers. It is at hand a serious dispute should arise regarding indemnity, the matter would have to be referred to arbitration and it is to be arbitrated. The Hague Commission is the proper body for it to come before."

MASSACRE AT MUKDEN.

Four Hundred Native Christians Slain Before Russian Occupation.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 27.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The massacre of four hundred native Christians at Mukden, Manchuria, was reported by the Russian press. The massacre was said to have been committed by the Japanese before the Russian occupation of the city.

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MINERS WALK IN PEACE.

Parades Signalize Close of Great Strike.

Two More Companies Grant Increase.

Great Demonstration at Scranton—Work to be Resumed Promptly Tomorrow.

Scranton, Pa., Oct. 27.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The great demonstration at Scranton, Pa., which marked the close of the great coal strike, was held in the city today. The demonstration was held in the city today.

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PRESIDENCY FOR CLEVELAND.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—A special to the Evening Post from Norfolk, Va., says: "According to a dispatch from Winchester, the presidency of Washington and Lee University, made vacant by the death of William T. Wilson, will be offered to ex-President Cleveland. A committee from the university will in a few days go to Princeton and formally extend the offer."

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 27.—According to the Official Messenger, the grain shortage in the provinces of the Russian Empire is not confined to the eastern provinces and Siberia. The provinces richest in cereals are actually suffering from a shortage of grain. Grain is forwarded ahead of other merchandise and grain railway rates have been reduced.

MUST NAME HIS PRICE.

Mr. Hutin at the End of His String.

One More Chance to Sell His Canal.

Panama Route May be Recommended if Clear Title is Guaranteed.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The Panama Canal company has within the last few weeks made a definite proposition to the United States to take over and complete the Panama Canal.

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LONG STRIKE IN PROSPECT.

Miners and Owners Firm at Iron Mountain.

Men Pitch Camp and Post Notices.

Murderer Garcia Is Married. Woman Routs Burglars. Slayer Will Live.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M. REDDING, Oct. 27.—The boarding-house at the Iron Mountain mine was closed at noon today. The leaders of the strike say there will be no trouble unless men are sent in to replace the strikers. The strike now promises to be long drawn out.

The men have arranged to board and lodge themselves at a point just this side of the Iron Mountain, off the company's line. The strikers have had printed some circulars, which are being put up around the country, especially on the road to Iron Mountain. They read as follows:

"We are on strike on the Iron Mountain mine. The miners have demanded a reduction of the time schedule from ten to eight hours for all underground men. All friends of the miner and workingmen are urged to keep away from the mine until the strike is settled."

"W. F. APLIN. "Chairman of the committee."

For the first time since the big strike occurred it was possible today to obtain statements from each side. Mr. Aplin for the strikers says:

"We believe we are in the right. We desire the most support of the people of the land. On Tuesday, October 18, the company allowed of its own free will eight-hour shifts in Peck tunnel. The order was a pleasant relief. At 2 o'clock the following Tuesday morning the night shift in the Peck tunnel was unceremoniously notified that the ten-hour schedule had to be resumed, commencing with their shift. They were told that if they did not accept the ten-hour shift, they would be out of the mine at the end of their eight hours. Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock the day force, after gathering about the mouth of the tunnel, decided not to go to work. At noon the underground workers of the entire mine held a consultation, and decided that they would not accept the ten-hour shift. They decided to go out of the mine at the end of their eight hours. A committee of six waited on Superintendent Belkirk at that afternoon with the request that the company would accept the ten-hour shift. A committee of three waited on General Manager Wright the next day. They were informed he could do nothing for them."

"The men are quiet, sober and orderly. No violence will take place unless they are forced to. We are willing to replace them. Owing to the condition of the mine eight hours are enough to constitute a day's work. We are willing to hold out for a long time. If the company can afford to allow the mine to be idle for a long time, we can hold out for a long time. The position of the Mountain Copper Company is described by Assistant Manager Edwards as follows:

"The strikers took us entirely unawares. They made no complaint nor presented any grievances. The mine boarding-house, canteen and store were closed this morning to all and will not be reopened until the strike is settled. The strikers are not to employ men. We do not employ men. We believe the wage schedule is liberal for the conditions. The strikers will not be asked to return to work, we stand ready to pay all the men as they present their time checks."

MRS. CRAVEN IN COURT. TRIAL SET FOR TOMORROW.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 27.—Mrs. Nettie R. Craven, haggard and drawn, and walking on crutches, appeared before Judge Cook today for a hearing on the indictment against her. Attorney Riddan explained to the court that the jury had been excused for the day and that the case would be heard tomorrow.

SYLVIA AND SIMPSON. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 27.—The Supreme Court will have to pass on the judgments against Sylvia and George W. Simpson of San Francisco, who are charged with perjury in connection with the Craven-Fair litigation. Superior Judge Cook this morning sustained the judgments entered in the case at the calling of the cases three weeks ago. The chief clerk on which ex-Gov. Budd and Judge D. J. Murphy, attorneys for Sylvia and Simpson, based their objections was that the affidavits procured by Sylvia and made by Simpson, in which the latter claimed to have been married to Nettie Craven and the late Senator Fair, became an extra judicial act on the part of a judge of the Superior Court. The affidavits, and not a deposition, admitted in evidence in the treatment of the action at law.

WEDDED IN MURDERER. MARRIAGE IN ALIBI JAIL.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M. PHOENIX (Ariz.), Oct. 27.—Edw. Garcia, convicted of the murder of Edward O'Connor of El Paso, was married a few days ago to Miss Felicitas Telles in the jail. The latter had a babe in her arms and Garcia is his father. The bride and her mother were prominent at the sensational trial of Garcia. Mrs. Telles being accused of testifying falsely that Garcia was a married man. The daughter created great excitement by addressing the jury in behalf of her mother and her sweetheart. Garcia has been granted a new trial.

DEATH OF MRS. FREEMAN. EXPIRES AFTER LONG ILLNESS.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M. OAKLAND, Oct. 27.—Mrs. Emma Freeman, wife of Frank Freeman, Communist candidate for Congress in the Third District, died this morning at 4:15 o'clock, after a long illness, at her residence, No. 669 Thirtieth street. She was the mother of Frank Elsworth Freeman and George Freeman.

TERRIBLE TALE OF SUFFERING.

Thousands of Alaskans Die From Disease. Famine.

NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M. SEATTLE (Wash.), Oct. 27.—The Rev. Father John B. Rens, in charge of the Roman Catholic missions on the Yukon, has arrived at Dawson with a terrible story of the sufferings of the natives in that valley from an epidemic of a mysterious disease resembling a combination of pneumonia, measles and typhoid fever. At Holy Cross mission sixty out of 130 Indians died in less than two months.

Famine now threatens, as the natives have not been able to lay up supplies of fish and game for the winter. The plague has been general all along the river and along the coast of Bering Sea, and thousands of natives have died and many more will die from the disease itself or of starvation following in its train.

NEW DESTROYER PERRY. LAUNCHED AT METROPOLIS.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 27.—The torpedo-boat destroyer Perry was launched today from the Union Iron Works in the presence of about 1500 people. The honor of christening the craft devolved upon Miss Madeleine O'Connor.

The Perry is the first of three destroyers building at the Union Iron Works. The Paul Jones and Preble will be launched in about two weeks.

RUPPE'S SLAYER WILL LIVE. CHINAMAN FULLY EXONERATED.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M. PHOENIX (Ariz.), Oct. 27.—Eugene Chung, the Chinaman who killed Stephen Ruppe in a gun fight at Tombstone last week, and who was believed to be fatally wounded, will recover. He has been fully exonerated, his sister in self-defense, and is receiving the praise of the community for the disposal of Ruppe, who was known as a bad character. A purse has been made up as a testimonial of gratitude.

HEIR OF SHERMAN. "FRISCO MAN'S GOOD FORTUNE."

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 27.—Charles H. Sherman, who for many years has worked in the San Francisco mint, and who now resides in Alameda, will receive \$400,000 from the estate of Secretary of State John Sherman, who died a few days ago, and who was an uncle of Charles H. Sherman.

KING IS GUILTY. VERDICT OF MANSLAUGHTER.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M. SAN RAFAEL, Oct. 27.—In the King murder trial, the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter. Judge Angellotti reserved his sentence for November 3.

BRIEF COAST DISPATCHES. Henry L. Lacey's Will Opened.

TUCSON (Ariz.), Oct. 27.—The will of Henry L. Lacey, who died in Los Angeles recently, was opened today. The bequest to his wife is \$100,000, mostly in cash and United States bonds. To Olive S. Read, ten-year-old daughter of William and Gertrude Lacey, who died in Tucson, he bequeathed \$50,000. He also bequeathed \$10,000 to his son, Henry L. Lacey, Jr., and \$10,000 to his daughter, Mary L. Lacey.

Mrs. Navarro Secures Divorce. PHOENIX (Ariz.), Oct. 27.—In the District Court here today the wife of Leon Navarro, the Mexican Consul, was granted a divorce from the husband. The grounds of the divorce were that the husband was guilty of adultery and that the wife was unable to cohabit with him. The divorce was granted by Judge Angellotti.

Five Brothers Lost. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 27.—The well known coasting schooner Five Brothers is a total loss at Double Point, near Drake's Bay. She left here on October 12 for Los Angeles, and was last seen on shore twelve days later, after battling with head winds and gales until the crew was worn out.

Miners' Association Meets. NEVADA, Oct. 27.—The Nevada County Miners' Association held their annual meeting this afternoon. The treasurer's report showed \$1500 had been collected during the year and \$1500 disbursed, all but \$1000 going to the State association. Fred Zellner of this city, who is a candidate for election as president of the State association, was informed.

Orange for the East. SACRAMENTO, Oct. 27.—The Southern Pacific Company is making arrangements to move 100 carloads of oranges from the Oroville district to the East early next month. Growers in the district are going to the crop, it is understood, directly after the election.

Jurors to Try Zeiger. SANTA CRUZ, Oct. 27.—Out of fifty jurors examined today at the trial of Zeiger, charged with wife murder, only four were accepted. The case was continued until Tuesday.

Joyce Starts South. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 27.—George W. Joyce, who was arrested here on a warrant charging him with forgery, left for Los Angeles tonight in the custody of a detective.

THE RAINFALL. At Stockton. STOCKTON, Oct. 27.—Rain commenced falling here about 10:30 tonight and will continue until 1 o'clock a.m. (Sunday) it was still coming down, though the downpour has been broken by showers. Reports from other points in San Joaquin county are to the effect that the rain is general throughout this vicinity.

At Santa Rosa. SANTA ROSA, Oct. 27.—A slight rain began here this evening. No damage is expected. The farmers generally are prepared for winter weather.

At Sacramento. SACRAMENTO, Oct. 27.—Rain commenced falling here at 10 o'clock tonight. There is no fruit now to be injured, and the farmers are ready for any reasonable rainfall.

At San Jose. SAN JOSE, Oct. 27.—A brisk rain commenced falling at midnight, which will continue.

SAVINGS BANKS ALSO FULL.

Large Increase in Deposits Striking Evidence of Prosperity.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—The following statement, issued by the Comptroller of the Currency, shows the amount of deposits in savings banks in the United States in 1900 and 1901:

1900—Number of banks, 1008; aggregate deposits, \$1,933,408; number of depositors, 5,003,404; average deposits, \$376.50.

1901—Number of banks, 1002; aggregate deposits, \$2,380,710; number of depositors, 5,908,001; average deposits, \$404.33.

Increase since 1900—Number of banks, 14; aggregate deposits, \$447,302; number of depositors, 824,597; average deposits, \$547.53.

STARTS WITH CATERPILLAR.

Caterpillars in a large number of places in the state are causing much trouble to the farmers. The caterpillars are eating the leaves of the cotton plants and the corn plants. The farmers are using various methods to destroy the caterpillars, but they are not successful.

The caterpillars are causing much trouble











tail, over so short, over so stout, that can come to him the full measure of satisfaction that always goes with all of which and much the best goods on earth in the country over as the best.

clothing. our special clothing. We show you the best on the market at \$2.50. Every garment.

the LEWIS, the STONE, the MEDICOTT, the AMERICAN HOUSE, we buy direct in case you want to supply you with the most reasonable prices.

75c \$1.00 \$1.25 \$1.50 \$2.00 \$3.00

account for special Eastern the famous

ng Co.

It Takes So Little

To buy even the most beautiful of them, that it's surprising how many of the best dresses ever made in Los Angeles are brought by express to New York. New York can be a victory in bringing the latest styles to you for so little.

\$15.00 secure a beautiful suit with latest style range upward to \$100.00. Only a little for the quality and style of the material and elegant trimmings.

The Unique

345 S. Broadway.

ADVICE . . .

In all the districts of the country, the demand for the best of the best is increasing. The number of people who are interested in the best of the best is increasing. The number of people who are interested in the best of the best is increasing.

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# SOCIALISTS SET A TRAP.

But Did Not Catch Many Suckers.

"Workingman" Bait Not Very Effective.

Cards Stacked Against Republican Candidates Who Knew to Tempt.

The trap set for the Republican candidates by the Socialist aggregation at the Los Angeles Council of Labor, which is about as representative of the workingmen of Los Angeles as "Fisher" Davis of the business community, was cunningly devised, but failed to catch any considerable number of political suckers.

The nominees of all the parties for legislative offices in Los Angeles county had been invited, not any one, to appear at a "mass meeting of workingmen" at Council of Labor Hall on Friday evening to answer the question, "What will I do, if elected, for the workingman?"

It was a baiting of the candidates, and of any self-respecting candidate, by such a demagogical demand, coming from such a quarter, was looked out in an editorial in The Times of Friday morning, which editorial was under instruction of the meeting, read to the audience by the secretary, but some of the unwary candidates had already pledged themselves to be present, and a few of them walked into the trap in spite of friendly warnings.

As was to be expected, the hall was packed with the most radical elements of the community, who regarded themselves as the only workingmen who have rights worth considering, and many of whom are known to labor more with their jaws than with their hands. All the Socialist clergies of the city, numbering only a few hundred at the most, were, of course, while the thousands of honest and independent workingmen of the community, who are the backbone and sinews of the body politic, were conspicuous by their absence.

Needless to say, the Social Democrats, who were the only party to have a representative in the hall, were the only ones who were not invited to the meeting. They were the only ones who were not invited to the meeting.

CARDS WERE STACKED.

The programme was designed to attract as many as possible of the Republican candidates as a disadvantage from start to finish. In every instance the Republican nominee was called on to speak first. The Democratic candidate, being second on the list, so that he had an opportunity to make a statement of his position, and the Social Democrat always had the advantage over all by having a last word to make the closing argument.

It was a baiting of the candidates, and of any self-respecting candidate, by such a demagogical demand, coming from such a quarter, was looked out in an editorial in The Times of Friday morning, which editorial was under instruction of the meeting, read to the audience by the secretary, but some of the unwary candidates had already pledged themselves to be present, and a few of them walked into the trap in spite of friendly warnings.

As was to be expected, the hall was packed with the most radical elements of the community, who regarded themselves as the only workingmen who have rights worth considering, and many of whom are known to labor more with their jaws than with their hands. All the Socialist clergies of the city, numbering only a few hundred at the most, were, of course, while the thousands of honest and independent workingmen of the community, who are the backbone and sinews of the body politic, were conspicuous by their absence.

Needless to say, the Social Democrats, who were the only party to have a representative in the hall, were the only ones who were not invited to the meeting. They were the only ones who were not invited to the meeting.

tempting to answer questions put to him by persons in the audience. He balked when he was asked what he considered a fair day's wages, and when he finally ventured the reply that two dollars was pretty good, he was nearly hissed off the floor. "You're a cheap guy," and similar remarks greeted him. Asked if he was in favor of the competitive system, Mr. James had to confess that he didn't know what was meant by that. More jokes and a desperate endeavor on the part of Mr. James to set himself right, but before he got through with his explanation, time was called on him. He did not undertake to combat The Times position.

H. N. Zipsen, Socialist candidate for the Assembly in the Seventy-third district, in broken Hebraic dialect, made one of the best Socialist orations of the evening and was given an ovation. He, however, ignored the logic of The Times position.

The only candidate from the Seventy-fourth Assembly District who replied, was C. E. Ford, Socialist Democrat, who started in to read a rambling statement of all kinds of impracticable things that he would do if elected, but the stop watch was snapped on him in the middle of his discourse. He declined to assault the logical citadel of The Times.

CARTER WAS CAUTIOUS.

Henry E. Carter, Republican nominee for the Assembly in the Seventy-fifth District, filled his twelve minutes without committing himself to any greater extent than to promise to see, so far as lay in his power, that the workingmen were accorded their rights. He confessed that he did not know just what the workingmen wanted in the way of legislation, and barely escaped a volley of hisses for this exhibition of candor. Mr. Carter's reception was in the nature of a frost. He did not antagonize The Times in his statement.

"High-Wire" Allender was the next performer, and he orated in his usual demagogical and spectacular fashion. The Socialists in the audience went wild over his wily palaver, but the relentless chairman called time and cut off the flow of balderdash before Bonaparte Farose "busted" a suspender. Allender lambasted The Times feebly. Arthur Vinette, ex-deputy in Cooney's army, Socialist Democrat candidate for the Assembly in the Seventy-fifth District, and long-time laborer with his mouth having had his third derision by his Democratic rival (Allender) frankly admitted that he would not be elected, but promised that if the wheels should go wrong and result in his going to Sacramento, he "wouldn't do a thing." He closed with an exhortation to vote for Debs.

McLACHLAN'S APPEARANCE.

The tardy arrival of James McLachlan, Republican nominee for Congress, created a little ripple of excitement, which was intensified when the secretary of the meeting read the editorial from The Times, heretofore referred to, criticizing these too obedient candidates who had so nervously answered the call of the laborers who do not labor, and shown an unmanly readiness to listen to the walking delegates. Although the crowd looked askance at McLachlan as a Republican, he was justly cheered when he was introduced, not by the chairman, but by the trade-union secretary of the meeting, as "that crown of thorns" who had been "attacked" by The Times. (Cheers.)

Mr. McLachlan, failing to recognize that the applause was prompted by regard for himself, then by malice toward The Times, proceeded to evoke more applause from his Socialist audience by saying, in substance:

"I am proud to be here, notwithstanding the statement of the Los Angeles Times just read. Personally, I am very much indignant, and had it not been for that cowardly attack in The Times, I would not be here tonight. I did not reply to your invitation, as stated there, but I take nothing back. I am here to meet you honest voters and look you in the face square."

McLachlan proceeded with a great deal more of complaint about the alleged unjust treatment accorded him by the editor of The Times, and with tears in his voice, pictured himself as a sort of political martyr. While attacking The Times and its editor personally by name, McLachlan at the same time had the assurance to complain that it had not supported him in the past to his satisfaction. The more bitterly he spoke of his troubles and his failure to have all his political acts inscribed by this journal, the more enthusiastically he was applauded. He did not make even a pretense of seriously combating the arguments in The Times editorial of which he complained so bitterly, and with so little reason.

WHERE CAME A FROST.

But as soon as McLachlan began to tell what he would do for the workingman in case of his election, the enthusiasm subsided. The reason for this was because he felt constrained to keep on the platform of his party, instead of endorsing all the socialist fads which most of the listening speakers had recklessly subscribed to. His words in favor of the Republican policy of protection to American labor and payment for that labor with sound money, evoked only a chorus of groans.

"The only fellows who are tramping the streets today," he said, "are employees looking for more laborers to employ. There are cries of 'That's not so.'"

When he said he had voted for an arbitration board to settle disputes between capital and labor, and had also voted to restrict foreign immigration, and would do so some more, he again got a few cheers. He was also applauded when he said: "I am in favor of the laboring people organizing to protect their own interests. Capital organizers, why not labor? But the time changed when he continued: 'Remember that capital needs the laboring man, and the laboring man needs capital. (Howls of 'No! No!') Each is dependent on the other. [A storm of 'noes!'] Capital and labor go hand in hand through smaller fields of plenty. 'That's not so! They don't!' General confusion."

At this point Mr. McLachlan broke off his peroration and gave up the hopeless job of trying to please his Socialist friends by preaching to them Republican doctrine. There were a few Republicans in the crowd who applauded him to the end, but his reception, which began with an ovation, ended with a frost.

CHEERS FOR WILSHIRE.

H. Gaylord Wilshire, the Social Democratic candidate for Congress, was not present, but he sent a letter of regret in which he requested that he be challenged to his competitors for a joint debate. A perfect storm of applause greeted the Wilshire pronouncement. It was announced amid dense silence that Democratic Candidate Graves had entirely ignored the invitations extended him to be present, and that Chairman Allender closed the meeting with a general handing out of bouquets, and the remark: "Whatever opinion may attach to me for presiding over this meeting, I shall cheerfully bear all the balance of my life."

(The meeting does not deserve a report of this length, as it was "highly unimportant" as a political event; but it is here reported somewhat in extent because there has been lying about the hall place that it was directed against the Times.)

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# Southern California Towns and Counties.

## PASADENA.

### Theatre Club Has Live Topics.

### Work for Advancement of the City.

### For Dr. Dairymple's Funeral—The Ornithological Club's Jamboree.

PASADENA, Oct. 27.—[Regular Correspondence.] The theatre club of Pasadena, which is the first of a series of clubs to take on live topics, met last evening at the home of Mrs. J. C. Fitzgerald and left for the overland tonight for their home in Grand Rapids, Mich. They expect to return about the first of the year, and will occupy the old Ross house on Grove street, which they have had thoroughly remodeled.

In the absence of Rev. J. M. Huston of the First Methodist Church, Rev. A. C. Maxwell will preach Sunday morning and Rev. W. H. Marsh in the evening, at Grand Army Hall.

Rev. Preston McKinley, D.D., will preach Sunday morning and evening at the First Presbyterian Church. Rev. M. J. McLeod will resume his duties in the pulpit in another week.

Rev. Francis Deal of Nebraska, a lecturer on the subject of "The Christian's Duty," will preach Sunday morning at the North Pasadena Methodist Church.

The Pasadena Ornithological Club will hold the first meeting of the season Monday at the residence of Mrs. A. L. Hill, No. 300 South Marengo avenue.

The club, which was organized last year, will hold its annual meeting at the Y.M.C.A. rooms.

The Sunday-school of the Lake Avenue Presbyterian Church celebrated its fifth anniversary last evening.

Dr. George B. Hull has returned from a month's outing at Flagstaff and in the Grand Canyon.

Rev. and Mrs. A. M. Merwin returned yesterday from Berkeley.

Philip A. Butler is ill.

The Boston Cash Dry Goods House of Pasadena is just issuing a circular giving some heart-breaking prices for the next ten days, commencing this Monday. Watch for the circulars to be distributed. With every purchase of \$1.00 and over, a coupon will be given. We must have some room for our new goods.

Only four days more of the big winter sale of the year. Prices never so low. Dorman's New Dry Goods Store, 25 East Colorado.

The Basket Fair at the parish house of All Saints Church will be held Thursday evening, November 1st. It is a very attractive affair, and will include a variety of interesting and useful articles. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the church.

Artists' materials at Wadsworth's. A trial load of coal on track; lowest prices. J. A. Jacobs.

For rent, \$1.00, bicycles; sewing machines, \$1.00; typewriters, \$1.00. H. Herrick.

The leading grocer—W. J. Kelly, "Tourists' Leading Bureau," 113 East Colorado street.

Mrs. H. D. Norton, who is teaching in the school, is expected to be promoted to the position of principal.

The school trustees for their faithful work in education, and for the excellent sanitary conditions in which the schools of this city are kept. The consensus of opinion is that the most commendable position should be placed on the board, in view of the fact that the school is the most important institution in the city.

The California and Oriental steamship company arrived here at noon from Hongkong and Yokohama, with a very large cargo, including 700 chests of tea for the port.

PIONEERS MEET.

The Ladies' Pioneer Society held a social meeting, last evening in the O. A. Hall. Mrs. Matthew Sherman, president of the society, made an address on the subject of "Pioneering in the West." The meeting was very successful, and the ladies enjoyed the evening very much.

Anti-saloon meetings were held last evening at National City and Coronado Beach, as well as in this city. This anti-saloon work, which has been going on for some time, is expected to result in the prohibition of the sale of alcoholic liquors in this city.

Notes and Personal.

HOTEL DEL CORONADO, Oct. 27.—[Regular Correspondence.] The San Diego Telephone Company has decided to establish an exchange office at Coronado Beach, and the crowded condition of the line leading across the bay and the number of Coronado residences now putting in phones.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Fitch entertained a large party last evening at their home at Star Park. In honor of Mrs. Langley and Miss Grace Langley of Alameda, who returned north after a visit of three months' stay in Southern California.

Miss Louise Cron is visiting Los Angeles relative this month.

Mr. and Mrs. George Holterhoff of Cincinnati, and Charles R. Holterhoff of Alameda, are recent arrivals at Coronado Beach.

James G. Hill, Jr., and E. E. Osgood of New York are spending a fortnight at the hotel.

Mrs. R. H. Whitten of Los Angeles and a guest, Miss Grace Martine of Alameda, have returned north after a week's stay at Coronado.

Mrs. E. W. Gould and daughter of Oakland, have returned north after a visit with relatives and friends at this place.

H. R. Townsend, a Denver mining man, on a business trip to the Coast, is a recent Coronado arrival.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Hale of San Francisco, who are on their wedding trip, and Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott, also a bride couple from the Golden Gate city, are recent arrivals at this resort.

[Chicago Tribune:] Mr. Bryan, more reckless of public opinion than any other man of his party, is expected to make a speech at the party headquarters in the State of New York. Why he does so is no mystery. He cannot be elected without the support of the "free silver" men, and he knows that the only way to get their support is to make a speech at the party headquarters in the State of New York.

## ORANGE COUNTY EVENTS.

### First Conviction Under Shade-Tree Ordinance—"Walk-Around" Aftermath.

SANTA ANA, Oct. 27.—[Regular Correspondence.] Again the somewhat noted shade-tree case has run the gamut of the City Recorder's court. The case came up Thursday, and the entire day was consumed in obtaining a jury. Yesterday morning the taking of evidence was begun, which continued throughout the day, the case going to the jury at 5 o'clock. At 10:45 p.m. a verdict of "guilty as charged" was rendered. The complaint alleges that the Hill of this city refused to comply with an ordinance of the city providing for cutting down shade trees at the will of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Hill has never denied having refused to comply with the ordinance—in fact, he has paid no attention to it. He has a pretty row of trees in front of his residence on North Main street, one of the most fashionable portions of the city, and he does not believe that the trees are a nuisance. The City Trustee claims that the day, from these trees will find their way into the sewer system and fill it up. Mr. Hill suggests that if there are any holes in the sewer pipe through which the roots can get, that it might be better to repair the pipe.

The next step will be an appeal to the Superior Court, and if the ordinance under which he has been convicted is held to be constitutional, Mr. Hill says he will not remove those trees until he dies.

TEDDY'S TERRORS COMING.

"Teddy's Terrors" of Los Angeles will visit Santa Ana Friday evening. They are scheduled to reach this city at 1:15 p.m., and will remain until 9:30 p.m. The Republican County Committee met this afternoon, and among other items of business transacted instructed the Executive Committee to make such arrangements for the entertainment of this splendid company as they deem best.

Mr. Hill has shown recently that she can be equal to any emergency that may arise, and "Teddy's Terrors" therefore may confidently anticipate a warm reception in this city. The special train carrying the company will make short stops at Orange and Fullerton. It is scheduled to arrive at Fullerton at 10:15 p.m., where they will remain for one hour and fifteen minutes.

"WALK-AROUND" AFTERMATH.

No event in the political history of Orange county has aroused so much enthusiasm as the "walk-around" yesterday. Every detail was carried out to the letter, and the impression upon the residents of the section of the county visited cannot fail to be of lasting benefit to the Republican party. It is today being the principal topic of conversation on the streets, conservative men estimating that many votes have been made for the party.

The expense incurred by the construction of the path are to be covered by a subscription fund, already collected. The most generous response to the sale of aluminum bicycle tags, guaranteeing owners the privilege of the path.

BENIGNIUS IN PORT.

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James McLaughlin, the Congressional nominee, and other will speak.

Millie J. Bowditch, late Co. H, Forty-ninth Massachusetts Infantry, admitted to the bar at New York, died Sunday, aged 54 years.

Michael Kink, late Co. G, One Hundred and Thirty-third New York Infantry, a native of New York, died Wednesday, aged 54.

SANTA BARBARA COUNTY.

WARSHIP START SOUTHWARD.

SANTA BARBARA, Oct. 27.—[Regular Correspondence.] Today was the last day of the warship's stay at this port and the jacks were hoisted at noon. The ship was to start southward for the Iowa and last night every sailor who could obtain shore leave was celebrating the manner of his class. The authorities found it necessary to recently shore the police force. At times a free-for-all squabble seemed inevitable and several individual scraps were going on at once. The business of the day was the launching of the early part of the evening with people who were out to see the major motor launch. The warship's launch was busy all day today taking on supplies preparatory to leaving evening. The ships will drop anchor at San Francisco tomorrow morning and be ready to receive visitors before noon.

Admiral and Mrs. Kauts have been staying at the Arlington during the stay here. They have been the guests of the hotel and the reception was given to a few Santa Barbara and Montecito people aboard the flagship. The Admiral has enjoyed the trip and the people of the city. Last evening about 100 guests participated with Admiral Kauts and the officers of the Iowa and Philadelphia.

## MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

### Chicago Street Railway Commission Completes Bills to Be Submitted to the Legislature.

CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—The Chronicle says the bills which the municipal street railway commission proposes to introduce at the coming session of the State Legislature as the result of several months' exhaustive study of the traction situation are practically completed.

The first measure will confer upon the city authorities the special right to own and operate street railways. Under its provisions the city will be empowered to negotiate for the purchase of the present street railway plants within the city limits, or as an alternative to build an entirely new system. The money for this purchase or building of street railways to be owned by the municipality is to be raised by the issuance of bonds within specified limits. Before such bonds can be issued the question must be submitted to a vote of the people.

The second measure provides for municipal ownership of a comprehensive system of downtown subways. It has as its object the improvement of the city as regards the financing of the subway system. It confers authority upon the municipality to build the subway system on a bond issue, and like the bill, will take an affirmative popular vote necessary before such bonded debt can be incurred.

The third measure of the municipal committee's labors is thus the adoption of the principle of municipal ownership and at the same time the adoption of the elaborately worded measure with which it is proposed to commit the city to an aggressive street railway campaign at Springfield next winter.

Several local Republicans are touring the north end of the country this week in the interest of the party. Among them are B. F. Crawshaw and Edmund M. Burke, who addressed a major motor launch. Mr. Burke, the chief speaker of the evening, was the first of the tour. The two men have been in the city for some time, and are expected to stay here for some time.

At the town of Santa Maria, the two men were met by a large number of people, and a reception was given to a few Santa Barbara and Montecito people aboard the flagship. The Admiral has enjoyed the trip and the people of the city. Last evening about 100 guests participated with Admiral Kauts and the officers of the Iowa and Philadelphia.

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## MOVEMENTS OF SHIPPING.

### Coast Vessels on the Way.

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## DRUNKARDS EASILY CURED.

### Miss Edith Williams Wants Every Lady Reader of This Paper to Know How She Saved Her Father.

Used an Odeless and Tasteless Remedy in His Food, Quickly Curing Him Without His Knowledge.

Nothing could be more dramatic or devoted than the manner in which Miss Edith Williams, of Los Angeles, cured her father, who had been a drunkard for many years, without his knowledge.

Miss Williams, who is now a well-known actress, was born in Los Angeles, and her father was a well-known actor. He had been a drunkard for many years, and his health was in a very bad state. Miss Williams, who was then a young girl, decided to do something to help her father, and she began to use the Odeless and Tasteless Remedy in his food.

After a few days, she noticed that her father was becoming more and more healthy, and after a few weeks, he was completely cured. Miss Williams, who was then a young girl, decided to do something to help her father, and she began to use the Odeless and Tasteless Remedy in his food.

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After a few days, she noticed that her father was becoming more and more healthy, and after a few weeks, he was completely cured. Miss Williams, who was then a young girl, decided to do something to help her father, and she began to use the Odeless and Tasteless Remedy in his food.

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## Buy of the Maker

### To insure fine optical work at first hands and lowest prices.

Our workmanship in glasses is excellent; our fitting of eyes perfect; and our prices are always the lowest.

Take advantage of our many facilities and let us suit you to a pair of good glasses.

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...man, and confuses me... above. It's also com... said and done, it's the... do the best execution... to that point where you... these goods and you...

...to check patterns, fann... and ruffs, knee length... with stripes... of plain colors, fann... of goods, each gar... trimmed... of all wool... finished with silk... Children.

...in, in ribbed natural wo... and vests in heavy white... and value \$1.25 and \$1.50... combination suits in extra... extra ribbed, fleece lined... style... of combination suits, a 75... extra ribbed fleece lined... style... Opportunity better time or place... of goods, at such... night shirts, made of good... in size line of... and wide... night shirts, but quality... extra long and wide... Flannels.

...with colors, French design, in... and made especially... of goods in Highland... a well stocked, soft, dry... colored colors... goods, and then tell you... we have attached to... the account with... are a subject that... any place, at any... any object that... There are some... Flannels.

...a quality, low carpet, in... and pattern, and... and used to suit reality... Colored

...the close of goods as the... there are two bar... and no dead goods... and our goods... Colored

...the beautiful new... in navy, cream, cardinal, gray,...

THE OIL INDUSTRY.  
LOOKING TO  
SOUTHWEST.

Where the Local Field May Stretch.

Import of a Big Sale at Fullerton.

Conditions in Summerland's Unique Ocean District—Oil in General.

...one point in the local field... that is attracting much atten... in the district to the south... The interest centered there, how... and arises from the number... who stand to win or lose... the outcome, but from the fact... the field is new, and should oil be... in paying quantities it will... the home field. From the indica... time ago E. K. Foster, Frank... Thomas Vign and Herbert... secured an option on several... in the Chaffee tract, near Ver... and Western avenues, and just... of Melrose avenue. A hydraulic... was installed, and the drill was... to work. After going almost 1000... the drill entered a body of oil... a light oil. From the indica... in the hole the operators were... opinion that a good body of tight... would be found lower down.

...last week a standard rig was in... drilling, and it was reported... that down last night the drill had... a depth of 150 feet, and 9%... oil was being put in to almost... point.

...most of the land in that field has... been taken up, and that many... will soon be at work.

WESTLAKE DEAL.

...one of the most interesting deals in... local oil market is the work on the... of the Westlake deal. The... the attention of several men of cap... the pool, the formation of which... noted in this column a few... weeks has for its object the re... of the price to a point... near the intrinsic value of... party than present market... know. By advancing the stock... a price that experts say... to be a success. The deal... the companies will fall in line... protect their stock. Such protec... without question strengthen... local market and place the... on a money-paying basis.

...the Westlake deal hinges on the... of securing a sufficient... of 60 per cent. of the entire... stock. If this is accomplished... the deal will be a success. The... management installed. We say... and E. P. Bryan are slated for... and it is reported that their... will be the most important item in... a well-known insurance company... of the judges of the Superior... the deal. The company... into the directorate a president of... of the local banks.

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THE WEATHER.

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**FOR SALE**

FOR SALE—BEAUTIFUL MODERN 3-BEDROOM house, 1311 West Adams; rooms finished in oak; oak floors down stairs; beautiful view of city; lot in district; large trees, shrubbery in front; dining room and library; 6 large closets; central heating and air conditioning; heating and lighting; choice surroundings; lot 3333 on 34th street; price \$14,500. Call 1-2-3456.

LEONARD MERRILL, JR.  
67 Grand Ave.,  
Chicago 10, Ill.

FOR SALE—CHEAP HOMES—  
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-101



**FOR SALE—**

[illegible][illegible]



## BUSINESS CHANG

[illegible]

Call at DR. LENE'S SOLAR  
Main st.  
BIG PROFITS—WE WILL BRING

[illegible]







### STOCK FOR SALE

STOCK FOR SALE. LINERS. BELGIAN HARES. MONEY TO LOAN. STOCKS AND BONDS. EDUCATIONAL. LOST, STRAYED. TO LET.

### Liners.

STOCK FOR SALE. LINERS. BELGIAN HARES. MONEY TO LOAN. STOCKS AND BONDS. EDUCATIONAL. LOST, STRAYED. TO LET.

### BELGIAN HARES

STOCK FOR SALE. LINERS. BELGIAN HARES. MONEY TO LOAN. STOCKS AND BONDS. EDUCATIONAL. LOST, STRAYED. TO LET.

### MONEY TO LOAN

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### STOCKS AND BONDS

STOCK FOR SALE. LINERS. BELGIAN HARES. MONEY TO LOAN. STOCKS AND BONDS. EDUCATIONAL. LOST, STRAYED. TO LET.

### EDUCATIONAL

STOCK FOR SALE. LINERS. BELGIAN HARES. MONEY TO LOAN. STOCKS AND BONDS. EDUCATIONAL. LOST, STRAYED. TO LET.

### LOST, STRAYED

STOCK FOR SALE. LINERS. BELGIAN HARES. MONEY TO LOAN. STOCKS AND BONDS. EDUCATIONAL. LOST, STRAYED. TO LET.

### TO LET

STOCK FOR SALE. LINERS. BELGIAN HARES. MONEY TO LOAN. STOCKS AND BONDS. EDUCATIONAL. LOST, STRAYED. TO LET.



**DR. JAMES WILSON**, military surgeon, who was  
with all the conditions that  
the outbreak, said before he  
was firing line, that the  
for the outbreak did not

[illegible]

AND  
Pioneer Cream.

[illegible]











## The Social World. x

the home of Miss Ada Smith Wednesday afternoon.  
Mrs. A. G. Gassen and Miss Gassen gave a very pretty luncheon party Thursday.  
Miss Harriet Sheldon spent last week in Los Angeles.

Miss Cornelia Otten of Berlin, who spent a part of last year in this city, has returned from a trip to Europe and

**Pomona.**  
**M**R. and MRS. HENRY GREENWOOD TINSLEY left on Wednesday evening for a ten day's trip to the mountains.

Dr. Sanborn and two sons of Redlands rode over in their locomobile on Thursday and visited Dr. F. W. Thomas at Claremont.

Mrs. Lou V. Chapin was here on Saturday, and delivered one of her interesting lectures before the ladies of the Saturday Afternoon Club.

E. J. Fleming has returned from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark are home from a three weeks trip to Washington, Oregon and the northern part of this State.

J. R. Garthside and wife have re-

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Brown arrived here from Fortuna, Ariz., Friday morning for a few days' visit with relatives.

noon and evening was a pronounced success. Many choice varieties of the flowers were exhibited, a number being contributed by Mmes. S. Jess and S. Beck.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Haskell entertained Byron L. Oliver and Oscar L. Los Angeles at dinner on Tuesday evening.

Miss Hatch of Los Angeles is the guest of Mrs. G. W. Van Every for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowen and wife celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary by entertaining a number of friends and relatives on Wednesday evening.

Miss Anna Dreher is back from San Jose where she has been attending the meeting of the Order of the Eastern Star.

P. J. Dreher and family have taken

apartments for the winter in the Hansen-Rutan Block.

**Monrovia.**

**T**UESDAY afternoon, October 28, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Helseley, Duarte, Miss Laura Helseley was married to John Rogers. The wedding was a quiet affair, only a few immediate friends of the families being present. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers will make their home in Monrovia.

Mrs. T. M. Roeburg is at home after a three month's visit with friends in Lisbon.

Mrs. W. A. Knight and son, Will, of Los Angeles, visited Mrs. E. S.

Dr. H. M. Hudson of Santa Monica was the guest of Mrs. A. A. Applegate during the past two weeks. The marriage of Miss Lizzie Haydock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Haydock of this city, to Mr. J. H. Fur, will occur next Tuesday at the home of Mr. Haydock. Mrs. Faunce is enjoying a visit from her sister, Mrs. Margaret Vogt of New Orleans. Mrs. Georgia Bovee is at home, after spending a month at Long Beach. Mrs. G. M. Cooper has gone on an extended visit to relatives in Pennsylvania. Ralph Cross is at home, after spending several months in Bakersfield. Dr. W. A. Hyde, who passed the month of August at his home in

main in Monrovia. He has just returned from closing his affairs in Phoenix, Ariz.

Miss Emma Kirchenchager is visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Miss May Scribner of Long Beach is the guest of Mrs. E. A. Bovee.

J. S. Leonard and G. M. Wetzel are home from a three month stay in Los Alamitos.

Miss Aileen Northup assisted in the musical programme at the chrysanthemum fair in Pasadena Wednesday.

Miss Gladys G. Smith of W. W. Kramer were married Thursday evening at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Cocher, in Los Angeles, by Rev. Frank of the German Methodist church.

After the ceremony a very pretty reception was had, at least

seventy-five guests being present, many of whom were from Monrovia. Mr. and Mrs. Kramer will make their home in Monrovia.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. J. C. Forbes entertained at tea the ladies of the Missionary Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and family of Harrison county, Mo., have become residents of Monrovia.

On Friday evening Mrs. W. A. Chase entertained delightfully the White Club.

Miss Mabel Bradshaw of Monrovia was married Tuesday at the Baptist parsonage, Fresno, to J. H. Yates of Meridian, Cal.

◆ ◆ ◆

**Redlands.**

THIS week Mr. and Mrs. Glenn

D. Edmonds gave a house party at which the following from Los Angeles were entertained: Misses Virginia Dryden, Teresa Smith, Vangie Cope; Messrs. Roy DeWitt Bronson and Ben Smith.

Mrs. George E. Ford is spending a week in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Ella Graham, Miss Graham and Miss Wooten of Hopkinsville, Ky., are at the Windsor.

D. Ferguson and family have returned from the East.

Rev. W. B. Noble has returned from the North, where he attended the Presbyterian synod.

E. G. Johnson and wife are back from Chicago, where they have spent the last two months.

from Hanford. returned on Tuesday  
Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Hart left Monday  
for Minneapolis.  
Mrs. Carrie Gray of Glasgow is at the  
Baker House.  
Mrs. J. E. Woodruff has returned  
from her summer trip East.  
Mr. Gibson of Onsetta, N. Y., left  
for his home on Monday after visiting  
E. H. Bryan, Jr.  
J. A. Stewart is back from Vacaville.  
Mrs. J. D. Hale has returned from  
her European trip.  
Miss Annette Cartledge returned this



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ELLIN

## STON DRUG

Men's | \$1















CROWD WAS THERE THE PUBLIC SERVICE THE OFFICE OF AN COURTS. Los Angeles Sunday Times. (III) SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28 SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28

THE PUBLIC SERVICE THE OFFICE OF AN COURTS. Los Angeles Sunday Times. (III) SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28 SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28

SUMMARY OF THE DAY. The members of the City Council are wrestling with the problem of how to submit the proposed charter to the people. The draft will formally come before the body tomorrow, but it is probable that final action will not be taken.

On the enforcement of the milk ordinance, the condition of the city's supply is much better than in the past. The local producers and the Board of Health are much gratified. The Los Angeles Bar Association met yesterday and discussed the proposed constitutional amendment, No. 22, providing for appellate courts throughout the State.

Miguel Figueroa was convicted of rape yesterday in the criminal court. His story was not about the courts. A landlady was arrested yesterday on complaint of her tenant, charged with disturbing her peace, and arrested in Police Court.

A J. Morrison and wife, who ran the "Jolly Dan" resort at Westlake Park, were fined \$100 each yesterday by Police Justice Morgan for selling liquor without a license. They have appealed the case.

AT THE CITY HALL. CHARTER PROBLEM UNSOLVED. City Council Must Soon Make a Decision How to Submit It to Voters. Perhaps the most important thing that will come before the City Council tomorrow will be the referendum on the draft of a new charter that has been prepared by the Board of Freeholders for submission to the people.

It is probable that the matter will be referred to the Committee on Legislation, in conjunction with the City Attorney, in order that the legal phase of the situation may be thoroughly canvassed before action is taken.

It is said that two courses are open to the legislative body of the city. One is to present the motions of the charter as a whole, and the other is to divide it into sections and submit them separately. The members of the Board of Freeholders are much divided on this point.

When the Supreme Court opinion declaring that the Board of Freeholders has no legal existence, was handed down, the members of the board were of opinion from the Council being proceeded with the work. On the other hand, the rest of the board was of opinion that the board should be dissolved and a new one organized.

AT THE COURTHOUSE. THEY FAVOR ITS PASSAGE. Local Bar Indorses Proposed New Amendment to Establish Appellate Courts. The Los Angeles Bar Association is in favor of proposed constitutional amendment, No. 22, which provides for courts of appeal in three districts of the State, dividing the same into northern, central and southern districts.

Such was declared by the speaker of the meeting of the association, which was called in Department Two of the Superior Court yesterday to discuss the matter. About thirty-five attorneys were present at the meeting. R. T. Varney, Esq., was elected chairman. He stated briefly the object for which the meeting was convened, and to get an expression of the feelings of the bar on the proposed amendment.

Charles H. Henshaw, Esq., moved that it be the sense of the meeting that the amendment be rejected and voted against by the members of the Los Angeles bar.

The first lawyer to speak to the motion was Will D. Gould, Esq., who favored the amendment. He said he had thought out the campaign worked and talked against the proposed new law, and he was not going to do so. His reasons for opposing it were: First, that state division is inevitable, and the second is that the amendment would do away with the necessity for new courts of appeal.

Mr. Gould was sure that the passage of this amendment would do away with the necessity for new courts of appeal. He said that the "voters will not stand for it."

As a substitute, Mr. Gould made by Mr. Henshaw, Esq., moved that the Los Angeles Bar Association recommend the adoption of the amendment, and that its members will work and vote for its passage.

In presenting this substitute, Mr. Henshaw made a brief résumé of his work before the Legislature in trying to get a law passed for simplifying the code on appeal. He said: "Our courts now have to deal with the situation as it is, and not as it should be. The present law is practically prohibitive to a poor man on appeal. Take small damage suits, for example. Corporations fight them up to the Supreme Court, while the poor man, who has not money enough to pay the cost of the amendment, and that its members will work and vote for its passage."

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Los Angeles Sunday Times.

(III) SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28

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Little Prices

On good, high-grade goods. There is a uniformity of little prices all through our stock this very attractive to buyers. You can depend on this store.

We are selling an Adams high-grade hair brush, a real \$1.00 value, at 50c. Come and see them.

We will sell you a 25c package Sea Salt (perfumed) for 10c.

McBarnes' Kidney and Bladder Cure for... 55c and 60c. That regularly sell at \$1.00.

THOMAS DRUG CO. CUT RATE DRUGGISTS, Corner Spring and Temple Streets.

You Deceive Yourself. If you think that nature can be cured by... W. W. SWEENEY. Elastic Hosiery and Supporters. 213 W. Fourth.

Fancy Chairs. We have a notable display of... ALLEN'S 345-347 S. SPRING ST. BET. THIRD & FOURTH.

Weak Men Cured FREE! GRAVES AT LONG BEACH. "HAUL DOWN THE FLAG!"

Our Following. Consists of men of... BRAUER & KROHN, Tailors. 114 1/2 South Main Street.

Stomach Bitters. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Nature's Own Medicine.

LANDLADY AND TENANT.

Latter Has Former Arrested on Charge of Disturbing Her Peace.

The law of landlord and tenant does not permit the owner of the premises to act in an unbecomingly manner even within the pale of his own property.

Democracy in the Swim. One of a Chain of Rallies Held Here Last Evening—Mr. Alfond Speaks.

A Democratic rally under the auspices of the Young Men's Bryan and Stevenson Club was held at Jacoby Hall last evening.

A Baker's Bill. W. H. Taylor, a baker whose establishment is on South Main street, was arrested on Wednesday charged with disturbing the peace of Mrs. D. J. Habment.

INCORPORATIONS. The Black Horse Copper Company incorporated yesterday with a capital stock of \$100,000, divided into 100,000 shares.

THE PASADENA MUTUAL OIL COMPANY, with principal place of business in Pasadena, incorporated yesterday with a capital stock of \$300,000, divided into 300,000 shares.

THE LOMA VISTA PETROLEUM COMPANY, "any filed a certified copy of articles of incorporation with the County Clerk yesterday, naming as principal place of business in Los Angeles, with a branch office in San Bernardino.

COURTHOUSE NOTES. DIXON CASE. The argument for a new trial in the case of the People against George Dixon, recently convicted of robbing T. Fred Phillips at the corner of San Pedro and Twenty-first streets in May, 1915, was heard yesterday by Judge Austin.

NEGLECTED PRINTER. Mary F. Varley was granted a divorce yesterday from Owen J. Varley, printer, 54 years of age, on the ground of desertion and failure to provide for the support of his wife.

NEW FEMALE CITIZEN. Harriet L. Wilson, a native of England, was admitted to citizenship by Judge York yesterday.

BOTHERSOME SHE ANGELS. Deputy County Clerk Kuts issued a complaint yesterday, charging George Rising, who rooms No. 723 South Grand avenue, with insanity.

LAW LIBRARY PATRONS. The Law Library Association has reduced its membership fees from \$12 a year to \$5 in advance, and extends its privileges to all holders of the county law license.

HARRIS ESTATE. Charlotte A. Harris of Santa Ana died on October 1, 1915, in New York State while on a short visit to her home.

BRIDGEMAN DIVORCE. Mabel N. Bridgeman was granted a divorce yesterday from George H. Bridgeman, on the ground of non-support.

MEXICAN CONVICTED. Miguel Figueroa, the young Mexican from Baldwin ranch charged with criminal assault on a six-year-old girl last July was convicted in the criminal court yesterday.

Harvesting. [Memphis Sentinel:] A little girl and her aunt went for a walk out for some distance. The aunt was walking, the aunt caught her skirt on the sharp edge of her shoe heel and tore off several inches of lace.

by Arthur A. Lee of Los Angeles and Miss Hazel Rosenberg of that city, the matrons' silver medal contest which took place this evening the contestants announced were Mrs. J. Hughes Lodge of Santa Monica, Mrs. M. C. Holmes of Los Angeles, Ellen J. Terpenning of Pasadena and Mrs. E. Cassie Miles of Santa Monica.

SANTA MONICA BREVITIES. The orchestra of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles gave a concert at the Santa Monica Christian Tabernacle Friday evening.

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BOLT BRY

Another List... in Politics... Billy Boy.

SAVING BRYAN IS NOT PAID. The Nebraska politician... Bryan and his theories...

THE NEAREST FRIENDS. I WAS largely due to W. A. Bryan's influence that Mr. Bryan was elected to Congress...

W. W. SWEENEY. Elastic Hosiery and Supporters. 213 W. Fourth.

Fancy Chairs. We have a notable display of... ALLEN'S 345-347 S. SPRING ST. BET. THIRD & FOURTH.

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Stylish Suits. Dressy Suits... 25 Per Cent Saved by JOE POTTER.























... of a competition  
... Alpenhorn players.

mountains defeated  
the plains. The prize was  
given a handsome bell  
bell gives the note E

[illegible]

rested on Verdi's *Il*  
Grand Cœur of 1857.  
His singing and his  
of the performance  
and as the venerable  
the whole audience  
and applauding like  
and imposing  
composer, G. A. Hai  
his eighteenth birthda  
Born in Leipzig, he  
never active in Amster  
Holland owes her high  
ral music. Before he  
he had written two op  
"The Ruins of Taras  
and "The Song of the  
numerous masses and  
Mary Anderson Nave  
appeared before the  
as a vocalist and  
the vocalists a rich  
voice and she  
years before a pupil  
of the Hungarian compo  
has been staying  
and is quite well  
sway, Eng  
next-door neighbor  
White, and it was  
composers that Mary  
to the opera house  
Louis cottage last

er states that December of the second concert. programme there, an-Heink is the soloist. concert will take place during festival, when "It will be given. The first concert occurs on January's "Pathétique Symphony" will be performed. It is repeated at the subscribers. On January Dohnanyi, the cellist will be the attraction.

...of church music, interest in this department, should be in proper form, and should not be later than 10 a.m. SATURDAY.

**CHRISTIAN CHURCH**

...them, "O Lamb of God," response, "Lord's Prayer," offering, etc.

Organ solo, Miss  
"Festival Te Deum"  
(.) Mrs. Haralson, Mrs.  
shaw and Dr. Semler;  
"Prayer" (Piccolomini  
by Hope is in the

...trio, "Praise Ye" (V  
...lson, Mr. Swift and  
...Ave Maria" (Mascagni,  
...violin" obligato Mr. F  
...dark, My Soul" (Sho  
... "Protect Us Through  
...light;" "From the Dep  
...tion" (Campani) Mrs.  
...Mrs. Orr. Haralson, dir  
...CENTRAL PRESBYTE  
...MCA, 1934

How Manifold" (Barry solo, Mr. Wilson; and "When Night Involves Endelssohn-Warren;)"

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN  
corner Downey avenue  
Morning: Organ, "The  
E minor (Battiste); "The  
is Exalted" (West); "The  
(Leyback); solo, "The  
(Gilbert); Roy Sum  
rch" (Clark).  
Organ, "Andants"  
oir, "We Thank Thee

lyric; organ, "Meditation"; choir, "Tarry with Me"; organ, Postlude (W. F. Baird, organist).

During the  
"Ave Maria" by  
by Miss Knickerbo  
rt and Mr. Taylor. T  
ist and director.  
OF THE UNITY, S  
set. Morning: Or  
Cradle Song" (Guilma  
God of Abraham, Pra  
Hath not Seen" (Nev  
and Be Still" (Goun  
organ, "March" (Mc  
Colby, organist and

NUEL PRESBYTER  
nth and Figueroa stre  
gan, "Largo" (Hand  
th Magnify the Lo  
loria Patri" (Nevin.)  
st Redeemer" (Ballan  
us of Nazareth" (G  
Wren; organ, "Mar  
F. de la Tombelle.)  
organ, "Andantino" (G  
Lord Is...

... is my shepherd.  
... Mrs. Scarborough  
(Shelley); organ, Po  
... Miss Mary L. O'D  
... and director.  
... A'S CATHEDRAL.











Long Beach Presbyterian Church has their seventh annual chrysanthemum fair Thursday evening and Friday afternoon and evening. The function will be in the lecture room of the church, which









**We are sole agent for the**

We are sole agent for the famous *royal worcester corset* and carry a full stock at all times.

**veiling department**  
we have the only exclusive-veiling  
department in the city and show  
all the latest novelties

**erian bands**  
these trimmings are being extensively used on cloth dresses as insertions, we show a large stock at \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.75 the yard.

**olero jackets**  
these little garments are great

you'll find this season and we also  
 some choice designs in our sur-  
 roundings department, in jet, pearl,  
 heliotrope, white silk, white pearl,  
 and in many other colors at \$10.00,  
 \$15.00, \$18.00 and \$25.00.  
 silk neck bands  
 also cut out and plain tuxedo  
 bands, tuxedo and velvet tuxedo  
 and velvet and jet neck bands, priced  
 from \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00,  
 \$1.25 to \$15.00.  
 and tie and spangle bands  
 and many fancy designs, which  
 are positively exclusive, \$1.00 to  
 \$25.00 yard.  
 neck applique  
 a special collection of over a hun-  
 dred styles in black, white, coral,  
 blue and gold, black and gold  
 and in fancy shades with various  
 from 1/4 inch to 1 1/2 inch, and price  
 from 50c the yard up to \$20.  
 chair leather braids  
 from 1/4 to 4 inch wide, has a beau-  
 tiful lustre and is in black, brown,  
 white, gray and cardinal, 24  
 to 75c.

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famous  
Vard at

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enough for the finest  
in the land. Made of  
any, in designs that  
Colonial days; the  
tering comes in cut  
in two-color effects,  
some new idea re-  
the rich brocades  
centuries,

**. Broadway.**

Paris Exposition gave us  
for the Wines we exhibited  
Los Angeles and vicinity.  
are Goods at Small Profit  
a very liberal patronage.

50c  
50c  
50c  
68c  
MUSKAT, 1/2 lb. \$1.50  
Muscadine, gal.

**N WINE CO.,**  
Corner Fourth  
ST. LOUIS, MO. TEL. MAIN 918

use the best **VEGETABLES**  
are none in existence grown  
more favorable conditions than  
for their culture, best seed,  
hence it's not strange they're

**Matthews, Mott Market.**  
601 S. Spring.  
Tel. Main 516.  
Our Motto: "Full Weight,  
Finest Quality, Lowest

Controlled Osm. ....

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10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. daily.  
h St.  
Sales will continue one week.  
10:30 a.m.  
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*a lifetime, as every-  
reservation, by order of*  
**ROUDERSACK Auctioneers.**  
**Supply House**  
(REV.)

main Street.







## BOLT BRYAN BODILY.

Another List of Former Bryanites; Prominent in Politics and Business, Who Bolt Billy Boy.

## BOLT BRYAN IS NOT FAIR.

One of the most surprising incidents in Nebraska politics is the declaration that Judge Elmer Wakely, who was the Democratic ticket in 1896, appointed by President Bushnell, and has always been a strong supporter of Bryan, has bolted the ticket. Mr. Wakely did not run for the office of the judge four years ago and will not this year. He is a man of high standing in the community and his bolt is a serious blow to the Bryan campaign. It is a question that the Bryanites are asking themselves: "What is the reason for this?"

## MR. WAKELY'S FRIENDS BOLT.

It was largely due to W. A. Farnham, who was a close friend of Mr. Wakely, that the latter was appointed to the judgeship. Farnham is a man of high standing in the community and his bolt is a serious blow to the Bryan campaign. It is a question that the Bryanites are asking themselves: "What is the reason for this?"

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is one reason why he will never secure a Presidency. Mr. Wakely is not alone. I credit him with intelligence enough to realize that the free-silver issue has been decided by the people. He knows that the 16-to-1 plan will bring him support, but he keeps it in the platform to hold the Populists and free-silver Republicans, who voted for him in 1896. He thinks if he can hold the votes of the Populists and free-silver Republicans he may win enough support on the imperialistic issue to give him a chance of election. But the imperialistic issue has failed. There is nothing to it, unless anti-imperialism means anti-expansion, and Bryan can gain no strength in opposition to the imperialistic issue. He believes that militarism and imperialism are issues, when in truth, the only question involved in the Philippine matter is that of expansion. Whether or not this government wants to expand over the Philippine Islands is a live question, but it is one that can be best solved in the light of future events.

## VOTES FOR HIS SHEEP.

WILLIAM SINTZ, one of the best known German farmers in Hancock county, Ohio, gives this reason for his conversion from Bryanism: "I used to be a Democrat, and I was one until I found that by voting the Democratic ticket I was voting against my sheep. I had a big flock of sheep on my farm. The Democratic party in last year's election took the duty off wool. The price fell to 11 cents. It made me think. I studied the question hard and conscientiously. I found that the price of wool was depressed. The cost of clothes might be less, but I would have no money to buy them. I studied the matter carefully, and came to the conclusion that I must as well sell my sheep as vote the Democratic ticket. Then came the cry of free silver. In my life I have found that it is wise to follow successful men. Therefore, if a man is a money-maker, why not watch him and try the same methods? I found that the men of the country who had money were against free silver. I asked myself why, and concluded free silver would be bad for my sheep. I voted for McKinley and the Republican platform, and have done so ever since. I shall support the Republican ticket this year. I am no longer a Democrat, but a Republican. The Democratic platform shifts its planks too often to suit me. I am satisfied with the present state of affairs, and so are my sheep."

## KANSAS ALL RIGHT.

HERE follows a list of Kansans who are coming with ex-Deputy Attorney General.

W. H. Nation, a leading Populist of Nebraska, who has bolted McKinley's election was not attended by the evil consequences predicted; in fact, the time since the election of 1896 has been a time of prosperity. Instead of men hunting work, you now find work hunting men, and the dollar predicted to be a dime, is now a dollar. The question of imperialism has been brought forward and the Democratic party has become anti-imperialistic. I can see no reason why the low Mr. Bryan, the only longer follower of the Gold Standard, should believe that he is now leading me. He is in sympathy with the Populist party. From the first I have been in favor of retaining the Populist and sustaining the administration.

J. E. Melvin, Lawrence, Kan. A leading attorney and graduate of the Kansas State University. "John A. McKinley is one of the leading business men of Kansas. His 'Pro-Silver' policy is a disaster to the State. Judge Funk, Medicine Lodge, Kan. "Prosperity" is the only policy that will save the State. Ben Jenkins, miner, Weir City. Lou McGee, farmer, Weir City. Charles J. Dodson, merchant, Weir City. Charles Hughes, Weir City. S. B. Murphy, expressman, Weir City. Henry Davis, carpenter, Weir City. Capt. J. W. Farrell, real estate and insurance, Weir City. Matt Goodman, miner, Weir City. Robert Goodman, with checkman, Weir City. Ed Goodman, miner, Weir City. Tom Brisco, miner, Weir City. James Dunn, Sr., miner, Weir City. James Dunn, Jr., miner, Weir City. J. A. Clement, coal prospector, Weir City. J. D. James, merchant, Weir City. John E. Edger, miner, Weir City. James Bates, miner, Weir City. Matt McClellan, miner, Weir City. Dan Gray, miner, Weir City. Ben Gray, miner, Weir City. James Moore, merchant, Weir City. Matt Bates, miner, Weir City. Mike Paogon, miner, Weir City. Charles Kemp, miner, Weir City. Thomas Maloney, miner, Weir City. Ed Broadhurst, farmer, Weir City. S. P. Murphy, coal dealer, Weir City. Charles Dunn, miner, Weir City. H. H. Hunsinger, mine engineer, Weir City.

## CLEMENT'S REAKS.

R. J. A. MILLER, pastor of the R. J. A. Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, who has been a sturdy champion of Democratic principles in the past, intends to vote the Republican ticket this year. He says: "I have no reason why a minister should not express his political preferences, as well as any one else. I have been a long time a Democrat, but at the last Presidential election voted for McKinley. I will vote for him again. Mr. Bryan, I think, is a good man, but he is the incarnation of economic heresies, and what is more, he fails to understand the temperance and the genius of a growing world. He has not learned vividly that life means growth, and that to cease to grow means the beginning of death. Whether as Mr. Bryan says, world dominion is our destiny or not, one thing is clear, and that is that expansion is in our blood. It is in our blood not because of any love of conquest of the world, but of our passion for the world's betterment. One thing that characterizes the American is his God-like ambition, his supreme and splendid passion for achievement. He is not satisfied with the good. He yearns for the better, and when he has attained the better

he reaches out for the best. He wants to be the best possible world, and thank God, he has enough to do his share to make it so."

## MANY STATES SPEAK.

J. W. HUNT, Abingdon, Ill., Collector of Internal Revenue in the Peoria district, under President Cleveland: Was party nominee for Congress eight years ago.

Frank Sweeney, New Albany, Ind., formerly City Engineer: Organized a McKinley and Roosevelt club.

John N. Penrod, Wabash, Ind., one of the most prominent lumber men in the State. Voted for Palmer and Buckner four years ago. Believes Bryan's attitude on the money question is a menace to the material interests of every citizen.

Oliver A. Allard, Metropolis, Ill., a life-long Democrat and owner of the largest farm in Macon county containing 1800 acres opposite Paducah: He has never before cast a Republican vote. Prosperity.

Ex-Gov. Charles T. O'Ferrall of Richmond, Va., states that there will be twice as many business men in Richmond this year who will support McKinley as there were in 1896. He will not support Bryan, but will vote for McKinley, and has always heretofore been a Democrat.

Frank T. Glasgow, superintendent of the Tredegar Iron Company, Richmond, Va., the largest iron manufacturing plant in the State, will this year vote for McKinley.

Maj. Clay Deane, the firm of Deane, Hughes & Co., Richmond, Va., one of the largest dry goods firms in the State, who voted for McKinley in 1896, will this year vote for McKinley.

J. F. George of Richmond, Va., one of the largest tobacco growers in the State, who voted for McKinley in 1896, will this year vote for McKinley.

Wm. R. Trigg, president of the ship-building plant that has been in Richmond, Va., will this year vote for McKinley. He works, gives employment to nearly 1000 men, and has heretofore always been a Democrat.

Virginia Newton, president of the First National Bank, Richmond, Va., who voted for Palmer and Buckner in 1896, will this year vote for McKinley. He says that he considers him the most dangerous man in America, today.

Col. John R. Purcell of the whole drug firm of Purcell, Ladd & Co., Richmond, Va., voted for Palmer and Buckner in 1896, will not vote for Bryan this year.

R. E. Richardson, Tallapoosa, Va., one of the largest lumber operators in Virginia, as well as a merchant operating five stores, would not vote at all in 1896, will vote for McKinley this year and states as his reason that he is satisfied for business to remain as it is.

Roger Gregory, Jr., Democratic chairman of King William county, Va., in 1896 and 1898, has announced his intention of voting for McKinley this year.

One of the oldest Democrats in West Virginia, John B. Hays, of Monroe county, has come out for McKinley in a letter in which he says that he is 62 years old and has voted with the Democrats for more than fifty years, but now feels compelled to be identified with the party that has brought such prosperity to his State by the operation of its principles of sound money and protective tariff.

James Hittingham of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Gen. Charles F. Smyth of Chicago, formerly in Gov. S. J. Tilden's staff in New York.

Arthur A. Taylor, Santa Cruz, Cal. Robt. Keene, prominent attorney, Albany, Mich.

Franklin Bartlett, New York: Favors sound money.

Francis L. McLean, New York: In favor of sound money.

Harbert A. Turner, New York: Sound money.

George L. Bliss, New York: Sound money.

William B. Curtis, New York: Sound money.

Abraham H. Bailey, the well-known Brooklyn lawyer and former surrogate of Kings county, has abandoned the Democratic ticket, and says that he had been closely allied for years, and will vote the whole Republican ticket this year. Mr. Bailey says that he is a free trader, but is convinced that the protection is the proper policy for the United States to pursue.

J. R. Williams, a Sumner county, W. Va., in declining a Democratic nomination he wrote: "As an honest man, I cannot allow myself to name to remain on a ticket. I can not support. I voted for William McKinley in 1896 and am proud of it, as I feel the Republican party has fully redeemed all its pledges made to the people then, and especially to the farmers. I desire no change in the administration. I feel that I can support my family better and easier; have better prices and easier markets for the products of my farm under a Republican administration. I cannot jeopardize my interests for any untold theory of free silver or bazaarism. I am a Republican. I am for McKinley and the Republican ticket."

J. P. Meador, Dunn, W. Va.: "I have been a life-long Democrat, voting that ticket for twenty years, but I find that the Republican party is the party of the people; the party for the farmer and laboring man. I can live under and have more comforts of life under a Republican administration than under a Democratic administration. In view of these facts I can no longer support the Democratic ticket and hereby declare myself for McKinley and the Republican party."

A. J. Mills, Abingdon, N. Y.: "I have voted the Democratic ticket for years, but this time I shall give my vote to McKinley and Roosevelt. I liked McKinley's attitude on the Cuban question and I admire Roosevelt very much."

Edw. A. C. Hinkson of Sacramento, Cal., has resigned from the Ironclad Club: the leading Democratic organization of the State. "Long before the election of the Philippines had created a heated political issue I expressed the unqualified opinion that, not only as a wise political and commercial measure, but as a duty to the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, they should be retained as our territory and should be governed as our other territories are governed. To this view I still adhere, regardless of the wishes of the comparatively few who are in rebellion against our government."

William H. Davis, at one time Democratic candidate for Assembly from Sacramento, Cal., now a leading attorney: "The Philippines are now in rebellion against the United States. It is a rebellion that should be crushed, and that until the authority of our government is recognized no settlement of peace should be had. By acquiring the Philippines we have undertaken new responsibilities for the benefit of the governments of the world for the proper preservation of property rights and maintenance of good government. In my judgment, this can be best accomplished by the United States. It is about at the present time only by the authority of our government being recognized and maintained by the United States and others. I favor the policy of President McKinley and intend to vote for him."

Col. Andrew Curry, who has hitherto been one of the principal stays of the Democratic party in Iron county, Utah, has publicly announced himself a Republican. As Mr. Curry is widely

## Lace Curtains Portiers Drapery Furniture

Fine Furniture Makes Fine Bargains.



## Newness Everywhere.

This Mammoth Barker Plant Now Abounds in Brightness and Beauty.

Every day adds to the splendor.

The story can't be told, save to eye witnesses.

New goods are blossoming out, at the rate of two

carloads a day. Since last Tuesday we've received:

- A car of folding beds,
- A car of iron beds,
- Two cars of chairs and rockers,
- A car of office desks,
- 5 cars of mixed furniture, consisting of such as
- Dressing tables,
- Ladies' desks,
- Secretaries,
- Tabourets,
- Foot rests,
- Buffets,
- Sideboards,
- Side tables,
- Cabinets and all sorts of Fancy Gold Finished Furniture.

We have picked our furniture makers this season with great care. Our equipment has been drawn from only the standard houses, where workmanship and style give character to the productions. We can furnish and decorate the plainest and simplest cottage or the most luxurious house.

Our Drapery Branch, now grown so important to the public, on account of its wonderful variety and money-saving prices, is becoming more attractive every day. Within the last week we have received elegant lines of Portiers and fine Lace Curtains. This department is destined to be one of the most interesting and charming portions of this great store.

**BARKER BROS.** 420-22-24 5th SPRING ST  
Carpet Oriental rug Linoleum matting

## Our Annual Bargain Carnival

Ends on Wednesday. The last three days will eclipse the first three in wonderful bargain giving. Do not miss this chance.

## Here Are a Few of the Great Values Taken at Random

42x56 Pillow Cases, Good Quality Twine, 2 inch Hem. 8xpc.			
Double compartment Purse, the latest thing out. Will readily fit 80c each; a special bargain for three days, each.	29c		
New, neat patterns Ladies' Dressing Goggles, dainty shades of lavender with black polka dot, carnival bargain price, each.	75c		
A Few 8x10 Sheets Going at, Each.	39c		
30 inch colored and black satins; warranted not to crack; regular price 80c—Carnival price, yard.	49c		
A small fine colored Feltie Silks, the \$1.25 quality—Carnival Bargain price, yard.	79c		
10 inch Beaded Table Napkins, new, pleasing patterns—good weight to close, per dozen.	39c		
Leopardie Fashin' Worth 10c, at.	8xpc.		
Outing Fashin' Knee Skirts	35c		
Valencienne Lace, 1 Dozen Yards for.	9c		
All New Fresh Stylish Goods.			
No Trash or Second Quality Stuff.			
Come Early for First Choice.			
64-inch extra heavy pure linen Cream Damask. Excellent for the restaurant trade; 7x9.	59c		
All-wool blue Serge, 45 inches wide and all-wool 44 inch Sateen Cloth, per yard.	49c		
44-inch changeable Whip Cord; regular price 60c yard; Carnival Bargain price.	49c		
Full size Bed Spread of a well known brand, good standard quality; great value at.	\$1.09		
4 Crochet Spread, especially good weight, a big bargain.	75c		
Ladies' Handkerchiefs, embroidered corners and neatly finished; 12 to a dozen; extra value at, each.	5c		
Gent's Handkerchiefs. Very good time finished handkerchiefs, good size, well made; Carnival Bargain price, each.	5c		
Gent's Hair Bone, best black, heavy French style; applied heel, best value at, each.	10c		
Flannellette embroidered shirt-lengths, neatly embroidered; a great bargain at.	39c		

New Idea Paper Patterns, all at the uniform price of 10c each.

**Goodenough Sheldon & Co.**  
125 S. Spring St. All W. Second

Our Dressmaking Establishment is conducted in first-class style, at popular prices.

## Absolutely Free Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt.

"What fair-minded person can ask more than what I have freely offered to any and all earnest seekers after health, my latest and most improved belt on four months' free trial in which I inside my advice and counsel, which, as you know, is the ripened experience of over thirty years' active practice. During which time, I have cured thousands of cases which had been given up as hopeless by the most eminent physicians. To convince one and all of my sincerity and ability to benefit you I make the following offer, which you will not do not cost you one cent unless after the four months' use of my belt and appliances you are thoroughly convinced and satisfied as to the results."

**My Offer.**

"That I give my best made patented belt of latest model absolutely on four months' trial to any earnest seeker after health. I do not require one cent deposit or any guarantee whatever, except as to the person's earnestness. An offer of this nature has never before been made by any living concern, because none dare do so, but my belt and appliances, having stood the test for over thirty years, are so absolutely positive in their results that I take pleasure in making this handsome straight-forward offer."

**... WEAKNESSES OF MEN ...**

"I will give \$1000 for an Electric Belt superior to mine. With its scientific supplementary attachment, a pleasant current passes through the weakened parts all night. It cures, while you sleep, such disorders as result from youthful nervousness and later excesses. 8000 Cures in 1899. Used by Women as well, for Rheumatism, Lame Back, Nervousness, Etc. We are the oldest and largest makers of Electrical Appliances in the world. CAUTION: THE NEW AND IMPROVED DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT CAN BE HAD ONLY AT OR DIRECT FROM DR. A. T. SANDEN, 119 S. SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL. OR 615 N. 2nd ST., SAN FRANCISCO. Cure yourself and pay no attention. My trial belt, a noble test, cost me \$1000."

**DR. A. T. SANDEN, 119 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.**



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There is a uniform stock that in can depend on

all, this week, fountain

8-qt. and 4-qt. size at

60c

early call at 50c and

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CROWD  
WAS THEREBernardino Hears  
ble Speakers.and Barrett on  
Vital Issues.ing About Our Interests  
Far East—Contrast  
Policies.

BERNARDINO, Oct. 10.—[Reg-  
istration.] The operations  
of the committee to accom-  
modate the hearing of Sen-  
ator John Barrett and Hon. John Bar-  
rett, State Minister to  
the political issue of  
the largest and most  
important meetings ever  
held in the country. A  
large number of people  
from Redondo and other  
nearby towns were in  
attendance. The hearing  
was held in the morning  
and afternoon sessions.  
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the political issue of  
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attendance. The hearing  
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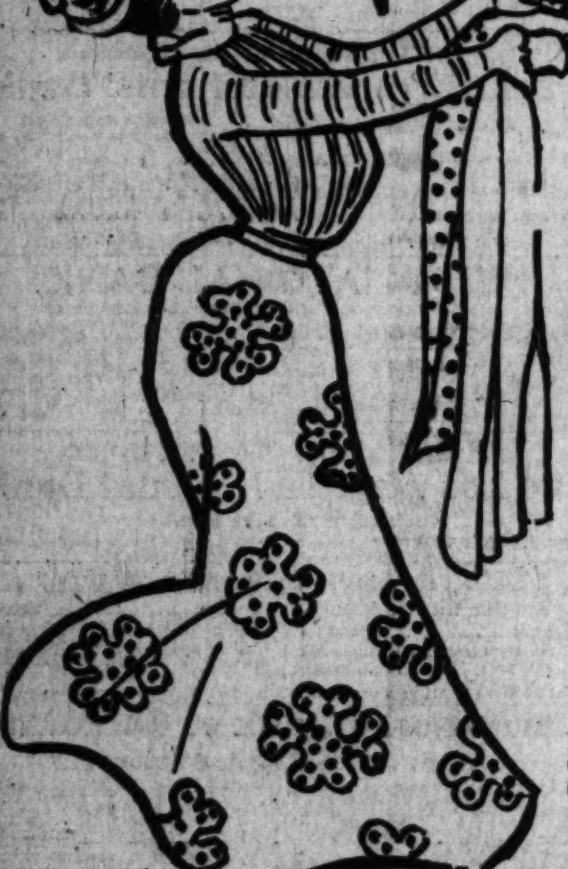
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# Record Breaking Sale of Rich Silks



**More Facts.**  
These silks are up to the James McCreery standard. That well-known firm were exclusive agents for the Clifton Mills. No better silks can be found in the market at their regular prices.

**A. Hamburger & Sons**  
SAFEST PLACE TO TRADE

By our lonesome selves.

In the Journal of Commerce of October 11th was a full column report of the sale of silks. The names of all the buyers are given and we find that the silks were the only retail buyers from California. If it were not for the sale of a large number of silks in New York City, we would have no other buyers. You would have been obliged to pay extraordinary prices for what silks we have. Among other buyers were J. J. McCreery, James McCreery & Co., H. White & Co., Jordan Marsh & Co., and other prominent houses. We give a partial account of the sale.

## A tremendous fall in silk prices

Richness and elegance never cost so little as now. There will be a stir in our silk department that will start buyers hitherward from the farthest boundaries of Southern California. Rich, sumptuous silks, as well as the more popular, always-wanted kinds, are offered at a fraction of their value. We bought these silks at auction, but it was not an ordinary auction. James McCreery & Co. are known the world over as New York's greatest silk importers and wholesalers. These silks were sold at auction by their order, and the prices paid averaged about the value of the goods. This sale opens with

### Thousands of dollars' worth of superb silks

which are to be sold without reserve and without discount. We would ask our out-of-town friends to please not write for samples of silks, because they might be entirely sold before the order would reach us. Send the order with the cash for what you want, and if it is satisfactory you can return it in the next mail.

#### IMPORTANT SALE OF SILKS.

Stock of the Clifton Silk Mills at Auction.

An Unusually Attractive Offering Covering Silks to the Value of About \$350,000.

The largest and most attractive auction sale of silks held for a long time in California, yesterday when Townsend & Montan, by order of James McCreery & Co. put before the trade the stock of the Clifton Silk Mills, about 1,000 pieces of fine French and English silks, the quantity in all reaching 5,000 pieces, of which the sales value will probably be around \$350,000. The sale opened at 10 o'clock, with an attendance of buyers made up of jobbers, retail and skirt manufacturers, retailers and others, such as has rarely been equaled at a trade sale. The crowd greeted James McCreery when he appeared on the platform with the auctioneer with a vigorous round of applause. That gentleman stated that the auction was held under his advice as the best way of disposing of the over-production of the Clifton Mills. The silks covered a wide variety of both black and colored silks, the latter predominating in colored tulle, colored crepe, colored poplin, colored satin, colored silk, colored silk, etc. This of itself promises a sale of wide variation in prices, fully borne out by the day's results.

**59c Figured taffetas for 33c.**

About 10,000 yards of broad taffeta silks in solid colors. Among them you will find black and every new autumn shade for street and evening wear. They will make elegant petticoats, blouses, waists, wrappers, etc. Goods which sell regularly and rapidly at the yard. Choose at \$10.

**69c Taffeta silks for 43c.**

Elrich Bros. of New York City, secured a few pieces of these silks and advertised them as worth 60c a yard to be sold at 43c, but Elrich Bros. have no connection. The silks are actually worth 60c a yard, and are the same quality that we sold at that price. Other Los Angeles stores have bought these goods of James McCreery are obliged to sell them at 43c a yard. By buying them at auction we can sell them at 43c.

**\$1.00 Fancy waist silks for 54c.**

Only about 500 yards of these silks were covered. A good assortment of fancy stripes and plaids, also some handsome black broad taffeta silks. All are this season's styles and colors. All are of a good \$1.00 quality. Choose from them at 54c a yard.

**Black satin duchesse at 63c.**

Other stores might charge \$1.00 for this quality, but our price has never been more than 80c. We covered about 100 yards of this quality. Choose from them at 63c a yard. A desirable quality of black satin duchesse which is all silk and is a good black. The face will not "run up." It is 18 inches wide.

**\$1.25 Waist silks for 67c.**

About 500 yards in this lot. Among them are some striped silks, plaid stripes, corded silks, etc. New shades of old rose, gray, old blue, russet, etc. All are of a good \$1.25 quality. Choose from them at 67c a yard. We can sell them at 67c.

**\$1.19 Black peau de sole for 75c.**

This is a \$1.19 quality but our price has been \$1.19. Twenty pieces of rich black peau de sole which is all pure silk. Handsome satin finish on one side and gros grain on the other. Can be used either side. 18 inches wide and a handsome black. To be sold at 75c.

**\$1.50 Crochet-striped silks 79c.**

Fully 300 yards of these beautiful silks. Crochet stripes alternating with plain stripes. All the popular shades, including old rose, gray, russet, etc. All are of a good \$1.50 quality. Choose from them at 79c a yard. By buying them at auction we can sell them at 79c.

**\$2.50 Appliqued mousseline de sole 79c.**

A beautiful fancy effect for neckwear, frocks, etc. An ideal fabric for trimming. Mousseline de sole in fancy weaves similar to grenadine, applied all over in beautiful scroll-like figures, white, light blue and light green applied with black. A \$2.50 fabric to be sold at 79c.

**\$1.25 Black satin duchesse 89c.**

An honest \$1.25 quality of black satin duchesse. To be 18 inches wide and has a soft finish. A very suitable quality for the new plaid skirts. It came from the auction and can be sold at 89c.

**\$2.00 Fancy silks for 95c.**

In this lot you will find \$2.00, \$1.75 and \$1.50 qualities. Heavy weight, high class, novelty silks in stripes, plaids, checked, printed, etc. Furlan designs, hand-stitched stripes, etc. Firm, dependable, long wearing, handsome silks. Entire lot to be offered at 95c a yard.

**\$1.35 Crepe de chene for \$1.00.**

The crepe de chene made by the Clifton Mills is superior to all other crepe de chene. It is of such excellent quality that it has become known the world over as the "clifton crepe." It is a very durable fabric, and is very suitable for street and evening wear. It is 18 inches wide and a handsome black. To be sold at 1.00 a yard.

**\$1.35 Black corded silks for \$1.00.**

18 pieces of black corded silks, fancy crepe stripes, corded stripes, etc. Every piece is corded in some way or other. It is a very durable fabric, and is very suitable for street and evening wear. It is 18 inches wide and a handsome black. To be sold at 1.00 a yard.

**\$1.39 Peau de sole for \$1.00.**

An elegant quality of black peau de sole. Extra heavy, extra durable, that will wear well and not retain the dust. Very rich, handsome side can be used and is 18 inches wide. Regular \$1.39 fabric. To be sold at 1.00 a yard.

**\$3.00 High art novelties for \$2.00.**

\$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.50 qualities but possibly you can get all three. They are so elegant. Silks suitable for street and evening wear. They are 18 inches wide and a handsome black. To be sold at 2.00 a yard.

**\$2.25 Black grenadine \$1.50.**

Superb black grenadine made of sewing silk which is of the highest quality. They come in assorted widths and narrow silks which, of course, regular \$2.25 quality. To be sold at 1.50 a yard.

### A Petticoat sensation.



There will be the biggest kind of a stir in petticoat circles tomorrow. You will hardly believe this announcement, but you cannot mistrust your eyes. We leave you to judge for yourselves. We could hardly believe our senses as these petticoats were being unpacked. Our New York buyers have fairly outdone themselves.

**\$3.50 to \$5.95 petticoats for \$2.50.**

There are over 50 different designs to select from. Among them are imported mercerized skirtings in all the pretty pastel shades and in subdued dark colorings. Plenty of blacks among them, too. They are all made in new French styles, and many of them are elaborately trimmed with velvet ribbons. Many are duplicates of some we sold this fall at \$3.50 to \$5.95. There is not a skirt in the lot worth less than \$3.50. They will all be on sale tomorrow morning at the uniform price of.....

**\$2.50**

Another big lot of petticoats in fancy striped Glass Cloth with American and English designs. The stripes are on black grounds and come in the newest and prettiest of bright colors. Petticoats worth double are to be sold at.....

**49c**

Some very excellent petticoats made of pure cotton in solid colors, finished with deep borders with blue cords and come in the new autumn colors and in black. They are durable and handsome. On sale at.....

**79c**

Black Jean Petticoats made with deep borders, finished with five cords, also some petticoats with deep metal striped borders in green, gold, and silver. Both kinds are superb values for.....

**98c**

Mercerized petticoats with double corded borders and American plaid borders in all the new fall colors and black. Some of the borders have 10 cords. They are splendid garments, durable and handsome. On sale at.....

**\$1.50**

Mercerized petticoats made with deep American plaid borders, finished with American ruffles, come in shades of blue, violet, pink, new blue, red, lavender and black. All for.....

**\$1.95**

### Dinnerware bargains.



This dinnerware is a most satisfactory quality of semi-porcelain. It is a ware which we will guarantee not to crack or crack on the surface in ordinary use. It comes in new shapes and is artistic in every outline. We sell it either plain or decorated with gold. We were obliged to buy it in carload lots in order to secure this price. It is a set which no other store in Los Angeles can sell for less than \$7.50 or \$8.00. 100 piece sets of this guaranteed semi-porcelain will be sold for.....

**\$5.00**

If you prefer to buy by the piece and gradually add to your collection at some future time, the prices per piece are as follows:

- Individual butter, 8c
- Sauce plates, 8c
- Out meal dishes, 8c
- Tes plates, 4c
- Breakfast plates, 8c
- Dinner plates, 8c
- Tes cups and saucers, 7c a pair
- Coffee cups and saucers, 9c a pair
- Pint pitchers, 8c
- Quart pitchers, 15c
- 1/2 gallon pitchers, 15c
- Deep plates, 5c
- Pint bowls, 8c
- Quart bowls, 7c
- Large oval vegetable dishes, 15c
- Large round vegetable dishes, 15c
- Gravy boats, 15c
- Pickles dishes, 15c
- Sugar bowls, 15c
- Tes pots, 35c
- Large size covered dishes, 10c
- Soup tureens, 75c
- Small platters, 15c
- Medium platters, 15c
- Large platters, 35c

The above prices are all for the plain white semi-porcelain. We have a very competent artist who will decorate this ware with gold borders at the rate of 5c a piece when a whole set is purchased. If you wish the ware decorated you can select from the samples shown and have it decorated to order.

### An avalanche of golf capes.

Prices are a third and a fourth lower. There are 250 of these bargains, all the manufacturer had. They are made from the original Scotch rug and hardly any two are alike. We bought this lot of capes not because they were cheap, but because they were handsome, stylish and in great demand in Los Angeles. Our home buyer sent an order to New York to buy golf capes. Our New York buyer started on a hunt for them and found these 250 at reduced prices. He took them all. The saving averages \$2.50 on a \$5.00 cape and \$1.00 on a \$15.00 cape. They are made in a variety of ways. Some have plain bodies with plaid borders and hoods and are trimmed with tailor stitched Kersey straps. Others are plaid all over. Some are plain with plaid yokes, paneled down the front with plaid. All sorts of combinations are among them, light and dark effects, the popular colors of the season. Many of these capes are exactly the same as we sold earlier at higher prices. Choose from them now as follows:

**Regular \$7.50 golf capes for \$5.00**

**\$10.00 to \$15.00 golf capes for \$7.50**

**\$18.50 and \$20 golf capes for \$13.50**

**Regular \$25 golf capes for \$15.00**

### A peculiar shoe sale.

If we can double our shoe business during the last days of the month by reducing the prices we can say most emphatically that "the end justifies the means." It is an absolute fact that the shoes have been reduced in price exactly as described.

**Women's \$4.00 \$2.48**

**Shoes for**

These are regular \$4.00 patent leather shoes with cloth tops, coin toes and hand-turned heels. They are up-to-date in style and are perfect in fit. As long as they last the price will be \$2.48.

**Women's \$5.00 \$3.35**

**Shoes for**

Six styles of women's shoes made from which to select. Well extended soles, light hand-turned soles and medium soles. There is not an old style in the lot and you can find all sizes among them. Reduced to \$3.35.

**Women's \$3.00 \$1.98**

**Shoes for**

Fine violet kid shoes in the latest style. Finished with kid tips, coin toes and military heels; all sizes of regular \$3.00 shoes for \$1.98.

**Women's \$3.50 \$1.65**

**Slippers for**

These are fine satin slippers with Louis XV heels. We have them in nearly all sizes and they are regular \$3.50 slippers. To be sold at \$1.65.

**Women's \$2.50 \$1.38**

**Oxfords for**

Ten violet kid oxfords in various widths, styles and shades. Standard soles or 1 1/2 inch heels. All offered at \$1.38.

**Women's \$3.50 \$2.48**

**Shoes for**

Ten lace shoes with Goodway welt soles and military heels. They come in the newest and best toe shapes. Regular \$3.50 shoes; during this sale at \$2.48.

**Infants' 14c**

**Moccasins**

We have the same moccasins you usually see priced at 15c. They come in assorted colors and will be sold during this sale at 14c.

**Women's ready-to-wear hats.**

There is a big lot from which to select. Hats which until now have been priced at \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00. Walking hats and sailor effects in all the latest styles and most popular colors. About one hundred and fifty hats all told. They will continue on sale while they last at.....



### Lace curtains again.

Thousands of pairs at average half price. We began this sale a week ago with over 7000 pairs of lace curtains, a quantity entirely too large to be closed out in a week, but that is not the worst of it, or the best of it, whichever you choose. During the last four days over 2000 pairs of different kinds have arrived from New York. They have been added to the sale and will be sold as described below. Of course some of the curtains offered this week are more or less sold out, but being shown; such curtains will be sold cheaper than the week. Curtains for every room of the house. Curtains 25c to \$15.00 a pair. The better curtains are as cheaply priced in proportion as the lower priced ones. That is our saving for everyone. Particulars follow:

A big lot of Nottingham curtains, 8 yards by 20 inches in size, come at \$1.00. Most people would not notice the fault. Choose from them at.....

**49c**

Colonial curtains made of a pretty striped tulle and finished on side and top. 18 inches by 54 yards. To be sold at.....

**49c**

Good \$1.00 curtains to be sold at.....

**69c**

French curtains made of white tulle with a ruffle of heavy Dresden printed lawn. Colors are blue, pink, gold and green. Very effective curtains, worth \$1.50 a pair to be sold at.....

**98c**

A big lot of Scotch curtains worth up to \$1.50 a pair, the very newest and most desirable styles, closely woven and very durable. Curtains which will launder well and many times on sale at.....

**\$1.98**

Irish point curtains in white, blue, pink and green. They are very pretty and handsome. Values at \$4.50 a pair, the curtains are.....

**\$1.98**

Petals de Cateau curtains in white, blue, pink and green. They are very pretty and handsome. Values at \$4.50 a pair, the curtains are.....

**\$1.98**

Handsome Nottingham curtains in white, blue, pink and green. They are very pretty and handsome. Values at \$4.50 a pair, the curtains are.....

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Spangled values at.....

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ABORIGINAL S  
Unique Illustra  
KIXTH YEAR.









CROWD  
WAS THERE

Bernardino Hearst  
able Speakers.

and Barrett on  
Vital Issues.

About Our Interests  
For East-Contrast  
Policies.

BOARDING, Oct. 31.—(Reg-  
istration.) The opera house  
was packed to accommodate  
the coming to town of Senator  
Bernardino Hearst and his  
wife, Mrs. Hearst, who were  
here for the first time since  
the political issues of the  
country.

of the largest and most  
important meetings ever  
held in the country. A  
large crowd of people  
gathered outside the opera  
house to see the coming of  
the Hearsts.

After the meeting, the  
Hearsts were introduced to  
the crowd. Mrs. Hearst was  
seen with a large contingent  
of people.

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MR. AND MRS. GIGPADDLE

MR. GIGPADDLE PLAYS GOLF.

MR. GIGPADDLE came home looking as  
pleased as Punch, bearing a long bun-  
dle beneath his arm. He stalked into  
the parlor and smiled broadly upon  
Mrs. Gigpaddle.

"My dear," he said, "I'm going to  
play golf."

Mrs. Gigpaddle was amazed.

Mr. Gigpaddle chuckled over the  
sensation of which he was the hero.

"Yes," he continued, "I've decided to  
be in the swim and play golf every  
day. Getting rather too, ah—stout,  
my love, and I am told that there is  
nothing reduces one like a good tramp  
after the flying golf ball."

Mr. Gigpaddle cleared his throat in  
apprehension.

"Is it—anything like what?" she  
inquired, remembering with some  
nervousness her experience at that per-  
plexing game with Mr. Gigpaddle as  
teacher.

Mr. Gigpaddle glared and snorted.

"No," he rejoined, "this is not like  
what. Neither is it akin to tiddley-  
winks or mumble-pig. Golf, my  
dear," and Mr. Gigpaddle took on a  
look of preternatural wisdom, "golf is  
the ideal gentleman's game. Nothing  
hard about it, of course; you simply  
hit the ball a well and knock it out  
of sight. Then you spend half an hour  
hunting for it. It is all in the swing  
and the follow-through. Then you chase  
it back to the starting point, run it in  
a tin can and capture it. Yes, have then  
the game. As I remarked before, Mrs. Gigpaddle,  
it is a gentleman's game; and whether  
it is hard to play or easy as tick-  
straws makes no difference. You're  
sure your game is not pebblean. Come  
along now, and I'll practice with  
you before going out on the links  
with Congressman Gayshire. Hold  
on—Mr. Gigpaddle stopped suddenly,  
as though remembering something.

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"My dear," he said, "I'm going to  
play golf."

Mrs. Gigpaddle was amazed.

Mr. Gigpaddle chuckled over the  
sensation of which he was the hero.

"Yes," he continued, "I've decided to  
be in the swim and play golf every  
day. Getting rather too, ah—stout,  
my love, and I am told that there is  
nothing reduces one like a good tramp  
after the flying golf ball."

Mr. Gigpaddle cleared his throat in  
apprehension.

"Is it—anything like what?" she  
inquired, remembering with some  
nervousness her experience at that per-  
plexing game with Mr. Gigpaddle as  
teacher.

Mr. Gigpaddle glared and snorted.

"No," he rejoined, "this is not like  
what. Neither is it akin to tiddley-  
winks or mumble-pig. Golf, my  
dear," and Mr. Gigpaddle took on a  
look of preternatural wisdom, "golf is  
the ideal gentleman's game. Nothing  
hard about it, of course; you simply  
hit the ball a well and knock it out  
of sight. Then you spend half an hour  
hunting for it. It is all in the swing  
and the follow-through. Then you chase  
it back to the starting point, run it in  
a tin can and capture it. Yes, have then  
the game. As I remarked before, Mrs. Gigpaddle,  
it is a gentleman's game; and whether  
it is hard to play or easy as tick-  
straws makes no difference. You're  
sure your game is not pebblean. Come  
along now, and I'll practice with  
you before going out on the links  
with Congressman Gayshire. Hold  
on—Mr. Gigpaddle stopped suddenly,  
as though remembering something.

MR. AND MRS. GIGPADDLE

MR. GIGPADDLE PLAYS GOLF.

MR. GIGPADDLE came home looking as  
pleased as Punch, bearing a long bun-  
dle beneath his arm. He stalked into  
the parlor and smiled broadly upon  
Mrs. Gigpaddle.

"My dear," he said, "I'm going to  
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Mrs. Gigpaddle was amazed.

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CONFIDENTIAL  
A WOMAN

When it is evident that women need com-  
pelling advice about their health, it is not well for  
know how to secure it? Tell your story with  
reservation to Mrs. Pinkham; she never loses  
confidence, and her advice is the best in the  
Miss Mecom's two letters show how helpful.

[PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.]

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I have read so much about your great  
suffering women that I thought I would write and tell you of my  
trouble. I have a blood disease which the doctors call dry  
taken a great deal of medicine but received no permanent benefit. I  
would try your medicine. Please send me a box. I am  
suffering. Bowels are constipated; sometimes have sharp pains  
at night; have such shaking spells I cannot be still. Suffer with  
part of back, in my side under left breast, and through my chest; also  
with shortness of breath and dizziness. Please give me your advice.

MISS MARY M. MASON.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: When I wrote to you some time ago, I was  
very miserable. I followed the advice you gave me, and now I  
think your medicine is the greatest medicine on earth. I took  
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and now I  
have done more good than anything I ever took. I can  
express my thanks to you, and I shall always recommend your  
medicine to others.

MISS MARY M. MASON.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I have noticed your advertisement and feel that  
I will do me some good. I have been suffering several months with  
the womb swollen and it feels as if something was gathering on each side  
run down and my condition was very serious. After reading  
your medicine had done for others I concluded to write to you  
Upon receiving your reply I took a course of your  
now well. The Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound  
cured me of the awful headaches I was subject to. I  
am without your medicine. I cheerfully recommend it to  
anybody who is suffering from any of the ailments I  
firmly believe it is capable of curing any female disease.

MISS DELIA M. MASON.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: Words cannot express my  
good I have derived from the use of your medicine. I suffered  
from the ovaries and inflammation of the womb. I was  
run down and my condition was very serious. After reading  
your medicine had done for others I concluded to write to you  
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Passing of the Gay Old Lace-curtained Horse Car.

THE Cummings-street and Lake  
Shore Railway last week sold out  
from under the wheels of progress,  
and the "dainty little horse car,"  
as it was known, of the enterprise  
of an unprogressive age.

The little railroad with the high-  
speed line, running along the west-  
ern border of Hollenbeck Park, from  
First street to Sixth, has been dis-  
placed by an electric road.

There is weeping on Cummings street.  
The roster of displaced, disconsolate  
officials is as follows:

"Vanderbilt" Burkhardt, general  
manager and superintendent, aged 42;  
Pharos Root, cadet conductor,  
aged 31.

over the door the following original  
sign was posted:

"Please patronize this car line. It is  
not owned by any other company."

This was a mild protest against the  
offensive indignation that the Cum-  
mings-street and Lake Shore Railway  
was likely, at any moment, to absorb  
either the Traction line or the Los An-  
geles Railway.

The ancient machine, who trimmed  
the rails and flayed the faded steel on  
this air line had many tricks. Rude  
boys would jump upon the stern end of  
the car and teeter up and down, much  
to his discomfort as he stood upon the  
front platform. And then it was un-  
dignified to have a "really true" street

and Lake Shore. Without disturbing  
the slumber of the general manager,  
the car was driven a short distance  
and it is not recorded as to when he  
woke up.

THE ORIGINAL GENIUS.

The original genius of this Cum-  
mings-street line was William H.  
Workman. He was who in '84 built  
the horse-car line on Boyle Heights,  
and ten years prior to that, with his  
associates, the horse-car line on Allen  
street. In 1921, to induce travel to Hol-  
lenbeck Park, to which he had made  
large donations of land, and also to  
make Hollenbeck Home easier of ac-  
cess, thereby increasing the value of  
his other holdings in the neighbor-  
hood, Mr. Workman secured a fran-

ago he was a very dangerous opponent  
and won the Country Club tournament.  
He has been away from Southern Cal-  
ifornia for some time, and golf players  
are wondering if his very promising  
career will be found to have improved  
on his return.

Like Orr, C. E. Maud of Riverside is  
a graduate of English golf and knows  
the game as it is. Golf is as natural  
to him as horseback riding is to a

heard with mysterious rapidity.  
Finally he asked a friend, who was in  
the tobacco business, if he could ob-  
tain something to discourage this dis-  
appearance.

"Why, yes," said the friend, "I'll  
make up some cigars for you. I'll put  
Hoffman House labels on the outside,  
but I'll fill them up with horsehair  
and horse dung."

"Well," said Mr. Edison in relating  
the story, "that fellow went to Cal-  
ifornia and didn't return for three  
months. I forgot about him most  
times, but when he got back I said to  
him: 'Look here, I thought you were  
going to fix me up some fake cigars.'  
'Why, did I, said in surprise. 'You  
didn't?'" "Why, don't you re-  
member the fat box up on the green label,  
the cigars in burlesque form, the with  
yellow ribbon?"

"Do you know," said Edison inno-  
cently, "I smoked them all myself."

THE STORY THAT HE WAS TO BE  
Subjected to Mollusc Torture is Without  
Foundation.

[Rome Correspondence Fall Mail Ga-  
zette.] Bressi has been sentenced to  
imprisonment for life. A fantastic de-  
scription of what he is likely to suffer  
having been circulated in the English  
press, in which it was represented that  
although little was the first great  
power to abolish capital punishment, he  
seems to methods of the Middle  
Ages in her treatment of life prisoners,  
I took the trouble to make a personal  
investigation, and gathered the fol-  
lowing facts, the correctness of which  
I can guarantee.

Italy has two prisons in which her  
life prisoners are confined, that of  
San Stefano, not far from Rome,  
and Portofino, in the island of  
Elba. For the first seven years the  
prisoner is confined in a separate cell  
and given work that does not require  
the use of iron. In the five years that  
follows he is admitted to work with  
other prisoners, but not allowed to  
speak. In the first seven years the  
rule is that he may not see any one  
while in health, although as a matter  
of custom his relatives are allowed  
to visit him for half an hour once a year.  
After the expiry of seven years they  
are permitted to see him once in every  
six months. His food consists of three  
and a half pounds of macaroni and  
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LAUNTS OF

WHICH CONTRIBUTED TO THE  
NORTH AMERICA is a  
sportsman's paradise. B

hunting in South Africa  
destroyed by the movement of  
forces in the Boer war, a  
heart of the Dark Conti  
accessible by railroads,

more will be heard of the big-game hunters there. Many cities of Europe hunt are organizing for a campaign on the African soil, for, with the extermination of the rhinoceros

the world affords is to be found on this continent. And with one exception it may be hunted in Africa, in the heart of an un-

Europe until quite recently  
North America had been  
noted by the westward tide

truth. It is, however, far truth, as English hunters are finding out for themselves. Impression probably grows tardy laments on the

buffalo. But buffalo should  
be classed as game. Before  
the coming of the white man, the In-  
dians, and long afterward contin-  
ued to hunt buffalo. They used  
what beef cattle are to civilized  
men—simply meat on the hoof.

near so much as our cowboys have in rounding up droves of beaver. To be classed as sportsmen must call into play the skill in woodcraft and the courage of the hunter to overcome the


strength of the animal but the birds were stolid, stupid, timid, and easily tamed. The case and the manner in which they were exterminated is the best evidence of this. The number of birds was as many as fifteen

out of one herd by two men in less than a five-mile run, and the party was only then stopped by the men tired of the slaughter. The horses were galloping across

ALAS

A black and white photograph of a map. The map shows a winding river or road. The word "MOOSE" is printed in bold, capital letters on the map. There are some numbers and other markings on the map, but they are not clearly legible.

RADIAR ID.  
RADIAR BEAR



MR. DOOLEY  
ON FAME

BY F. P. DUNNE.  
 Published in The Times under special  
 arrangement.]

"The raycaption for a dimmyera  
ork State," said Mr. Dooley.  
We not dangerously wound  
ing short iv death is

...a mild kind ly death, like  
...be chloroform, wud be c  
...a rayspectful hearin'. All  
...about Willum Jennings Bry  
...ion is that...

without bein' stoned to da  
agrets fr'n th' gold res  
ow, what ar-re ye dhrag  
s into this peaceful abode  
oy? Isn't it bad enough C

to stand here all day long  
to strangers rayjoochin' th'  
to personal questions now before  
to make makin' me nights mis're  
to th' bawd' about th' f'eat'ed

an' counted. Ayther th' co  
anyhow. Ayether we ar-re  
phans that've had thrus  
off on th'...

...th' executors.















# The Busy Corner==Fourth and Broadway







sters begin here. But through it all, quickly and steadily man has been made.

One lizard became a leaping thing, with grotesquely-magnified hind legs. It sought trees naturally as generation after generation of it followed each other. And so was formed that almost unmanageable thing, the first reptilian bird, the archaopteryx. It was a flying lizard, yet it was the first bird. There were formed, too, the gigantic dinosaurs. But all these creatures were cold blooded. And man is distinguished from the reptiles by being warm blooded.

There came a time when climate began to play its part on the earth. Year after year, generation after generation, century after century, it grew colder. And all this time, partly because of the need for food, partly because of evolution of traits, the lizard animals were more active.

As the circulation of their blood, cold as it was, increased, it raised their fur or hair enough to make them feel the outer cold. The lizard of today is a survival of the ancient form of primitive lizard. It feels no cold. It is warm blooded.

There is in Australia a living beast that has the back of a lizard and the head and form of a mammal. It is the duck-bill. The duck-bill is another living ancestor of man.

But man has something that the duck-bill lacks. He has a hand. Go out into the garden and dig quickly into a mole hill. That beautiful little little creature with the pink dewy nose like those of a baby is the ancestor to which you owe your hand. Look at those little feet and believe it. It's true.

But man walks upright too. Well, some of the lizards tried that and succeeded fairly well. The huge dinosaurs did it for instance. But they had to steady their monstrous bodies with their tails. Man walks upright. It's true.

Go into any menagerie and study the kangaroo rat. There is one of our first upright walking ancestors. After the kangaroo rat we have many mammals. They are an ancient form, a long-lived and conservative family, for most of them are alive today as they were in the carboniferous age. The kangaroo is one of them. He is another ancestor.

Now there is a kangaroo in New Guinea which climbs trees. It is a degenerate rat. But once it was a link in evolution. There is a perupia in the Santa Islands which climbs trees, also. It is another link, for we count the humble perupia among our ancestors, also. It is not without reason, therefore, that folk here always picture Uncle Perupia as a human ancestor. At first man was a tree-climber. He was a tree-climber. But with evolution and a sense of duty to man the animal lost its offensive and defensive weapons more and more. The surface of the earth became unsafe. In the trees was safety. So there came the climbers.

Ghosts flitting apparently through the air in the primal forests. Unearthly, frighteningly grotesque things crying weirdly at night. Mysterious beings with huge shining eyes. Here are the lemurs, the half-monkeys. Here is the creature that has a hand, that can walk upright, that has large skull capacity. And once upon a time, in the gray of that which was before history was, after many struggles, after countless deaths of types and

births of new ones and their deaths, there followed the gibbon monkey. He was the first tailless ape. It was the gibbon that first learned to walk upright. It came hard. He had to hold himself with main strength to prevent his return to all fours. But he was a monkey, that had a skull of upright or perching, for he was a wanderer.

And again after thousands of years there sprang from the final gibbon monkey a thing without a tail, that could think and, perhaps, mumble the first mumbly of anything like speech that ever was heard on this earth. Pithacanthropus Erectus was born.

What was he? His discoverer says that he was the first ape-like man. Anthropologists of standing say that he was the last man-like ape. Prof. Haeckel says that he was a thing between—the Missing Link. But what was he? There was a skull, the very achievement of the ape. For him, dinosaur, megasaurus, ichthyosaurus, mosasaurus, pterodactyl, and thousands and tens of thousands of their relatives had been born and had perished. He was the last of the apes. He was the first of the men.

Living horror and inhuman terror he reared at him and had discovered, hidden and defiled, ignorantly triumphant, unconsciously insistent, unforgettingly glorious, he stood, dark and unknown, the man-beast. And so, triumphant, insolent and glorious stand his descendants, the men.

(Copyright, 1921, by Quail & Warner.)

## MR. AND MRS. GIGPADDLE.

### MR. GIGPADDLE PLAYS GOLF.

Mr. Gigpaddle came home looking as pleased as Punch, bearing a long bundle beneath his arm. He stalked into the parlor and smiled broadly upon Mrs. Gigpaddle.

"My dear," he said, "I'm going to play golf."

Mrs. Gigpaddle was amazed. "What ye chuckin' at, ye yellow feend?" he howled. "Think this is a vaudeville show? Get an idea, I brought ye out here to laugh like a daff-dummed hyena!" Mr. Gigpaddle stared and his eyes seemed starting from his head. He seized the club, swung it with awful force and hit the ball fairly. There was a crash and a howl of anguish as the flying spheroid hit poor Lin Tick in the stomach. Mr. Gigpaddle contemplated his writhing caddy with cold satisfaction. "There he threw his stick as far as he could and it landed away toward the house."

"Well," he said to himself, "there's one good thing about Garvish's game—everybody concerned gets a share of the agony!"

Honey Bees Were Brought to America (Saturday Evening Post): There were no hive bees in America when first settled by the whites. The common brown bee was brought from Europe in the seventeenth century, and within the last few years superior varieties, such as the Cyprians and Carniolans, have been introduced here. There are small stingless bees of another kind in Central and South America, which make delicious honey, with a peculiar aromatic flavor. It has been proposed to bring them to the United States, but they would not stand the climate. Though they have no stings, they can bite quite painfully.

[New York Tribune:] Solomon has given us a proverb: "The wise man foregoeth the evil and hideth himself, but the foolish pass on and are punished." This proverb condensed reads like this: "The wise man gets the idea into his head, the foolish man gets it in the neck."

"Got to have a caddy. I'll get Lin Tick," and Mr. Gigpaddle plunged into the kitchen, reappearing immediately with the Chinaman, who came along rather unwillingly, wearing a grin half of curiosity and the other half apprehension.

Mr. Gigpaddle strode out upon the lawn. "Come on, Lin," he said. "We're ready to drive off."

The yellow man approached timidly. "Where's mallee?" he inquired weakly.

"Mallee?" shouted Mr. Gigpaddle. "Nothing the matter!" He hung the bag of golf sticks about the Chinaman's neck. Lin shrank from him. He had horrible suspicions regarding his mysterious bag. It looked full of devils.

Mr. Gigpaddle stooped down and carefully constructed a tee. Then he stood with his legs far apart, grasped his driver and regarded the golf ball severely.

"Now watch me knock it clear over into the next county!" he said. He swung the stick back and forth a number of times "addresing" the ball. Then there was a whistle of the driver through the air, a deep grunt and that was all.

Mr. Gigpaddle looked down in amazement.

"Missed it!" he exclaimed in deep disgust. "Golf's too short!" he grumbled, examining the driver critically.

He was whispering now. He prepared for another stroke and grunted his teeth. He drew several deep breaths and made faint at the ball. The spectators were becoming terribly excited.

"Hittee one clippee!" screamed Lin Tick. Mrs. Gigpaddle squeaked in amazement.

Mr. Gigpaddle swung again and hit his toe a sickening rap. Mrs. Gigpaddle gasped. Lin Tick laughed like a caddy. When a Chinaman laughs you can be assured that something funny has occurred.

Poor Mr. Gigpaddle sprang up in an awful rage.

"What ye chuckin' at, ye yellow feend?" he howled. "Think this is a vaudeville show? Get an idea, I brought ye out here to laugh like a daff-dummed hyena!" Mr. Gigpaddle stared and his eyes seemed starting from his head. He seized the club, swung it with awful force and hit the ball fairly. There was a crash and a howl of anguish as the flying spheroid hit poor Lin Tick in the stomach. Mr. Gigpaddle contemplated his writhing caddy with cold satisfaction. "There he threw his stick as far as he could and it landed away toward the house."

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## POUNDING BIG PILLS.

### Game of Golf and Its Good Players.

### Best Men on the South-land's Links.

### Characteristics of a Number of Los Angeles and Other Devotees.

There was a sick man once whose physician prescribed pills about the size of walnuts.

When the sick man balked at swallowing one, the doctor told him that these pills were not to be taken internally. All he had to do was to pound



WILLIAM FREDERICKSON, Los Angeles Country Club.

them about a field, and into cans it are set into the ground at intervals.

The sick man looked incredulous, but having great respect for his physician, accepted the prescription and profited thereby.

This is the way a great deal of golf playing begins and Col. Hoge avenges the insult to his sporting merits by enslaving the recruit to a sort of duty that prolongs his stay in this world, but lessens his chances for the next.

The game is exasperating. The expert must possess, in addition to physique, a very proper frame of mind. The ten best-known possessors of these qualities in Southern California are all try to acquire. Orr is a six-footer, correct in weight, muscular and even-tempered, though not so well-balanced

# CONFIDE IN A WOMAN



When it is evident that women need complete advice about their health, is it not well for them to know how to secure it? Tell your story with reservation to Mrs. Pinkham; she never loses confidence, and her advice is the best in the world. Miss Mecum's two letters show how helpful.

(PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.)

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I have read so much about you, your great goodness, your first place, I have a blood disease which the doctors call dysmenorrhea. I have taken a great deal of medicine but received no permanent benefit, so I would try your medicine. Menstrues are irregular, and I am troubled with nervousness. I have been constipated, sometimes have sharp pains in my bowels at night; have such shaking spells I cannot be still. Suffer with pain in my part of back, in my side under left breast, and through my chest; also with shortness of breath and dizziness. Please give me your advice.

MISS MARY

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: When I wrote to you some time ago I was very miserable. I followed the advice you gave me, and I think your remedies are the greatest remedies on earth. I took both Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and have done me more good than anything I ever took. I express my thanks to you, and I shall send you your medicine to others.

MISS MARY

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. She gives permission to print her two letters showing how easy it is to get the relief.

MISS MARY

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I have noticed your advertisement and feel that you will do me some good. I have been suffering several months with what you call the womb swells and it feels as if something was gathering on each side of my womb. I can hardly be on my feet at all. It makes me very nervous, and I am charged of leucorrhea. I am getting tired of suffering so much and I want to try your medicine. Please advise me and answer as soon as possible.

MISS DELIA M.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: Words cannot express my gratitude for the good I have derived from the use of your remedies. I suffered from the ovaries and inflammation of the womb. I was run down and my condition was very serious. After reading of your medicine had done for others I concluded to write to you.

MISS DELIA M.

Upon receiving your reply I took a course of your medicine and am now well. The Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound cured me of the awful headaches I was subject to. I am now able to do my usual work. I have no more of the terrible pain in my back and sides. I firmly believe it capable of curing any female ailment.

MISS DELIA M.

When you go to your druggist for Mrs. Pinkham's remedies do not let him persuade you to try something "just as good." He is more likely to make a larger profit. The medicine that cures women is LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

**\$5000 REWARD** Offered to the first person who can prove to the satisfaction of the publisher that the above is a true and correct statement of the facts.

## Passing of the Gay Old Lace-curtained Horse Car.

THE Cummings-street and Lake Shore Railway last week sold out from under the wheels of progress, and the "funny little horse cars" are left as souvenirs of the enterprise of an unprogressive age.

The little railroad with the high-sounding title, running along the western border of Hollenbeck Park, from First street to Ninth, has been displaced by an electric road.

There is weeping on Cummings street. The roster of displaced, disconsolate officials is as follows:

"Vanderbilt" Burkhart, general manager and superintendent, aged 50.

Prattus Root, chief conductor, aged 51.

over the door the following original sign was posted:

"Please patronize this car line. It is not owned by any other company."

This was a mild protest against the oft-repeated insinuation that the Cummings-street and Lake Shore Railway was likely, at any moment, to absorb either the Traction line or the Los Angeles Railway.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

The ancient mariner, who trimmed the sails and steered the jaded steed on this air line had many trials. Rude boys would jump upon the stern end of the car and teeter up and down, much to the discomfort as he stood upon the front platform. And then it was undignified to have a "really true" street

and Lake Shore. Without disturbing the slumber of the general manager, the car was driven a length ahead and it is not recorded as to when he woke up.

THE ORIGINAL GENIUS.

The original genius of this Cummings-street line was William H. Workman. It was he who in '94 built the horse-car line on Boyle Heights, and ten years prior to that, with his associates, the horse-car line on Aliso street. In 1914, to induce travel to Hollenbeck Park, to which he had made large donations of land, and also to make Hollenbeck Home a center of access, thereby increasing the value of his other holdings in the neighborhood, Mr. Workman secured a franchise

age he was a very dangerous opponent and won the Country Club tournament. He has been away from Southern California for sometime, and golf players are wondering if his very promising style will be found to have improved on his return.

Like Orr, C. E. Maudsiff of Riverside is a great golfer and knows the game as it is. Golf is as natural to him as horseback riding is to a cowboy. This is a tremendous advantage. He for his part play than making a score, on this account. When a fit out of sorts, he may lose many a hole, but he makes up for it by playing several holes in a row.

HIS OWN STYLE.

Walter Post has a style of his own and is invincible at times. He exasperates his friends by holding his hands the wrong way, standing in the golf-like positions, and yet playing very good golf. He makes astonishingly long drives, oftentimes 250 yards. Baseball players, tennis players and golf players have all declared that Post is put together differently from any other man, for he has succeeded in acquiring a wizard's skill peculiar to himself in all these games. In golf despite that he puts with a driving iron, which to the minds of form sticklers, should be sufficient to disqualify his game. He is wild in his playing at times.

HE'S RELIABLE.

A very different sort of player is "Duke Edwards." Turf, whose long suit is reliability. He always has a game with him. When visiting strange links he plays as it used to be. He has studied the game and he thinks it the "only game" and he makes clippings of every golf news item which he files away in a scrap book. He is one of the oldest players locally. He is a theorist, and has put his theories to practice very successfully. He held the championship of the Los Angeles Country Club for two weeks.

E. Conde Jones, one of the younger players, jumped suddenly to success at a stroke. He has become so absorbed in work that he even forgets that he has a caddy in his mouth. When he had an office in Fifth avenue, New York, the desk in which he kept a box of cigars was always open, and the boys came and went at all hours of the day his cigars disap-

peared with mysterious rapidity. Finally he asked a friend who was in the tobacco business, if he could do something to discourage the disappearance.

"Why, yes," said the friend, "I'll make up some cigars for you. I'll put Hoffman House labels on the outside, but I'll fill them up with horsehair and hard rubber."

"Well," said Mr. Edison in relating the story, "that fellow went to California and didn't return for three months. I forgot about the cigars, but when he got back I said to him: 'Look here, I thought you were going to fix me up some fake cigars. Why, I did,' he said in surprise. 'You did? When? Why, don't you remember a fat box with a green label, the cigars in burleso form, tied with yellow ribbon?'

"Do you know," said Edison, innocently, "I smoked them all myself."

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David L. Hutchinson, conductor, not so old, but equally disconsolate.

Then there are others. Manager Burkhart did not conduct a soulless corporation. He gave many free rides, and all of the beneficiaries held an indignation meeting and put themselves down as "agin" any new-fangled notion in street railways.

KENDALL'S JOKE.

It was this same road that Elmer Kendall immortalized on the Orpheum stage.

"Don't it make you late at the station?" he asked of people about his line.

"We don't go to the theater; we stay home and laugh at the horse car line." [Now laugh.]

car jumped up and down as if it were a plaything.

When he objected, the boys would throw at him unsavory compliments. In case he was keeping too close a watch on the car jumps. While he would get after one boy with his "long-whip," another would unhook his horse from the car and yell:

"Hey, Methusalem, your car's a runnin' off!"

Just as you and the other fellow used to do when you were boys. How it all comes back again!

So-dolls one night took him in tow and accused him by putting out his lights, unhooking the traces and, in other ways, until, in his aged wrath, the old man knocked one of them down and called him over the terrace.

ESCAPED ANNIHILATION.

One sultry summer day, when travel was slack, he went to sleep. A mischievous boy said "gee," and the old horse slowly walked down the track and stopped, as was his wont, at the corner of the park, but with the car standing squarely on the Traction Company's line. The motorman came swooping down the grade and stopped his car just in time to avoid the utter annihilation of the Cummings-street

chase, built and equipped the road. He protests that he had no desire to pose as a railroad magnate, but insists that the scenic little road was worthy of its high-sounding title. To keep the franchise alive, in 1917 he effected a transfer arrangement with the Los Angeles Railway, and turned the whole business over to Burkhart for what he could make out of it. Later, with the additional attractions at the park, it has proven quite successful, as indicated by the fact that during the last month of its existence, 3200 transfers were turned into the Los Angeles Railway.

Allowing a fair percentage to have gone one way or the other on foot, or over the Traction line, this would indicate the collection of not less than 2000 fares during the month. It has, at any rate, been sufficient to induce the Los Angeles Railway to take up the franchise and build an electric road, extending it along Boyle avenue to Stephenson street, where the Orphan's Home is located.

When the kodak lens heard that the little road was about to go out of business there was a stampede toward Boyle Heights, and they were too late. The curiosity had vanished.

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# Sacrifice Sale of the "Pironi" Stock of Fine Old Cal. Wines and Brandies.

We have completed the purchase of the stock and fixtures of CHAS. B. PIRONI, otherwise known as the West Glendale Winery, formerly at 340 North Main Street. This stock is one of the oldest in the State, and for fine vintages is noted throughout the country. We place it on sale at the very lowest prices ever named, and will continue the sale until all is disposed of. This is an opportunity rarely offered.

Stock up Your Wine Cellars at a Saving of About Fifty Per Cent.

## Note a Few Prices.

Bulk Wines at About Half Regular Prices.

	PIRONI'S PRICE	SALE PRICE PER GAL.
5-year-old Port.....	1.75	.37
8-year-old Port.....	1.00	.56
15-year-old Port.....	1.50	.79
20-year-old Port.....	2.50	1.25
5-year-old Sherry.....	.85	.49
8-year-old Sherry.....	1.00	.59
15-year-old Sherry.....	1.50	.79
20-year-old Sherry.....	2.50	1.25
5-year-old Angelica.....	.80	.49
8-year-old Angelica.....	1.00	.58
15-year-old Angelica.....	1.50	.79
20-year-old Angelica.....	2.50	1.25

## FINE CALIFORNIA BRANDIES

FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

At the lowest prices ever quoted by any house in town. This stock is absolutely the finest ever put on the market, and being so well known will go quickly at the following cut prices:

	PIRONI'S PRICE	SALE PRICE PER GAL.
California Brandy.....	\$2.50	\$1.75
California Brandy.....	3.00	2.27
California Brandy.....	4.00	3.17
Fine Whisky.....	4.00	3.10
Extra Fine Whisky.....	6.00	4.65
The Very Best Whisky.....	8.00	5.79

All Other Wines in Proportion.

# SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WINE CO.

TELEPHONE MAIN 332.

220 WEST FOURTH STREET.



FREE DELIVERY IN THE CITY

## The Fraternal Field.

### Masonic.

THE degree of Fellowcraft was conferred by both Pontiph and Holbrook lodges Tuesday evening. The degree of Master Mason was conferred by Southern California Lodge Wednesday evening and by West Gate Lodge Thursday evening. The Entered Apprentice degree was conferred by La Valle de France Lodge Friday evening. Los Angeles Commandery, Knights Templar, conferred the Order of the Temple Thursday evening. Elmer Chapter, R.A.M., conferred the Mark Master's degree upon one candidate and the Past Master's degree upon another Saturday evening. The funeral of W. A. Hauck of Harper Lodge, Harper, Kan., who died in this city Thursday, was held at the funeral home under the auspices of the Grand of Relief, the officers of West Gate Lodge officiating. The funeral of the late George John Jones, who was the first Grand Patron of the order and the only one who, while present, had served two terms, was held at the funeral home in the afternoon. The funeral of the late George John Jones, who was the first Grand Patron of the order and the only one who, while present, had served two terms, was held at the funeral home in the afternoon.

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the work. At the close of the lodge meeting refreshments were served and dancing indulged in. A social session, with cards and dancing, was given by Columbia Lodge Monday evening, at the close of the lodge session. Paloma Lodge celebrated its first anniversary Thursday evening by giving an entertainment, which included a dinner by Clyde Wilcox, recitations by Mrs. Osburn, Miss Laura Barrett and F. H. Gilbert. The lodge has rounded out the first year of its existence with a membership of eighty-two.

**Knights of Pythias.**  
MARATHON LODGE held no session Tuesday evening, the hall being given up for the reception to the Uniform Rank. Visitors from Pasadena, San Diego, Pomona, Escondido, Colton, Long Beach, Santa Monica, San Pedro and other places were present at the reception. Los Angeles Lodge conferred the rank of Page and Esquire last evening and will confer the rank of Knight next Friday evening. In view of the coming of the next Supreme Lodge and National Encampment to California, a determined effort is to be made to induce the many unaffiliated members of the order in the city to become identified with the local lodge, that the city may present a membership as that time to be evaded. Samson Lodge conferred the rank of Esquire upon four Pages Monday evening.

**Rathbone Sisters.**  
TUESDAY was the twelfth anniversary of the founding of this order in the town of Warsaw, Indiana, with ten members. Since then it has had a wonderful growth.

**Knights of the Maccabees.**  
THE members of California-Banner Tent affiliated at the funeral of E. B. Reed last Sunday. California-Banner Tent initiated one candidate and received two applications Tuesday evening. Los Angeles Tent initiated two candidates and received two applications Wednesday evening. Visitors were present from San Diego and Kansas. As a result of the work of Deputy J. W. Arbogast ten candidates were initiated in the tent at Downey Wednesday evening, the work being exemplified by the team from Artesia Tent.

**Ancient Order United Workmen.**  
THIS date has a peculiar fascination for the members of this, the pioneer fraternal beneficiary order of the United States, for just thirty-two years ago it was founded in the city of Knoxville, Pa., by John James Upchurch and a half-dozen other men, and the event is being celebrated all over the country. At San Francisco, where the celebration occurred in the Mechanics' Pavilion, 20,000 invitations were issued. In this city the lodges will hold a joint celebration this evening in Elks' Hall, open to the public. The order has a membership of 110,000, the second largest of any similar order in the United States, and during its existence has paid \$110,000,000 to the beneficiaries of deceased members. The membership in California is about 24,000. Hugh F. Donnelly of Boise City, Idaho, Lodge, who died in this city

last Saturday, was buried at New Calvary Cemetery Monday morning, under the auspices of the local lodge. Grand Foreman W. D. Morrison paid an official visit to Pomona Lodge Tuesday evening and delivered an address at Azusa Friday evening at the date being initiated by each, and the decision gave the honors of the occasion to the latter lodge. An interesting contest in the conferring of the Workman degree was held Thursday evening between the officers and teams of Southern California and University lodges, one candidate being initiated by each, and the decision gave the honors of the occasion to the latter lodge.

**Independent Order of Foresters.**  
THE membership of the order suffered a net loss of 418 members since the last report, of which number California contributed forty-nine, but this loss will probably be more than compensated for before the close of the year, as efforts will be made to increase the membership to 100,000 before January 1. It is now 18,272. During September 1900, California were accepted, eleven of which were in California. During September 11,554.52 was paid to beneficiaries of deceased members, \$400 for old age disability and \$12,725.93 for total and permanent disability. G. A. McElfresh, H.C.B., is visiting courts in the northern part of the State and will not return to the city until the latter part of next week.

**Foresters of America.**  
COURT LOS ANGELES initiated one candidate and received two applications at its last meeting last week. Court Francisco initiated one candidate and received three applications Tuesday evening. Court Sunset initiated four candidates and received three applications Wednesday evening. Union Circle Companions F. of A. gave a ball Friday evening.

**Woodmen of the World.**  
LA FIESTA CAMP initiated twenty candidates and received thirteen applications for membership Monday evening, which gives the camp a membership of 407, making it the largest camp in the twelfth district and the third largest in the State. Fifty-three applications have been obtained since October 1. The session Monday evening was largely attended in anticipation of a visit and address from Past Head Escort D. S. Ewing of Fresno, who had been in the city several days, but who was unexpectedly called home that day by the serious illness of his wife. Speeches were made by State Organizer Temple and City Organizer Brown. The work was exemplified by the new degree team, which executed a number of new and intricate movements. Mr. Ewing was made an honorary member of the camp. Through the efforts of State Organizer W. L. Temple, ninety-six applications were received by Fresno Camp Wednesday evening. The session was strictly a business one. East Lake Camp, a result of the work of City Organizer Brown, received eleven applications on Tuesday evening. Los Angeles Camp received twelve applications Thursday evening, making a total of thirty for October. With the three candidates initiated the same evening, the camp has received eleven new members during the month.

**The Fraternal Brotherhood.**  
HARMONY LODGE of San Francisco had Zenda Lodge of Placerville each increased their membership by seven this week. Supreme Vice-President Mrs. Emma

R. Neidig visited the Livermore and Santa Rosa lodges this week. Deputies A. L. Moon and J. R. Snyder have added about 100 applications to San Diego Lodge the past month. Eighteen candidates were initiated on Tuesday evening. Twenty-eight candidates were initiated and a large number of applications received by Hermosa Lodge on Monday evening. During the session a surprise was sprung upon Dr. J. M. King, the medical examiner of the lodge, who was recently married, by an open meeting and entertainment was given under the auspices of Enterprise Lodge of Norwalk Wednesday evening. The fourth anniversary of Anaheim Lodge was celebrated on Friday evening of last week with a masquerade ball and supper. Gardena Lodge had another large class of eighteen for initiation this week. Among the visitors at Hermosa Lodge Monday evening were Mrs. Beraw and Brookhauser of Citrus Lodge, Santa Paula. Among the visitors at Supreme Lodge headquarters this week were Lincoln Carr, Special Organizer, from Oxnard; Mrs. J. W. Riley, L.D., Esquire Lodge, Ventura, and Henry Maulhardt of Oxnard.

**Modern Woodmen of America.**  
GOLDEN STATE CAMP organized four candidates and received seven applications last Wednesday evening. Knights of Honor. THE trustees of Los Angeles Lodge have paid to beneficiaries of the late George Basserman, \$3000 due on his benefit. He had been a member for twenty-six years and had paid in on assessments \$301. He served Los Angeles Lodge as Treasurer for seventeen years. Deputy F. P. Bandholt has gone to San Diego to look after the interests of the order in that district. There is an active and growing lodge in that city. Los Angeles Lodge is securing applications for each meeting, and initiations are held twice a month.

**Grand Army of the Republic.**  
BIRNEY W. HILTON, who died Wednesday, was buried Friday afternoon at Evergreen Cemetery, under the auspices of Kenesaw Post, of which he was a member. The Loyd Laidler Sewing Society of Stanton W.R.C. were entertained on Friday of last week at the home of Mrs. Lizzie Belle Cross, when a dainty luncheon was served. A "Patriotic Picture Recital" was given Friday evening at Harmon Hall for the benefit of Stanton W.R.C.

**Good Templars.**  
BETHLEHEM LODGE held a very interesting meeting, October 13, when six candidates were initiated and many propositions received. The following visitors were present: D. C.T., E. C. Schellies and J. G. Gae of Santa Monica, Herman Cook of Pasadena, W. Devine of Sawtelle Lodge, Soldiers' Home, Mrs. Gravel and Mr. Watson of Merrill Lodge and William McIlwain of Anchor Lodge, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. Cook of Pasadena was present at the grand lodge session recently held in Oakland, and had a lot of diamonds stolen. "Hm! There are plenty of them." "I know; but this one never had an idea of going on the stage."

plimented by the Grand Lodge officers and other lodges throughout the State for the work which it is doing in this city. The election of officers was the principal event of the evening and resulted in the selection of the following: P.C. T. H. O. Bradford; C.T. William Burruss, Sr.; V.T. Amelia Schultz; S.J.T. Mrs. Jennie Harrison; Secretary, Clarence Brown; Financial Secretary, James Slater; Treasurer, Minnie Schenk; Marshal George Stark; Guard, Thomas Willford; Sentinel, Gall Edmiston; Chaplain, Mrs. J. Willford; Organist, Bertha Slater; Reporter, P. Webb; Editor of Bethlehem Chaff, O. P. Sims; Trustees, H. D. Bradford, Thomas Willford and H. P. Webb.

**Order United American Mechanics.**  
A NEW council of the Daughters of Liberty, the women's auxiliary of the order, is about to be instituted at San Francisco, a good list of applicants having already been secured. At the meeting of Columbia Council Wednesday evening a very entertaining literary and musical programme was rendered. The evening was devoted to a study of the works of Washington, Irving.

**Royal Arcanum.**  
CALIFORNIA COUNCIL initiated one candidate Thursday evening. Visitors were present from a number of other councils. W. S. Spencer, D.G.R., has secured about twenty names for the new council in this city. Angeles Council received its charter on Friday evening of last week. Among the grand officers in attendance at the ceremony of presentation were Past Grand Regent Dr. R. H. Boynton, Grand Vice-Regent J. K. Hawk, Grand Secretary G. L. Davidson, Past Grand Orator H. J. Wilman.

**Fraternal Aid Association.**  
LAST August the General Council advanced prices of \$100, \$20 and \$5, respectively, for the best rituals submitted for adoption by the order. Two of the contestants were from this city, and they received notice this week that all manuscripts had been rejected. The Eagle looks benevolently down upon the streets and marks the tourist by his air of wonder-like that of a Hoosier backwoodsman come to town for the first time in his life. And truly the pilgrim has much to excite his wonder and admiration. A pleasant glamour hangs about the first trip through Southern California, the glamour that enfolds the released soul when it first hits the Happy Hunting Grounds and wanders blissfully across the balmy fields of Elysium. So when we see the tourist going about in dazed wonder, let us not smile at him, but remember that he can help it.

[Boston Transcript:] (Proud Mammy) "Wan't George a nobbly little gentleman to insist upon Nellie helping herself to a peach before he took one himself." (Uncle Henry) "Oh, yes, very noble, George, what made you let Nellie help herself first?" (George) "Because there wa'n't but two peaches, a great big one and a little bit of one. I knew Nellie would be too polite to take the big one." [Baltimore American:] "What is that girl on exhibition for?" asked the Circassian beauty. "I don't see anything unusual about her." "You don't?" cried the snake-eater. "Why, that's a society woman who has been divorced three times, floured in two scandals, and had a lot of diamonds stolen." "Hm! There are plenty of them." "I know; but this one never had an idea of going on the stage."



THE EAGLE

years of prosperity and calm contentment. And there is prosperity. The campaign cry of Republicanism means something. It is not an empty yell born of nothing more substantial than a bad liver and a pessimistic soul. It has in it some of the elements of the Eagle's scream, and it is mighty convincing.

The big fight is almost here! Get on your fighting harness and get to breathing deeply. There's a first-class ruction on hand, and it will be to your everlasting disgrace to be found lacking or absent from the ring when the going sounds. This bird feels the fighting spirit creeping among his feathers and ruffling the plumage of the back of his neck. He longs to tug his claws in the enemy's hair and mix it up with him in a manner that shall bring him lively dreams for the next four years.

There's a scream coming. Keep your eyes on the indicator and watch for a glorious victory. Get your casier into the ring and be entitled to a share of the glory that is coming. There's an omen in the heavens; there's a tocsin in the breeze; There's a breath of triumph stealing through the mountains; There's a chorus coming nearer; and across the mountain's brow, Comes the battle cry victorious of "Now, now, NOW!"

There's a marching of battalions and a wheeling into line; There's a waving of Old Glory where the loyal faces shine; And the slogan of the volunteer from counter, force and glow, Is this: Be de diebus, potent cry of "Now, now, NOW!"

Hasten on your sword and armor; set your face toward the foe; Altogether on the firing line and deal the final blow; Let the shock of your advancing cause be the mountain's top to bow To the thunder of your battle cry of "Now, now, NOW!"

Now the Great of grape and hollow stirs the pulse and fms the ember. And wind above the waiting heavens is whispering "Remember!" O now, the heart of memory's rose burns reddest against the gray. While the bird of life wings backward to the love that could not stay! "Virginia! Woodward Cloud in the Atlantic." [Atlanta Constitution:] "Father," said the poetical youth, "how can you behold, unmoored the glory of the autumn woods?" "I don't," replied the old man; "an I move right now that you take this here as an 'cut me 'bout ten cords of wood one year. So jerk yer coat ar light."











*Deep Disappointment at Not  
Being Nominated for the  
Presidency.*

tended several persons who knew about John Sherman's career to me anything which would prove of value for my article; but my principal step to procure facts was a call which I made upon Mr. Sherman at residence in K street. He and Mrs. Sherman were both very polite, coming to the parlor together, shaking hands warmly, begging me to be seated, and then, after I had come to a comfortable position, which they had recently known, as interviewed celebrities, an anxious interviewer, however,

**STOMACH BITTER.**

ENTIRE

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# NON-PARTISAN ESTIMATE.

Businesslike Review of the Campaign.

Situation in New York and Middle West.

Hollowness of Claims Made by Mr. Croker—McKinley's Election Assured.

BY J. D. WHELFLEY.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—The present campaign has afforded another illustration of the greatest safeguard which surrounds the American government, and that is the good common sense of a majority of the people. With the exception of the local disturbances caused by the presence of national candidates, there has been no excitement over the Presidential election in any part of the country. In other words, there have been waves of sentiment which appreciated or deplored the stock of one or the other of the great political parties, but on the whole there has been a general feeling of indifference to the outcome of the election. From the beginning of the campaign that the present election would result in a victory for the Republican party.

A belief that Republicans would win has been general among practical politicians, not only those of Republican sympathies but those whose efforts were directed toward the success of the Democratic ticket. There are few Democratic leaders of any standing who have acknowledged in confidential conversation little or no hope of a victory for Mr. Bryan. Their efforts were directed toward the maintenance of the party organization as long as it was possible. It was not until the Kansas City convention a Democratic wave seemed to go over the country, and without being able to give any reason a general impression prevailed that the administration would be re-elected. Just after the Kansas City convention, when it was realized that the administration would be re-elected, the Democratic stock which carried the leaders to the lowest depths of hopelessness. As the Democratic forces were strengthened by the return of many prominent men who had fought the party in 1896, the leaders gained courage once more and, as shown in the coming odds, Republican chances were reduced to two-to-one odds.

During the past month a businesslike, non-partisan, and most thorough analysis of the doubtful States has been made by those desirous of ascertaining the chances of each party. It was not long after the canvass was commenced that it became evident unless something most unusual should occur President McKinley's administration would be re-elected. A most hearty endorsement, not much for what it had done or what it was doing, but as being the superior of that promised by the Democratic candidate.

The campaign has been one of great conditions and policies versus Bryan, the latter representing known and proven dangers which the people were unwilling to face. The result was seen that the country west of the Mississippi was solidly Republican except in those States which are traditionally Democratic. It was then that the campaign was carried on in the industrial territory laid between Maryland on the east and Michigan on the west. One by one these States were won by the Republican party. It is common until it may be said that there are only two or three States in the industrial territory which are still in doubt. The Democrats will gain in the industrial vote of the East, but in none of the States where the industrial vote can be large enough to shift the electoral vote from the Republican to the Democratic column. Republicanism in the industrial territory is the great agricultural population.

In Indiana this gain in the rural districts will probably be made by the Republican party. In the industrial sections and make the State Republican as to the national vote. In the city versus the State, and in the industrial territory, the Republican party is in the habit of giving out or the other Presidential candidates. This is always done, never having been won by a Democratic candidate. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the State will be won by the Republican party. The Democrats, though the best informed to the present time indicates a Republican plurality.

A close contest has been waged in the State of Illinois, and following the election by New York, Illinois is the next State to be won by the Republican party. In New York the city versus the State, and in the industrial territory, the Republican party is in the habit of giving out or the other Presidential candidates. This is always done, never having been won by a Democratic candidate. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the State will be won by the Republican party. The Democrats, though the best informed to the present time indicates a Republican plurality.

# The Great Challenge Sale

Which Opened Yesterday Is a Big Winner.

Reliable merchandise was never sold at such little prices. We note below a few of the bargains that brought the crowds to our stores yesterday all day and until late at night—no woman can well afford to stay away tomorrow—you never had a better chance to save big money on your purchases. Come in the morning.

## Challenge Sale of Tailor Made Suits, Jackets, Waists, Skirts, Etc.

Elegant black mercedized Italian cloth waist, tucked all over back and front, excellently made and perfect fitting. Worth all other challenges price... **\$2.13**

Big line of new Daisy flannel waists, new patterns, well finished and sold in other stores at great bargains at \$1.75. Challenge price... **\$1.13**

Big job lot women's all wool walking skirts, man tailored, finely finished, good values at \$7.00 each. Challenge price... **\$4.98**

How is this! A well made, lined ALL WOOL dress skirt at the Challenge price of... **\$2.50**

All-wool, man-tailored, homespun suit; no woman ever wore a better looking or better fitting suit; seton jacket, satin lined throughout; reg. price \$99; Challenge price... **\$17.23**

Women's jackets at less than cost of making; note some prices: All-wool jackets at 98c, \$1.35, \$1.80 and up; elegant heavy silk-lined jackets, worth \$80; Challenge price...

## Challenge Sale of Shoes.

Absolutely the greatest values ever known to the shoe business in this or any other city—the sacrifice of the Kahler stock at 25 cents on the dollar.

**Women's Shoes.**

Women's common sense oxford, hand turned, sole and glass kid; size up to 4; worth up to \$2.50; cut to... **33c**

Women's oxford of violet and glass kid; all colors, all styles; size up to 4; worth up to \$2.50; cut to... **66c**

Women's fine violet kid and chrome tan oxford, all hand stitched and turned; worth \$1 per pair; cut to... **99c**

Ladies' spring heel, button, calfskin shoes, hand turned, sole and glass kid; worth \$1 per pair; cut to... **\$1.19**

Ladies' hand turned, patent leather boots with silk vesting top, plain cloth uppers of all kind, some with French heels; worth up to \$2.50; cut to... **\$1.98**

Ladies' hand-turned or welted sole, lace and button boot, first quality chrome kid in tan and black, all best makes, such as U.S. & Dunn, E. P. Reed, Pingers & Smith, etc. Worth up to \$5; cut to... **\$1.48**

Infants' soft sole shoes, worth \$1.50; cut to... **5c**

**Men's Shoes.**

Men's patent leather lace shoes, original price \$2.50; cut to... **\$2.98**

Men's Russia calf and violet kid shoes, original price \$2.50; cut to... **\$1.98**

Men's congress shoes in calf, worth up to \$4.00 a pair; cut to... **\$1.48**

**Special Prices on Dr. Schultz' German Remedies.**

Dr. Schultz' Hair Dressing... **19c**

Dr. Schultz' Camphor Balm... **19c**

Dr. Schultz' Stomach Pills... **15c**

Dr. Schultz' German Plaster... **15c**

Dr. Schultz' Catarrh Cure... **40c**

Dr. Schultz' Jamaica Ginger... **40c**

Dr. Schultz' German Oil... **20c**

Dr. Schultz' German Tonic... **50c**

Dr. Schultz' Tooth Powder... **10c**

Dr. Schultz' Starch Polish Wafers... **10c**

Dr. Schultz' German Rose Lotion... **15c**

Dr. Schultz' German Silver Polish... **15c**

Dr. Schultz' German Liniment... **15c**

Dr. Schultz' German Face Powder... **23c**

## Challenge Sale of Dress Goods, Table Linen, Domestic, etc.

Try as you may—search where you will—you cannot duplicate these bargains.

20 pieces beautiful Novelty Suitings, all wool fillings, double width; we sell them at 45c, even less than makers' price; challenge price, per yard... **9c**

Good heavy wool homespun, all colors, 36 inches wide; worth 80 cents; challenge price... **25c**

Genuine French flannel, polka dots and floral designs, as well as plain colors; yards from... **60c**

12 1/2 yards wide; 36 inch; black and colors, per yard... **98c**

Black silk and wool crepe; regular price \$1.25; challenge price... **\$1.48**

All other grades in proportion.

Black crepe, silk and wool, regular price \$1.25; challenge price... **\$1.23**

**Domestic**

Big line outing flannels in dark colors; worth \$1.25; challenge price... **4c**

**Handkerchiefs**

A large import order just received, comprising the very latest styles in all qualities. This stock is second to none shown in Los Angeles; must be seen to appreciate its extent and completeness.

Ladies' fine all linen lawn handkerchiefs, double rows of embroidery; warranted genuine; value \$1.25; challenge price... **20c**

Ladies' extra fine, all pure linen, plain hemmed handkerchiefs, machine-made; value \$1.25; challenge price... **\$1.25**

Children's fine lawn handkerchiefs, as low as... **2c**

# Chapin-Tibbot Commercial Co.,

Price Cutters to the People.

tion to political experts for the past four weeks, and probably no State in the Union has been subjected to a more searching examination as to the probable outcome of the election. The result was seen that the country west of the Mississippi was solidly Republican except in those States which are traditionally Democratic. It was then that the campaign was carried on in the industrial territory laid between Maryland on the east and Michigan on the west. One by one these States were won by the Republican party. It is common until it may be said that there are only two or three States in the industrial territory which are still in doubt. The Democrats will gain in the industrial vote of the East, but in none of the States where the industrial vote can be large enough to shift the electoral vote from the Republican to the Democratic column. Republicanism in the industrial territory is the great agricultural population.

now prevail almost everywhere he cannot afford to hold the land after it has been logged, and it is abandoned to fire and other destructive agencies. If the tax was reduced to a nominal rate it would pay to protect the property, and a new growth would be assured in many regions.

It may be a long time to wait, but unless some measures are taken, the United States will some time be without timber. The time is coming when the utilization of hemlock will make a charge in the logging situation of the State. All mill men and loggers agree that the Washington hemlock is as good as fir for many purposes. It is excellently adapted for box material, and being tasteless, is especially adapted for butter and fish packages. It makes the best flooring, and by many is preferred for inside finishing.

"It is the desire of the government to change this feeling against hemlock and by acquainting the consumer with the good qualities of the wood, help the mill men to get it into construction. Every log of hemlock that is used means a fir or a spruce log saved."

**ELECTRIC VENTILATION ON SHIPS.**

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—The electric ventilation of ships has been greatly stimulated by recent experience in the American navy. The superiority of the ventilation over the Kearsarge class is largely due to the use of electrically driven fans of high velocity, and it is strongly recommended that electrically-driven fans be substituted for steam-driven fans in all future construction. It is urged that the development of electric motors at the present time is such as to entirely eliminate the experimental element from such mechanism, which might have been urged against them, with propriety, a few years ago.

I have had two teeth extracted by Dr. Schifman, without any pain, whatever. Dr. Schifman pulled some hard teeth for me without pain.

MRS. M. BERO, 125 Avenue 21, E.

Dr. Schifman has just extracted sixteen teeth for me without pain, and I am much pleased, and recommend the doctor to all.

MRS. M. T. BATER, 715 Temple Street.

I wish to add my name to those who are grateful for the painless extraction of teeth by the Schifman method.

HATTIE L. CHITTENDEN, 1028 S. Main Street, City.

Dr. Schifman's process of painless extraction has been very successful.

MRS. FRANK B. CLARK, JR., 1202 Bryant Street, City.

SCHIFFMAN DENTAL CO., 107 N. Spring St.

## Wheat Hay

\$12 Per Ton

(Scale Weight.)

L. A. Hay Storage Co.

Third and Central Ave.

Phone Main 1596.

## MUNYON'S

I will guarantee that my Rheumatism Cure will relieve you of all pain, swelling and inflammation in two or three hours and cure in a few days.

MUNYON.

At all drug stores. A trial bottle free to health and mail. Full bottle free. 1000 Arch St., Phila.

## RHEUMATISM

\$3.00 Wetted Sole

At L. W. Gadin, 137 South Spring Street.

She—While you were singing in Milan, did they call you out?

Tenor—No, dragged me out.

## Rupture Cured.

Truss Thrown Away.

PR. F. JOSEPH FANDREY, 821 South Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

DEAR SIR: Nearly a year ago I was pronounced cured by you of a Rupture that was of many years' standing. During the entire time of treatment I did all of the manual labor required on an orange and lemon ranch, and have done much of the same kind of work since, but have had no symptoms of a return of the trouble. I am perfectly satisfied with the results, especially as all former trials for relief and cure with other doctors were absolutely fruitless.

I shall be glad to answer the inquiries of any sufferer from Rupture.

V. R. FRANK C. BUFFINGTON, Agent New York Life Insurance Co., North Ostralia, Cal. September 21st, 1900.

Are made right—they stay right—the price is right—terms of sale to your liking.

Call and hear the marvelous tone of the Shoninger at

Williamson Bros., 327 S. Spring St.

## ABBEE'S SALT

The Salt Extracted from the Juices of Fresh Fruits.

FOR NEURALGIA, A teaspoonful in a tumbler of water night and morning.

Dr. J. Sutton, Brooklyn, says: "I have prescribed your Effervescent Salt with quick and satisfactory results in that form of neuro-rheumatism, called muscular or neuralgic, combined with heat to reduplicate the gravel deposit in the muscles depending upon your Salt entirely eliminates it from the circulation, and the resulting paralysis or so-called congestion of the base of the brain, even when sold by most druggists, cost by mail, 25c. 50c. \$1.00 per bottle.

THE ABBEE EFFERVESCENT SALT CO., 111 Huray Street, New York.

Bottled free on request.

## BARBERS' SUPPLIES.

The largest house in Southern California. Complete stock of Cutlery, Combs, Razors, Perfumery, Crook's Kevins and supplies. Agency for Theo. D. Knott's furniture and mirror cases. 1115 First Palm Avenue, Los Angeles. The best trading in the city.

JOS. JAEGER, 22-23 E. Main.

## CURSE OF DRINK

DRUNKENNESS CURED

White Ribbon Remedy,

Can be Given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee Without Patient's Knowledge.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the (terrible) appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient has consumed habitually, a tippler, social drinker or drunkard. Impossible for anyone to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy.

Los Angeles: Carl Drug Co., 229 South Spring Street. By mail \$1.00. Trial package free by writing MRS. T. C. MOORE, Presiding W. G. T. U. Ventura, California.

Free Developing.

Films with orders for prints developed free on Thursdays.

BEST & CO., 536 S. Broadway.

Wool & Hu's

ELECTRIC CO.

White and colored work in all its branches. Supplies, fixtures and heating appliances. Orders promptly filled. Estimates cheerfully furnished.

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B. C. ROOS.

115 North Main Street, Los Angeles.

Acetylene for "night" and "Economy" Gas Lamps. Handle the best gas mantle in the market.

Gas Mantles Placed On Gas Burners.

TEL. MAIN 1021.



CROWD  
WAS THEREBernardino Hearst  
Speakers.and Barrett on  
Vital Issues.About Our Interests  
For East—Contrast  
Policies.HARDING, Oct. 19.—(Reg-  
ular column.) The speaker  
brought to the attention of  
the audience the fact that  
Senator Hearst and Mr. Bar-  
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policy of the United States  
toward the world.one of the largest and most  
important meetings ever  
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States toward the world.Our other adv. on Page 5, Part I,  
contains the biggest Book News  
ever published in L.A. Copyright  
books all cut.

## The Broadway Department Store

Such Styles—Such Prices—Such Varieties Mean Leadership. We Are Showing  
Now a Most Tempting Array of Real Values.

Nothing here seems to be a bargain—it is a bargain. You don't have to be an expert of values to get your money's worth. It's not necessary to be smart to beat us. Every sales person is expected to tell you the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth, and you can back on it—the sales check you receive is a sight draft on us, redeemable as cheerfully and surely as Uncle Sam does his bonds. Of course, we must draw the line on the few goods likely to carry diseased germs—you wouldn't think much of us if we didn't.

## Yarns are Lowest Here.

We challenge the town to meet these prices. And they are not quotations on odd colors, short-count skeins, or last season's moth-eaten stuff.

Every bit of this is New and Fresh and Bright.

—Every chosen shade is here.

—The quality is true—up to standard.

—Every skein is honest in measure.

We could have bought cheaper yarns than we did, but you'd have thought less of us. Come expecting the best at a saving.

Shetland Wool—Large, full size skeins  
in all staple shades—per skein..... 16c

Spanish Yarn—In all pretty colors and  
combinations of colors—per skein..... 15c

German Knitting—Best quality and in  
colors—large skeins..... 28c

Ice Wool—In balls of 1/2 an ounce each in all  
the dainty shades for evening wear—  
per ball..... 8c

Ice Wool—In balls of 1-ounce each in all  
evening shades—this sale price..... 15c

Shetland Wool—Large, full size skeins  
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per ball..... 8c

Ice Wool—In balls of 1-ounce each in all  
evening shades—this sale price..... 15c



1000 Best 25c Brooms for 19c.

There's a difference in brooms—but you women know that. This thousand brooms we've bought to sell at 19 cents.

Are Made of the Best Eastern Broom Corn,

medium weight, 13 inches long and tied in three places. It's a broom that can't be bought in the ordinary way to sell for less than 25c. We happened across them in an extraordinary way—thus 19c, while they last.

Half a dozen other extra good values:

13c for Washboards worth 20c.

1 1/2c for a dozen Clothes Pins—good old-fashioned kind.

45c for a 20-inch galvanized Wash Tub, worth 75c.

5c a pound for common Flat Irons.

98c for 3 of Mrs. Pott's nickel plated Flat Irons.

Handle and stand go with them—usual price \$1.98.

\$1.49 for a 10-inch, wood frame, Clothes Wringer.

Coats' Cotton Thread, 4c.

The whole country wonders how we do it.

There's no mystery to it.

If our sole purpose was money-making, of course we'd never do it.

Your good will and confidence are worth more to us than dollars. How can they help but follow if you think well of us and of the values we give?

The result is: Since last January, when we first defied the trusts, our thread trade has jumped up so fast that we are

Now Selling 400 doz. Spools a Week.

One or two wishy-washy houses have tried to follow us,

but as in other things, success lies with the originators.

Along with this famous cotton thread, we've cut the price of that well-known favorite,

Carlson Currier's Silk Thread to 6c

Or Carlson Currier's Silk Twist to 3 for 5c

And we're enough for everybody, provided you don't buy to sell again.

New Dress Goods are Cheap.

Women who know dress goods values know we sell lowest and have been coming here in great numbers lately. We want to spread our influence—thus these further reduced prices. Choosing is varied—all the season's leading styles are here. Let these items show you how prices run.

"Atlantic" French flannels, cut to 49c

39 inches wide and in plain colors, including gray, castor, mauve, blue lavender, black, navy and royal blue, cyano and red; the quality that sells elsewhere for 65c; here 49c.

"Atlantic" French flannels, cut to 59c

Printed in dainty dots, stripes and circles—flannels in weight and quality that sell for 75c elsewhere. In all the soft, warm shades, including pink, red navy, pearl, gray, lavender, royal cadet, gold, red and wine.

Persian Figured, French flannels 79c

They are the richest and newest styles for tea gowns and afternoon dresses. They are exact duplicates in colors and figures of the \$5 and \$6 Oriental pattern silks. We thought we had plenty, but we haven't, so we print this as a warning. They were advertised Sunday by a competitor as rare values at 95c. Perhaps that accounts for our selling them so fast—our regular price 79c.

Pleated Homespins, Cut to 49c.

All wool reversible—40 inches wide and in eight of the leading shades. A fabric that sells elsewhere at 65c.

Black Venetians Cut to \$1.98.

Good firm quality, 54 inches wide, the same quality shown in other stores at \$2.50; here Monday at \$1.98.

Astrachan Cloaking, cut to \$1.98

54 inches wide, heavy weight, in red, black and blue also red and black mixes, sold regularly at \$2.25; our price Monday \$1.98.

Extra Heavy Astrachan, cut to \$2.25

54 inches wide and in black, red, gray, blue, brown and green; worth \$3, but cut for Monday's selling to \$2.25.



Ladies' Outer Apparel.

Our buyer for Ladies' Wraps and Suits spent three months searching the New York market. His patience and energy have brought one of the best selected and most extensive stocks in this section.

Shown here are:

Suits, Skirts, Jackets, Capes, Furs, Petticoats, Silk and Woolen Waists, Eiderdowns.

And a fine gathering of house dresses.

The styles are pronounced, the prices are emphatic, the bargains are decisive.

We pick, here and there, a few of the best:

Ladies' Automobile Coats—34 inches long, and of the best quality English Kersey—Combination Storm and lay down collar, tailor stitched revers, new boxer sleeves, finished around bottom with 8 rows shell applique, lined with best Skinner Satin. We have these in half and three-quarter lengths at \$28, \$29.50 and \$32.50.

The one pictured here is an exceptional value at \$22.50.

Ladies' Jackets—Of all wool, raw edge, Wash- ington Mills Kersey, 30 inches long, combination torn down or storm collar, edge finished with four rows of tailor stitching, double breasted front, bella sleeves; lined throughout with heavy Roman silk; comes in tan, castor and black; excellent value at \$4.95.

Ladies' Jackets—Of fine Washington Mills Ker- sey, 30 inches long, combination torn down or storm collar, edge finished with four rows of tailor stitching, double breasted front, bella sleeves; lined throughout with heavy Roman silk; comes in tan, castor and black; excellent value at \$9.69.

Ladies' Suits—Of all-wool homespun, either single breasted or double breasted effect, with tailored seams and lined throughout with mercerized lining. Skirt cut with perfect hang, inverted pleat back and percaline lined—price \$4.95.

Ladies' Suits—Of fine wool, Cheviot, Serge or Homburg, in gray, brown, navy, black and black—Jacket in the double-breasted Eton effect, with tailored seams and silk lining. Skirt cut with the new flare, inverted back and percaline lined—price \$10.00.

Ladies' Walking Suits—Of all-wool, double breasted jacket, bound seams; skirt cut walking length and finished around the bottom with 10 rows of stitching—comes in medium and light grays, mottled effects, plaid backs—price \$12.48.

Golf Skirts—Of all-wool golf cloth, double breasted, new flaring shape, and finished around the bottom with 8 rows of stitching; comes in two shades of gray and black, price \$2.89.

Golf Skirts—Of all-wool golf cloth, plaid back—in- with ten rows stitching around bottom—comes in black and two shades of gray; price \$3.98.

Golf Skirts—Of all-wool golf cloth, plaid back—perfect in hang and flaring at the bottom—finished with 12 rows tailor stitching—comes in tan, blue and three shades of gray—price \$4.95.

Golf Skirts—Of best quality golf cloth, double breasted—choice plaid inside and soft homespun finish, in shades of gray, tan, blue and black—cut with flare and finished with 12 rows of stitching around bottom—price \$6.39.

Mercerized Cotton Petticoats—With knee founce, eighteen-inch accordion pleating around bottom, comes in black and all the leading colors; price \$2.89.

Ladies' Silk Petticoats—Of Givernaud's Taffeta, corded around the bottom, knee founce lined with crin- line; comes in all the bright and attractive shades, including cerise, turquoise, black and green; price \$4.95.

Silk Petticoats—Of fine quality, Giver, ricty of pretty shades, including old rose, cerise, black green and turquoise—made with knee founce, with deep accordion pleating around the bottom; price \$7.69.

Silk Waists—Of good quality taffeta, in all black, made with fancy tucked back and front, French shape, dress sleeves and flaring cuffs, lined throughout; price \$2.98.

Silk Waists—Of the well known Giver- corded and tucked effects, French backs, dress sleeves and flaring cuffs, lined throughout. Comes in all the new shades; price \$4.95.

Golf Capes—A complete assortment of capes, in pretty Scotch plaids in pretty bright colors made with founce; suitable for Misses and Children; special at \$3.98.

Golf Capes—Of plaid black steamer full circular cut with founce—9 yds. and founce with plaid outside, storm collar and yoke trimmed with fringe or self material; price \$4.95.

Golf Capes—Of extra heavy golf rug, plaid back, 50 inches long, full sweep and 8-inch hood, body with plaid outside; founce and front plaid outside and trimmed shawl fringe, all colors; price \$6.89.

## Toilet Soaps—Every Good Kind Here. Every Price Reduced.

Every day has its surprises at this surprise store. Changing keep things a stir. We are always planning attractions to draw you. You are bound to come here in time. We cut prices now and then hurry you. We want to come to power at once.

When we cut prices like this, you must come.

Ivory Soap for 7c, or 10c bars of Pure Glycerine Soap for 10c, or 10c cake of Pine Tar Soap for 4c, or Woodbury's Facial Soap for 10c or our regular 10c boxes of Toilet Soap (three cakes) for 5c, are samples of what you may expect.

No inferior qualities—not an undersized bar—full-strength soap.

We want you to come expecting the best, and if you don't get it for less than what it's worth, we will give you your money back, even more cheerfully than we took it.

Here's what is on sale—But for one day only, Monday, you.

—Cocoon Borax Soap 4c; always 8 1/2c.

—Pine Tar Soap 4c; always 10c.

—Pure Glycerine Soap 5c; always 10c.

—Proctor & Gamble's Ivory Soap 7c.

—The same size and quality sold everywhere for 10c.

—Dr. Raub's Egg White Soap 5c; always 10c.

—Kirk's White Oatmeal Soap 4c; always 10c.

—Olive Oil Castile Soap 4c; always 10c.

—Elderflower Toilet Soap 4c; always 7c.

—Jergen's Honey and Glycerine Soaps 2c; always 4c.

—This box of Toilet Soaps 5c; always 10c.

Three cakes, in the box, one each of Bismillah, Glycerine and Witch Hazel.

—7-oz. bar Glycerine Soap 10c; always 15c.

—This box of Toilet Soaps 10c; always 15c.

—Sweet Little Soap, pure white and unscented.

—Kirk's Juvenile Soap 14c; always 20c.

—These Medicated Soaps 10c; always 15c.

—Dr. Bigelow's Antiseptic Soap 10c; always 15c.

—Woodbury's Facial Soap 10c; always 15c.

—These Toilet Soaps 10c; always 15c.

—These French Soaps 25c; always 40c.

—Including Cremelle, Sweet Hydram and others.

## This Handkerchief Sale

Closes tomorrow—See the prices!

This is the biggest chance you'll ever get to save money on handkerchiefs, but that's incidental to the real issue on hand.

We reduced these hdkfs to make more friends for the store.

It would be very foolish indeed for us to deliberately lose brand-new and standard quality goods.

Suppose we should offer you flimsy, imperfect, inferior Handkerchiefs at no matter what price. You'd never get over the bargain of being "caught." We'd rather give you the best we have, at price. We know then you're pleased. We know you'll come back, you'll think more of us—of what we say in the newspaper, the counter, when we follow a course like this than if we showed questionable merchandise, where it requires smartness and sharp your money's worth.

Now buy handkerchiefs with safety:

This Lot 1c—Child's Hdkfs, of cambric, in pretty designs, designed to please the children. This Lot 2c—60 dozens in this lot—Child's School Hdkfs, made of fine lawn, hemstitched and full size, plain white, special at 10c.

This Lot 4c—800 dozens the Laws Hdkfs, hemstitched or fancy lace trimmed and in pretty patterns—valued at 10c and 15c.

This Lot 5c—100 dozens Ladies' Hdkfs, of pure white lawn—hemstitched or fancy lace trimmed and full size; regular the values—while they last this sale, 5c.

This Lot 8c—Of fine lawn, with regular 10c values. This Lot 12c—Of fine lawn, with regular 15c values. This Lot 15c—Of fine lawn, with regular 20c values. This Lot 19c—Of fine lawn, with regular 25c values.

## Trimmed Hats at \$4.89.

Got your fall hat? You shouldn't wait too long—not a good plan to choose in a hurry—then we would like you to give yourself time enough to compare our styles and prices and varieties with others.

You are paying too much if you are paying more than we ask. You are getting too little if you get less than we give. These are sensible hats sensibly priced.

They are mostly turban styles, trimmed with velvet, birds and feathers, others have straight, draped brims, trimmed with silk velvet, others prettily, tucked and trimmed with fancy ornament and handsome breast effect, all colors, and still others trimmed with plain or spangled braids. They are very dressy hats and can be had no where else in town at this ridiculously low price, \$4.89.

## Millinery Trimmings Underpriced.

Our stock of Millinery Trimmings is as complete in variety and beauty as any you can find. We sell more than anyone else. Maybe a hint or two of what we have will help you.

Jet Crowns 39c to \$2.75

Chenille Arrows, Fin. in gold, \$1.19 to \$1.48

Jet Wings, interwoven with gold braid, \$1.39 to \$1.89

Jet Braid, from a half-inch to quarter of a yard wide, 19c to \$1.19

Feather Poms, 89c to \$2.39; new shades.

Wings in all styles and colors, 19c to \$1.39

Feathers and Bristles, 39c to \$1.39

Jet Butterflies, interwoven with gold braid, 19c to \$1.39

Gold Braid, 2 1/2 to 9 in. wide, 48 to 54 in. long, 19c to \$1.39

## Save Money on Blankets.

We'd much rather not sell blankets at all than to fool you with them. When we do sell a good blanket at a saving, we do it because we expect you to come back again.

Our blanket stock is now at its best, and the prices are just as low as they'll ever be. We don't ask more for a thing when you need it than when you don't need it.

Gray Blankets—45 inches wide and two yards long, with red striped border and well bound. Specially reduced to 47c.

Cotton Blankets—Either white or gray; 45 inches wide and 2 yards long; blue, red or white borders; fine quality; cut to 63c.

Blankets—in gray, white or tan cotton; 2 1/2 yards long and 64 inches wide; borders of assorted colors; special at 98c.

Blankets—Of gray cotton, 2 1/2 yards long and 64 inches wide, either blue, red or white borders, well made and the colors are fast, good size; special at \$1.98.

Blankets—Part wool and cotton, in gray only, with blue, red or white striped borders. The weight 4 1/2 pounds. This is called the Turner Mills Blanket and sells at \$2.48 elsewhere for \$3; our price..... \$2.48.

The Busy Corner—Fourth and Broadway.



NDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1900

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Medicated Soaps 7c;

ow's Antiseptic Soap 7c;  
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Of the lawn, white fancy

corners, hemstitched and full

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Ladies' skirts of the lawn, with

very or lace-trimmed--very

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Ladies' all-linen handkerchiefs,

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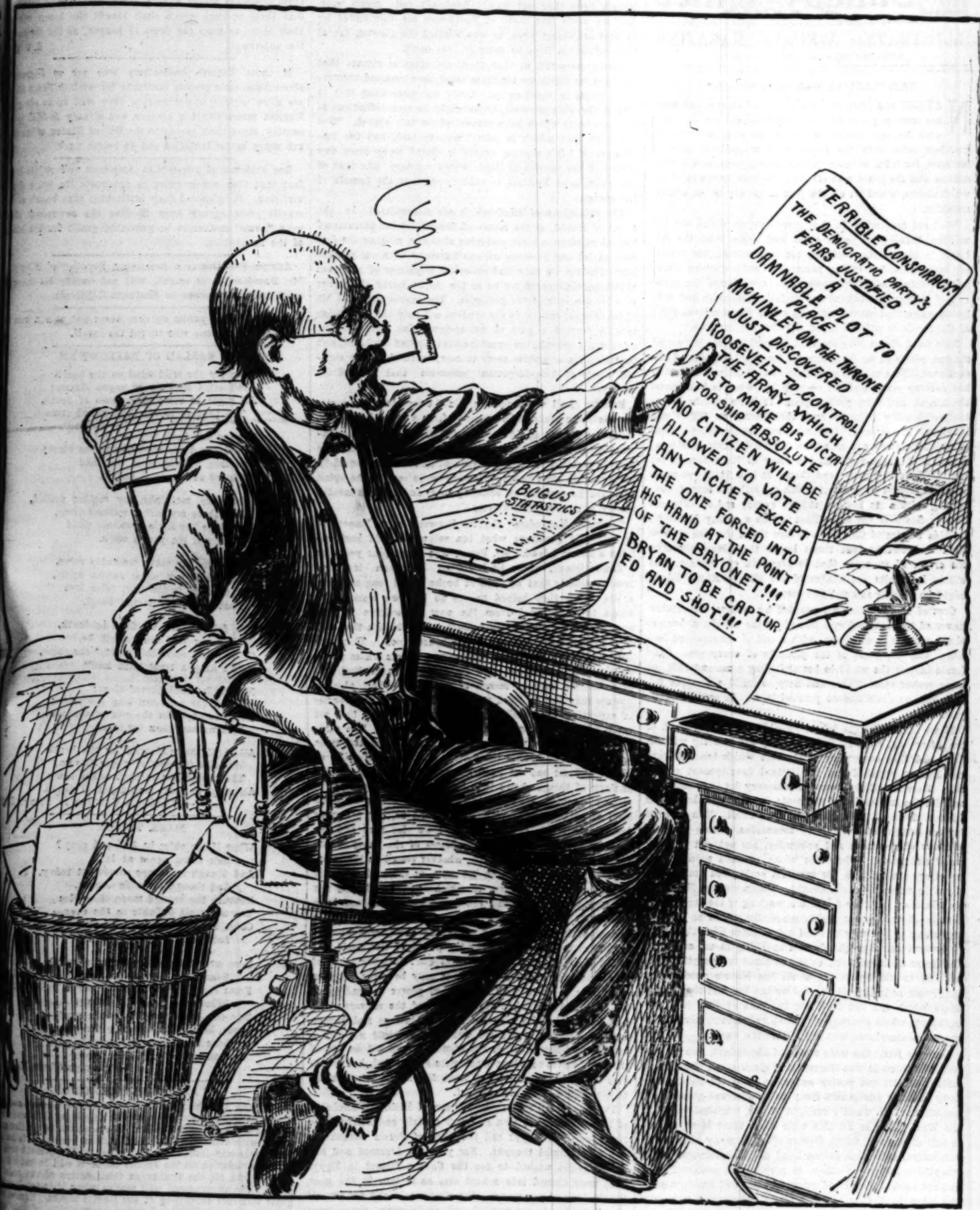
WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

OCTOBER 28, 1900.

PRICE PER YEAR....\$2.50  
SINGLE COPY....5 CENTS

NOW LOOK OUT FOR "ROORBACKS."



Democratic Editor, contemplating his latest canard: "There; I guess that'll jar 'em."

erpriced.

beauty as any you can find.

profit than anyone else

ave will help you.

styles and colors, 19c to 50c.

breasts, 39c to \$1.98, de

interwoven with silver

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35 TO SAN FRANCISCO--

INCLUDING BERTH AND MEALS

Editorial Page Paragraphs

Vital Campaign Issues.

The Public Service: Official Del

In Chicago, Roosevelt celebrated his

birthday by refuting Bryan fallacies.

Bryan dines and orates in Gotham.

patently decorated and bearing va

legends. Furnaces in full blast,

rows of perspiring workmen to







## The Merry-go-round. By Robert J. Burdette.

Such is the common kinship of mankind,  
That if Fate cast two men, deaf, dumb and blind—  
One, from an ocean liner, bright and new,  
The other from a dug-out log canoe;  
One, learned with six or seven kinds of ologies,  
Stuffed with the lore of half a dozen colleges,  
And t'other just a savage, reeking raw,  
Gibberish that wrenched his jaw—  
On some mid-ocean island, wrecked together,  
They'd talk, in fifteen minutes, 'bout the weather,  
For it's a fact, in nation, tribe, or clan,  
It ain't the words you "savvy," but the man.

Now It Feels to be a Foreigner.

NEVER was a foreigner before. Been a native for more than half a hundred years. Have always exalted my horn and boasted myself, and made it my chief joy and high-blown pride that I was something I didn't make myself and couldn't help being; a virtue that I couldn't avoid and that I couldn't have dodged if I had known a year before I was born that it was coming my way. When I was a boy I naturally and humanly hated all foreigners; well-nigh shook my faith in the Bible when I learned that Goliath wasn't a Pennsylvanian. When I cast my first vote, I had merely a feeling of contempt for them; and as I grew older and that gentle, patient, loving teacher, old Father Time, taught me moderation, charity and justice in a series of lessons, some of which made my hair curl, I began to pity and to tolerate them.

And now, in my old age, after having been a native so many years that I cannot possibly be anything else, I find that after all I am a foreigner, with any one or all of the various and several participles that, by common and kindly consent, are invariably yoked with that unhappy designation. I am it. In a strange land which, however, has a marvelous faculty and remarkable facilities for getting very rapidly acquainted, which sometimes increases and intensifies the sense of "strangeness"—in the vine-clad hills of the sunny land of France (although in this immediate portion of it the vine-clad hills are bottled, but not corked, and they do not stay bottled very long here) among a people wearing singular neckties and weird funnel-shaped trousers, a people speaking a voluble language at the rate of 1000 sounds (for the speech, which is spoken to please that critical instructor, Hamlet, "trippingly upon the tongue," is not divided into words as is the English, or even phrases, like the "pigeon English," a minute, and speaking it all together and at the same time, and all the time, day and night, without ceasing, with never a pause for reply, dissent or applause—in a land of intricate, imitable, graceful and eloquent gestures which do outrun the vocal speech, I am a Foreigner.

Easy Lines for Wayfaring Man.

You see, it has always seemed so absurd to me, so utterly inexcusable, that any human being should not be able to speak and to understand the English language. My teachers, indeed, did instruct me with history on their lips, truth in their brains and a lithe and flexible rod in the other hand, which was ever nearest me, that English was a modern language, and that I could neither read, speak nor understand my great-grandmother tongue as she was wrote by Chaucer. But while I was in no position to contradict them, I was never able to think of the dramatic scene of the bewildering dispersion at Babel without plainly seeing and hearing in the foreground of that chaos of misunderstanding an impatient and indignant United States-speaking Englishman waving aside the jargonizing multitudes with imperious hand, consigning all the crowds that gestured and chattered around him to the everlasting bow-wows in good, round, mouth-filling French, for a "mob of bloomin' furriners," as he put the "broad arrow" mark of condescension on all the unused material of the Tower, and strode forth to colonize, assimilate and "scientifically bulldoze" all the best places in the earth. I may have been misled by my childish prejudices. Indeed, for a long time I even considered the English—people; and, if such a thing might now be believed, I thought the Irish were foreigners. Which is absurd. And even unto this hour of my day, which is about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I have held that the people of the United States were Native, and that all peoples not speaking some dialect of the many-tongued English language were born and continued to be, unless naturalized, foreigners, inhabiting undesirable quarters of the globe. And now to find myself one of them!

Same Kind, but a Mist.

Somehow a foreigner doesn't fit into the community to which he is foreign. This is a surprise akin to a shock to the foreigner, and a sort of irritation to the community. When I landed here in Paris I told a man in good, plain English what I wanted. He replied, without the slightest provocation, with a distracting volley of rapid-fire French. I couldn't understand a word of it, probably, if he fired by flares, a syllable pellet at a time. But when he turned loose a rattling fusillade of dum-dum verbs and nouns and many-jointed adjectives, it was a direct violation of all the laws of civilized conversational warfare. I repeated my very reasonable remark in the language of Shakespeare—at least, a pseudo-imitation of it—and it only made the Fox—I mean the Native—worse. Then I began to lose my temper. You see it is a very small one and it is easy to lose very frequently. I said very distinctly, speaking so that the other natives could hear me, to show them that I wasn't to be trifled with: "I want you to take charge of this baggage, and show me the way to the customs, and if you can't understand me, quit talking, and say so, and I'll find a man who can."

I knew I should make myself understood. The man laughed merrily, smote me in the face with a thousand words in a scattering bunch, pointed in all directions at once with every finger on both hands and ran away, out of sight with my baggage before I could shout "Police." I shut my

eyes, turned around twice or thrice, opened them at random, walked in the direction in which I happened to be looking, and went straight to the customs officers. I had guessed right the very first time. As I passed through a gate, however, an official stopped me.

"What do you want?" I said.

His reply was something that no American family paper would print for a dollar a line and that I couldn't write or translate for fifty.

"All right," I said, "everything wide open," and I opened the handbag I happened to be carrying. He nodded, smiled radiantly, stirred up the handbag as you would beat an egg, and said something which ended with an interrogation point.

"Not on your happy life," I said, and he nodded and bowed me through the gate as respectfully as though he owed me two years on subscription. When I got to the customs, there stood that smiling and incomprehensible Fox—IV Frenchman, I mean—with all my luggage accurately collected and easily accessible, lined up in a row. I began to unstrap the biggest and most complicated trunk, when the inspector said something which sounded like "lazy."

"All right," I said, "if you want it done any quicker, do it yourself." And I dropped the strap I was working on and handed him the keys. He nodded, smiled and chalked the trunk. I had guessed right three times and felt proud of myself. The officer said something that ended with the rising inflection.

"Not a cent," I shouted, "cross my heart, besides, I don't smoke." He smiled, paused irresolutely with the chalk in his hand, and pointed to the smallest trunk with another conundrum-like remark.

"Not one," I declared, wishing for a dollar that I knew what he was saying. "I had one, but I gave it to the deck steward."

And with a winsome smile he chalked all the other luggage. Now that was easy. We didn't have a bit of trouble save when we tried to talk French. While I was fraternizing with the customs officers, Madame, whose radiantly-eloquent countenance anybody can understand, had secured transportation for a family of four foreigners and their luggage, and when I returned, triumphant and penniless, she was chatting in the liveliest English with the driver—whose name, I learned, was Coshay—I used to know a family of Coshays in Peoria—shouldn't wonder at all if he was one of them. I remember now, one of the boys did have a hare lip, and always talked kind of funny—and half a dozen porters, who were assisting with the luggage and giving general information about a new play that seems to be all the rage. I couldn't make out what they thought about it! All I could catch was the name—something or other "senteams." I don't suppose it's worth going to.

However I went to it, just the same. Several dozen times, before I got clear of that crowd. I'm learning. The boys have their hats full of Belmont and Haverford French, and whenever they had enough fun with me they threw out the life-line and dragged me ashore.

The Shoemaker and the Last.

The trouble with the Native when he finds himself suddenly and unexpectedly transformed into a full-grown Foreigner, with Minerva-like completeness of equipment and a whole Eiffel Tower of Babel superfluity of obsolete language, is that he rashly undertakes to use the other Foreigner's language, which he never heard in all his life and of which he doesn't know a word, instead of sticking to his own, with which he is perfectly familiar. He puts himself at a deadly disadvantage the moment he steps out upon the thin ice of an unknown tongue. If you go abroad—I mean, if you come over here—stick to your mother tongue and do a heap of guessing, and if you are past school age, do not waste one minute of time trying to learn anything but nouns. In these busy days a man over 40, who has time to attempt to acquire a new language, has a whole Sahara of time that isn't good for anything else. If you have learned colloquial and grammatical French in ten easy lessons without a teacher, your speech, when you land here, will be as incomprehensible as a Cathedral service. Which is impossible.

Speak With No Uncertain Sound.

If the Native with whom you are endeavoring to hold sweet converse, appears to be obstinately averse to understanding good English, yell at him. Hollar! The gift of tongues doesn't depend so much upon the intellectual capacity for soaking up a new language as it does upon broad-chested lung power and brazen organs of phonation. Any political speaker knows that. The man who has nothing under the heavens to say always roars at the top of his leather lungs, and every soul in the house stays to the last reverberating echo to hear him say it. You know that. And if you haven't much voice—Geez. Down at the heart of things there is a very strong family resemblance between all members of the human race, and there is in every tongue, I believe, some faint echoes of the common language everybody spoke before the muddle at Babel—and that, as everybody knows, was Welsh. If you have mixed up pretty thoroughly with your own people all your life, you won't have much difficulty getting along with other people. A daily contact—a heart-to-heart acquaintance—with your neighbors develops and cultivates the qualities that go to make up a successful, companionable, neighborly Foreigner. The French people, for instance, are not more different from the American people than the people of Boston are from the Georgia crackers. Well, I have been a guest in some highly-cultured homes in Boston, and I have partaken the homely hospitality of the "cracker." And I have found the people in both these latitudes highest and wisest, kindest and simplest. "Which ones are the highest and wisest?" Ah, well; you tell, son, you asked it—very much alike in certain vital points of character and speech. Each can readily understand the other if they will stick to the common necessities of life and stay away from transcendentalism, Boon and Browning. When they drift out there of course

they cease to understand each other themselves, and everybody else, and the simple bill of fare becomes as blind as a weather map.

Simple Phrases.

One good general rule for a Foreigner in any land is always, invariably, under all circumstances, to smile when any remark is addressed to him. Smile as though your heart was busting with gratification and irrepressible mirth. Keep on being a villain all you will, but smile all the time. And in England every time you smile, say "thank you," with a rising inflection on the last syllable of the "you." Man steps on your corn, say "thank you!" Woman prods your eye out with an umbrella—"thank you!" Cab runs over you—"thank you!" Always say "thank you" when the conversation flags a little. When Matthew Arnold was in America, he accidentally stumbled against a man at a Broadway crossing; the shock pushed the man off the sidewalk and a passing bicycle caught him under the counter and threw him underneath a street sweeper which was passing, and it rolled the man up in the circular broom for a couple of revolutions. And just because the man said, "Oh, dumm it!" instead of "thank you," Matthew Arnold went home and wrote that we had a "low type of manners." In France you must say "Wee-wee" on every occasion. I don't suppose it means anything at all; it is just something to say when nothing else occurs to you, or when anybody says anything to you, or when the conversation shows symptoms of perishing, which in Paris is impossible.

For the benefit of another class of Foreigners—there are Foreigners of several distinct nationalities, I might add that in order to make himself thoroughly understood on any topic in the United States, he must strew the path of every sentence with "Andah—and-ah-and-ah." If he wishes to make himself especially clear, he might insert an occasional "er-um." The Foreigner of this class will also bear in mind that there are but three adjectives in colloquial United States—grand, nice and awful. "Grand" is applied to a good cup of coffee, "nice" to Niagara Falls and the Cañon of the Colorado, and "awful" to everything under the sun. An American is never fully and accurately impressed with the flexibility, breadth, and infinite variety of the English language, in all the delicate shadings of its vocabulary, until he travels, and notes the pathetic poverty of other tongues.

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### WHITE-TAILED LIZARDS.

#### THEY ADDED TO THE TERRORS ON SHIPBOARD DURING A HURRICANE.

[New York World:] The American barkentine Emira was a floating nest of scorpions on her trip from Jamaica to Beard's Store, Erie Basin. The horrors of thousands of tropical poisonous vermin were added to the terrors of the Santo Domingo hurricane, the same that wrecked Galveston.

Exhausted with days of sleepless battle with the hurricane, the barkentine's officers and crew were compelled to turn to and fight scorpions, lizards, ants and other parasites of the cargo of logwood which the Emira loaded at Black River.

Though harmless and non-combative, the brown and white-tailed lizards unstrung the nerves of the weary sailors as they hung head down from the under side of the deck, distending a red and green bag beneath the throat. Capt. J. R. Griffin, of the Emira, says he awoke many a night to behold a lizard pulling his bag and watching him. Dozens of the lizards were caught, and Topsey, the ship's cat, ate so many lizards and scorpions that she became ill.

The Emira has just arrived, and Capt. Griffin transhipped Topsey on board a barge to save her life. There was one good quality about the lizards. They turned to and wiped out the armies of little brown ants that stole the sugar from the storeroom aft.

The mate, Mr. Ryan, and the second mate, Mr. English, found their bunk and chests infested with scorpions. The second mate was bitten five times on the hands. A bottle of Jamaica rum, he says, was all that saved his life.

"I turned tail to the hurricane, and after forty-eight hours of anxiety and watching on deck turned in," said the captain last night. "I was that done up that I decided to turn in all standing. I bolted me to take a light into my berth. I turned down the blankets, and there between the freshly-laid sheets were twenty-two scorpions."

"I quit the berth and lay down on the couch in the after cabin, but in my dreams I saw nothing but scorpions, crabs, pedes, tarantulas, lizards, jack ants, an inch long, brown ants and cockroaches. In the morning I captured five more scorpions in my berth."

The ship is still haunted by the tropical pests, and the slop chest is a colony of lively scorpions. The captain has a bottle full of the lobster-like stingers, which are three inches long. The scorpions attack with their tails, the scraping of which upon any hard object can be heard distinctly. The captain took one of the creatures out of a bottle last night, and the scorpion started sprinting for a cabinet organ in the cabin.

Capt. Griffin says the organ is full of his unwelcome passengers.

"I had some opportunity to study the habits of Jamaica ants," continued the skipper. "I saw a little brown ant, a quarter of an inch long, take a dead scorpion on its back and cross the after cabin and the forward cabin, climb the companion ladder and mount to a shelf over the cabin entrance. The ant was two hours and a half reaching the shelf, and was joined by a squad of his fellows. They held a council, and when I returned they were gone with their prey. The scorpion was an inch long."

"The ants attack the granulated sugar in the storeroom and carry it in processions across the cabin and up the quarter-deck companion to crickets in the quarter rail. Each ant would carry one grain, as big as itself, and I'll bet the ants stole half a pound of sugar every half hour."



F-35 TO SAN FRANCISCO



holes were strapped on each side of the barrow, rising up as high as to almost hide the man who was pushing it.

#### The Cotton Fields of China.

I was surprised to find that most of the cotton used here is grown in China. It is cultivated in patches at different places along the Yangtze and in the south. I am told it can be raised all along the Yangtze Kiang, and even as far south as Tien-Tsin.

The chief cotton fields of the present are south of Shanghai, spotting the country for about one hundred miles back of the seacoast. The plantations range from a fourth of an acre to five acres in size.

The seed is sown broadcast, and the plants come up far more thickly than they do with us. They are thinned out and carefully weeded, being hoed with a long, slender hoe. The cotton is planted too thickly. It is almost as thick as small grain, so thick that the stalks rarely grow to a height of more than three feet. The bolls are so small that it takes forty to fifty of them to make a pound of seed cotton, and they do not average more than six to a stalk. It is believed with better cultivation and more careful planting that China might produce a better cotton and a greater quantity.

Picking cotton is largely done by women and girls, who go from place to place working for their neighbors. In some parts of China the poor people claim the right to pick any cotton that is ripe after the first frost. At this time most of the crop has been gathered, but there are some bolls which have not yet opened. There is a regular day fixed by the village or district on which this picking may begin, and after that the poor turn out and go for all the cotton in sight. Some of the women walk miles to reach a region where the picking is good, sleeping at night in the fields or in the outhouses until they can gather what is left.

#### Wave at Home.

The bulk of the cottons now used in China are manufactured at home. We are shipping more every year and England, India and Germany are drumming the trade. All the imports, however, do not begin to touch the enormous market. The Chinese are clad in cottons. Only the rich can afford to wear silk, and of the 400,000,000 at least 350,000,000 can afford nothing else. I have seen it estimated that the Chinaman on the average uses at least twenty yards of cotton a year. Now, there are 400,000,000 Chinese, and according to this the empire demands at least eight billion yards of this material annually. Eight billion yards is 8,000,000,000 feet. It is enough, at 5000 feet to the mile, to make a strip 4,000,000 miles long, enough to reach 100 times around the world, and as each strip would be three feet wide, it would carpet a roadway three times as wide as Pennsylvania avenue around the globe.

Of this amount fifteen-sixteenths is woven in little houses by Chinese women. Much of it is made by the people who raise the cotton, the spinning and weaving being done with hand machines. The cloth is very coarse, but closely woven. Much of it is made only thirteen inches wide, in pieces about seven yards long. In the city of Foochow about four million pieces are manufactured in this way.

#### American Cottons in China.

I have had a chat with Consul-General Goodnow about the increase in the consumption of American cotton. He tells me it was very great up to the breaking out of the war, and he predicts that the bulk of the foreign trade will eventually come to us. As it is now, the Americans have never tried to push their trade in the Yangtze Valley and South China, where, at a rough venture, I should say at least three-fourths of the people live. Our cotton goods are shipped to Shanghai and sent to the north, being consumed in great quantities in Chihli, Shantung and other northern States, including Manchuria and Mongolia. This region demands a heavy cotton to protect the people from the cold. In wet parts of China little fuel is used except for cooking. In winter comes on the Chinese adds coat after coat until at last assumes almost the shape of a ball, relying on added cottons to keep out the cold.

#### Said Consul-General Goodnow:

"Our factors went to export the goods that consume the most cotton and it may be for this reason that we have catered to the northern trade. At any rate we have almost monopolized it. Ninety-one per cent. of all our cotton that came to Shanghai last year was shipped to Tien-Tsin, Chefoo and Newchwang; 3 per cent. went up the Yangtze Valley to be sold in the northern or colder provinces; 3 per cent. went into Chekiang, and 3 per cent. remained here in Kiangsu.

"The provinces lower down on the Yangtze and south of Shanghai require a lighter weight, a better bleached and a finer made cotton. This is so on account of the warmer climate. You can't sell linen dusters for winter wear in North Dakota or buffalo overcoats in July in Florida. Our people have evidently supposed all parts of China had the same climate, and it was only last year that they began to cater to this middle and South China trade."

"But who gets the trade, Mr. Goodnow?" I asked.

"It goes to the English," was the reply. "They buy our new cotton and make all the profit of manufacture, carriage and handling. Our factors should exploit this region. It is the most populous part of China and the richest. It is the chief manufacturing district and its trade is of enormous value. The north has its richest lands in the valley of the Yellow River which is always being flooded, and as a result the people impoverished. From middle and South China come the tea, silk and rice and the most of the factories which furnish China's other exports."

#### An Inlet to Good Luck.

"How should we increase our trade with China?"

"There is one thing the cotton factors need to do right away. They should study the market. They make a mistake in thinking anything will do for the Chinese. In fact, there are few markets which are so particular in little things as this. The Chinese are naturally conservative. They are full of fancies and superstitions and you must understand those to deal with them. You cannot force them, nor can you offend their sense of propriety without loss."

Take a little incident that happened last year. One of our

American mills shipped to Shanghai a big consignment of handkerchiefs for the use of the natives, with the Chinese character for good luck stamped on one corner. To his surprise the shipment was a total loss. The Chinese would not buy them at any price, for every Chinaman thinks too much of good luck to blow his nose upon it.

#### The South and Its Opportunity.

The South can make itself the great clothing factory for the Chinese of the future. The cotton raised here is of such a staple that it can never make the finest goods, and the new factories, therefore, need not be considered as competitors of our mills.

"The opening of the Nicaragua Canal will," said Consul-General Goodnow, "put New Orleans as close to Shanghai as Manchester is now, and it will make it one of the chief distributing points for cotton goods."

At present the Japanese are doing what they can to capture the Chinese cotton market. They are importing American cotton for their mills. In 1899 they took \$6,000,000 worth of our raw material, while they took only \$3,500,000 worth in 1898. They have enormous modern mills, with 1,300,000 spindles at work, and they are increasing their output steadily. They are making money and their factories earn from 6 to 12 per cent. a year.

Our cotton factors should send their agents here to study the market. They should learn just what goods are wanted and how they can be best packed and sold. The Chinese market is the greatest of its kind in the world, and now is the time to develop it along the lines of the United States.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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## CANDIDA.

### THE STORY OF THE CINDERELLA OF THE CHINESE.

By a Special Contributor.

ON the lofty summits of Han-tseuen, where white clouds rest, the mighty source is elevated; the fountain has no heart, but, self-burning, rushes forth down the mountain, gathering new power as it falls, and appears in the full tide of majesty when it comes within the sight of man."

Such is the description that the poet, Pih-kew-e, gives of the clear, blue lake of Han-tseuen, whose emerald waters find their fountain source in the crowning peaks of the Tae-pin chain of mountains, that noble range of hills that form the bulwarks of the province of Kiang-nan.

This picturesque locality is frequently the scene of pleasure parties. It has ever been the custom in China for young ladies of high rank to proceed thither for the purpose of bathing in the frigid waters of the crystal fountain, believing that its ripples added luster to their raven hair, and that each shower of sparkling spray added radiance to beauty and grace and loveliness to form.

Candida, the most beautiful of women, the highest in rank and richest of all Cathay maidens, determined to make perpetual the wondrous beauty with which heaven had endowed her, by bathing in the icy waters of Han-tseuen. Attended by the fairest flowers that dwell in the province of Kiang-nan, the dainty beauty ascended the sublime heights of the Tae-pin Mountains to bathe in the clear virgin waters of this wonder-giving lake.

The Chinese maidens cared naught for the beauties of the mountains, the stupendous cataraacts, the precipitous crags, the towering summits, the perpendicular chasms and deeply-sequestered valleys that mark the exquisite natural beauties of the Tae-pin range; but to their thought and to their vision arose only a clear, pearly, cold, crystal lake, dew-drops of the clouds, wherein lay hidden the mysterious secret of perpetual youth and beauty. The naiads made the cool water laugh in its haste to clothe them as they sought pearls from the glistening depths and twined anemones in their dripping tresses, all-unconscious that a party of huntmen were wending their way up the mountain and soon would round the prominence that sheltered from gaze the fair mountain-nymphs in their morning bath.

A peal of joyous laughter arrested the horsemen, and each glanced an inquiry at the other, all believing themselves dreaming and ashamed lest the other should have caught him napping. But a second ripple of mirth balanced the horsemen and proved to them that the mountains held other free-hearted pleasure-seekers than themselves.

But whence the laughter, and why the merriment?

Ti-fa, the Prince royal, whose party it was, spurred ahead, that he might enjoy the full pleasure of the discovery. He expected the repetition of laughter to guide him into the presence of the mountain-maidens; for from the voices there could be no mistaking the fact that the unseen persons were maidens, perhaps country lasses, who would afford entertainment for the wearied courtiers by their shy manners and rustic graces.

But the laughter had ceased as suddenly as it had burst upon the royal cortege, for all unknown to the huntmen they had been perceived by the maidens, who had hastily retired before the approaching party. Discerned at hearing no sound, Ti-fa advanced to the edge of the wonderfully beautiful lake and gazed into its crystal depths, expecting to behold the visions that had made the dizzy heights echo with joyous laughter.

He spied no mermaids, but upon investigation he discovered footprints and other evidences that a party of bathers had fled in precipitation upon his approach.

The mystery solved, he thought lightly of the circumstance. As the royal attendants advanced to the spring, they were surprised at seeing an eagle rise suddenly from the spot where the bathers had dressed themselves, carrying away some glittering parcel in its talons. Ti-fa's curiosity was now excited as to what article of apparel the sirens had, in their haste, forgotten; the Prince quickly searched the bank, and to his amazement found half hidden

in a bed of wild flowers a slipper, so small as to be barely visible—so costly as to shine entirely with rare jewels and precious gems. Never before had Ti-fa seen a shoe to equal this one in richness nor in daintiness of size. Who could be the possessor of such a shoe, and of such a foot? Who could have been the party of merry bathers? Search was made, but the maidens had hidden their retreat. For royal ladies do not aspire to become the mistresses of the dragon throne; they only too frequently bemoan their fate, if chosen as mistresses of the Forbidden City. And Candida had seen Ti-fa as he spurred his horse to the hunt.

Ti-fa treasured the prize slipper thus thrown in his path, doubting not but that fate had guided his footsteps to the dainty bed of blossoms wherein the slipper hid. Many days he spent in futile search for the miniature foot to which the jeweled shoe had once belonged. All in vain.

The royal party returned to the palace, and scarcely had the Prince seated himself upon his throne, surrounded by his courtiers, when a wild eagle flew in through the open arches and made straight for the Prince, dropped the tiny slipper's mate into his lap, and then flew safely again to its realms of liberty, leaving the Prince and his entire retinue silenced with amazement and concern.

The finding of the first shoe was not extraordinary, other than its size and value; but the part that the eagle had played could not be other than cords of fate. The owner of the golden slippers must surely be destined to influence in some way the future of Prince Ti-fa. Quiet search for the lady availed and revealed nothing; therefore a proclamation was decreed that the owner of the shoes should make her appearance at court, under pain of death. No one dared shelter Candida. Glorious Candida, the beauty-heiress of China, the lily of Cathay, must submit to the royal mandate and present herself at court! Oh, why had she thought to perpetuate her beauty; why had she taken that fatal plunge; why had she bathed in the sweet waters of Han-tseuen, only to become a royal outcast, a concubine, a member of the royal harem, never again to enjoy the freedom of maidenhood, the delights of care-free pleasures? She had thought she was safely hidden in the beautiful city of Soe-chou-foo, only twenty li from the glorious fountain spring; but the ramparts that screened her from royal gaze were ineffectual against the royal mandate, and she must prepare to appear before the future ruler of the Flowery Kingdom.

Candida's approach to the palace was heralded and the audience-chamber was a luster of light. Upon entering the royal presence, Candida's beauty was a radiance of loveliness, and Ti-fa, enamored of her grace and charm, rose to receive her and declared her to be his well-beloved wife, in the presence of the assembled court.

Thus Candida, the Cinderella of China, became Prince Ti-fa's bride.

HARRY FORBES.

#### THE REASON WHY.

"Harrison looks awful bad," said Simpkins, the who's-who-grocer, to his partner, Peters, as their trusty chief clerk wound his way across the street toward the office.

"Yes, I've noticed it," answered Peters. "What do you suppose is the matter?"

"Well, I don't really know, but I am afraid he is going into consumption. He has such a pronounced stoop to his shoulders; and a languid sort of drag to his steps. It is really too bad, poor fellow. He has such a nice wife, and a little baby, too. And the deuce of it is, he is so reliable I would hate to see anything happen to him."

"We-ell," said Peters, reflectively, "business isn't so very brisk just now. Given you and I could manage to worry through his work for a week or two, if we had to. What's the matter with giving him a vacation?"

"By Jove, Peters, you're a trump. We'll do it."

Just then Harrison entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Harrison," said Simpkins, pleasantly.

"How are you this morning?"

"O-o-oh," he replied slowly, "I feel pretty tough. Had a horrible night."

"Why, what's the matter? Got stomach trouble, or liver trouble, with a red-hot headache and sleeplessness and general debility attached?" asked Simpkins. "I've been there myself and know how it feels."

Harrison laughed. "No," he replied. "It isn't that. Guess again."

"You haven't heart trouble?" inquired Peters, anxiously.

"No. Don't think so," replied Harrison, merrily; for he remembered that he sometimes did have shooting pains in that direction.

"Well, the fact is this, Harrison," said Peters, putting on his kindest tones, "you have been looking as bad lately that we have about concluded that you need a vacation; and Simpkins and I, between us, will try to keep things going till you get back. What do you say? Want to go?"

"Thanks awfully, gentlemen," he replied, visibly affected. "You're very, very kind. But I don't think a vacation would do me any good. The fact is"—and then he broke down entirely—"It's the baby."

E. H.

#### CULM BANKS AFIRE.

[Chicago Record:] Culm is curious stuff and there seems to be an abundance of it. People who travel through the mining regions always inquire about the great mountains of coal dust that rise in every direction, some of them 300 feet in height. These piles of culm often catch fire either by accident or spontaneous combustion, and it is almost impossible to extinguish them. At night the red glare is visible all over the valleys. Near Wilkesbarre a culm bank has been burning for twenty-five years. Various attempts have been made to quench the fire, but it is just as bright and vigorous today as it was a quarter of a century ago, and the company having abandoned its efforts to put out the fire, feeds it regularly by dumping fresh culm upon the flames. If this was not done the fire would eat its way into the great bank like an ulcer and ultimately break out in several places; but as long as the surface fire is fed with fresh fuel it does not burrow into the heap. Formerly culm was considered dead waste, but some years ago a furnace was invented in which it can be utilized for steaming purposes after water has passed over it and foreign substances washed out. Therefore most of the mining companies have erected washeries at their culm piles, and, as I have said, many manufacturing establishments have come into this neighborhood solely because they are able to use it as fuel.



*From a Special Correspondent.*

### Deluged with Gifts.

The comforts assured by the Presidency may be entered next upon this list of profits. Harrison and other Presidents have complained that the White House is an evil combination of workshop and dwelling, under the one roof; yet what there is of it has ever been luxuriously maintained. When a President's wife desires new furnishings, new ornaments, new decorations, or new housekeeping utensils for her official residence, she need not ask her husband for the wherewithal. She simply summons the master of White House ceremonies, a bonded army officer who disburses the appropriations made by Congress. These funds are regularly given with the understanding that they are to be expended as the executive family sees fit. In this way Mrs. Grant purchased for the White House table a silver canoe, still used for containing floral decorations at state dinners, for which was paid \$1000. During Jackson's administration \$4300 was paid for the second-hand ancestral silver service of Baron de Tully, a Russian. Mrs. Hayes had painted a set of china which cost \$15,000. All such articles, of course, remain the property of Uncle Sam from administration to administration, and no Presidential family can appropriate a dollar's worth as a souvenir. In the practical housekeeping of the Executive Mansion the Presidential family is entirely relieved from care. The steward does all marketing, and has the superintendence of all servants. The master of ceremonies and assistant secretaries attend to all arrangements for official functions, even to the seating of guests at dinners and the issuing of invitations. The official maid attends to all personal wants of the first lady of the land, just as does the official valet to those of the President. Presidents have usually

### Social and ex-Official Honors.

### Expense of Being President.

In our "loss" column we will first enter the pecuniary expenditures demanded of a President. In past campaigns it has cost many men dearly to become mere Presidential candidates. The candidate on the stump suffers less, financially, than him who remains home and keeps open house. To come to Washington in proper style before inauguration usually costs a pretty penny. Cleveland's hotel bill in March, 1893, was \$500 a day. Although the government pays the White House steward, valet, maid and groom, the wages of the coachman, cooks and other personal servants—usually ten or a dozen more—must come out of the Chief Executive's pocket. The President must buy the horses and carriages devoted to his own use and must purchase his own horse feed. Although state dinners at the White House are official affairs, he must personally bear their expense. Hayes spent \$5000 on one such spread. McKinley's Dewey dinner is said to have cost \$2000. That to Prince Albert of Belgium probably cost as much. In each administration there must be twelve state dinners and these cost anywhere from \$500 to \$1000 apiece. The Secretary of State is allowed a "secret fund" of \$50,000 for the entertainment of distinguished foreigners. The expenditure of this need not be accounted for. But the President has no such fund. If a President entertain aboard his official yacht, he must

JOHN ELFRETH WATSON

## BUSINESS CHANCES IN TAIPEI

There is a coffee bean of inferior quality and the listless native would rather use the berry than work to cultivate a superior kind. A cheap American bean already roasted, and is more happy. Anything that saves the native that will be bless. Vanilla flourishes in the Island soil and climate, and spices would thrive cultivated. Here, also, grows the coconut, for which uses have been found.

*By Prof. Isaac*

Professor of Mental and Moral Hygiene

### Some Prominent Names Transl

gain, take the name of the man  
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Chou. His name is Li Ping-he  
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5-35 TO SAN FRANCISCO



## CHINESE NAMES.

## THE ODD MEANING OF MANY OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS NAMES OF CHINA.

By Prof. Isaac Taylor Headland.

Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Peking.

SOME one has said that if you wish to put a man to sleep, or destroy all his interest in what you have to say, you need only repeat a few Chinese names to him. Whether Chinese names are interesting or not depends, however, upon one's understanding of them as well as upon what the name represents. The name of Li Hung Chang is no better sounding than any other Chinese name, and yet it attracts attention and is full of meaning. Li is the family name, and is said to indicate its owner's descent from the founder of Taoism. This old man, born nearly six hundred years B.C., was said to have been born under a plum tree, which is called Li, and so he was called Plum. The given name of a Chinese boy is supposed to indicate his disposition, character, prospects, or the desires of his parents. And so the given name of the great Chinese diplomat, Hung Chang, may mean "Illustrious Bird," or "Learned Tree." His brother, who was also a viceroy, was known as "Bottomless Bag," perhaps in reference to the depth of his diplomacy.

## Some Prominent Names Translated.

Next to Li Hung Chang, the most "illustrious bird" in China is Viceroy Chang Chih-tung, the famous author of "China's Only Hope." His family name, Chang, means "to open out" while Chih-tung signifies "him a cave," the whole name signifying, apparently, one who opens himself out like a cave. Another great Viceroy who has been appointed with Chang Chih-tung and Li Hung Chang as peace commissioner in Liu Kun-yi, and his name and surname taken together indicate that he will "put the earth in order." It is to be hoped that he will fulfill the mission of his nomenclature, as peace commissioner.

The Governor of Shanghai, who has made himself so useful the past few months in the transmission of telegrams from the government (?) at Peking to Che Foo and Shanghai, is Yuan Shih-kai, whose name indicates that he is the "first" of a "generation of victors." Prince Ching's name is Yi-Kang, and proclaims him an "assistant generation," whatever that may mean. As a matter of fact, the Prince of Ching's character is as indefinite as his name. He is one of these nondescripts who never makes any serious errors, and yet never takes a stand which indicates a strong character.

The president of Peking Imperial University, who is, by the way, one of China's great liberal leaders, is Sun Chian-mai. His given name, Sun, means "Grandson," and Chian-mai means a "house-vase"—Grandson of a House Vase, a title which in America might be regarded as open to the suspicion of ridicule. The Taoist at Shanghai, who is in charge of the telegraph communications and has sent so many telegrams the past few months, is Sheng-Hsuan-hai. His name, Sheng, means "abundant," and his given name, Hsuan-hai, means "to reveal thoughts." If he revealed all the abundant thoughts that passed over his wires since the present outbreak he would be liable to have his own thinking apparatus removed with the sword.

Jung Lu, the man who was objected to on the peace commission, has a name which means "glorious salary" or "happiness," which may be regarded by many as a fair equivalent. The man who was appointed Governor at Tien-tsin when Li Hung Chang was removed was Wang Wen-shao. His name, Wang, is the same as our name Wang, while Wen-shao means "classical music." He is not, however, known as a composer. Gen. Nieh Shih-cheng, who was in command of the troops which attacked and killed 500 of the Boxers between Peking and Tien-tsin; who was then rebuked by the Empress Dowager in an edict, and who was afterward killed, had a surname which means "hard" and a given name which means "successful student." Here the name fitted, as the road to military glory in China is through hard and successful study. Gen. Ma Yu-kun's family name means "horse" and his given name is "jade mountain." Any American who can make anything out of this combination is welcome to the result. Cognomens Appropriate and Inappropriate.

The Chinese Minister at Washington, one of the most popular who has ever been in this country, Wu Ting-fang, has a name which signifies "fragrant palace." The name of the Minister to England, Lo Ping-lu, means "a rich harvest," while the name of the Minister to France, Yu Kung, signifies "much gold," a very appropriate name for any Chinese who obtains an official position.

Now let us turn to some of the anti-foreign conservatives who have made themselves prominent and obnoxious in the past few months. Prince Tuan's name is Tsai-Yi, and means a "clear year." No name ever given to a man was more incongruous. He has been largely instrumental in making his first year in public life one of the darkest in the whole history of his country. The name of Tung Fushing, the Kansu general who has been in charge of the troops in Peking and who fled with the Empress as her bodyguard, means "happiness and auspicious omen." To whom he has brought happiness and what auspicious omen precedes his coming it would be difficult indeed to point out. Nothing but fear precedes his coming, nothing but wailing follows in his track, and the Empress Dowager will never before she is through with him that neither joy nor fortune goes with him whom she selected as her bodyguard and protector.

Again, take the name of the man who was Governor of Shanghai when the Germans snatched away the port of China Chou. His name is Li Ping-heng. He is the "plum" who "holds the scales," but, as a Chinese gentleman with whom I was talking a few days ago remarked, "The scales which he holds would never weigh out justice either to his friends or to his enemies." The man who was Governor

of Shanghai when the Boxer trouble began, and who is more than any other person responsible for the whole unfortunate disturbance, as well as the murder of all the foreigners, both at Pao Ting-fu and Tai Yuen-fu, is Yu Hsien. His name means to "nurture virtue." He was about as much a pat on of virtue as was Nero in his most fendish freaks.

Two men among this anti-foreign group are true to the names they bear. One is K'ang Yi, the principal adviser of Her Majesty, whose name signifies a "strong de-mination," an "unbending will"; the other is Hsu Tung, the tutor to the heir apparent, who is 80 years old, constitutionally anti-foreign, and above bribe taking. His family name signifies "slow," and his given name a "varnish tree." "Slow as a Varnish Tree" he is, and as steadfast and stubborn.

## Changing of Names.

The Chinaman has almost any number of names. As a baby he receives his "milk name," when he enters school, his "school name," when he enters life, a title or "life name." An old friend of the writer had in the Peking University a son whom he had not seen since the last time he came to enter upon his studies. I had never known this student by anything but his school name, which was Wei Fan. I was telling the father what a quiet, gentle, attractive boy Wei Fan was, and he, poor man, hadn't the least idea of whom I was speaking until I told him I was talking about his fourth son, when the face of the old man lighted up, and he said:

"Oh, you mean 'Get a Man'."

That was the boy's milk name. The school name hadn't been given until the boy left home, and so the father did not recognize it as applied to his son. Another man whom I know called his first boy "Get a Mountain," his second "Get a Garden," and his third "Get a Man."

Those who have been following the conduct of affairs in China and reading the papers without any thought of the geographical names, except their difficulty of pronunciation, would have found pleasure and instruction in knowing the meaning of these almost unpronounceable, but often poetic, characters. For instance, when we read about Shih-shih-kuan we would be much more appreciative if we understood that shih means mountain, hai means sea, and kuan the official residence which controls, the whole meaning "The City Which Guards the Narrow Gap Between the Mountains and the Sea." Tien-tsin is the Heavenly Place, Peking the North Capital, Pao-ho the North River, Hun Ho the Murky River, Yang Tsun the Village of the Yang Family, Hsiao Hsiao the Place on the West of the River. Chinese names also preserve much of the history of the past, and explain the reasons for their existence. The Grand Canal is called by the Chinese Yen-Liang-Ho, the River for Transporting Grain. The name of Che Foo is Yen-tai, and means Rocky Terrace.

Again, take the names of the streets on which the various places which have been destroyed in Peking are situated. The Methodist Mission is on Hsiao Shun Hu Tung or "Piety street"; the American Board of Foreign Missions at T'ung Shih K'ou, or the "Mouth of the Lamp Market"; the school for the blind on Kan Yu Hu Tung or "Dried Fish street"; the Presbyterian Mission on Yeh Hu Tung or "Duck street," which runs off Yen Tai Chieh or "Pipes street"; and the London Mission on Lu Jou Hu Tung or "Donkey-meat street," while the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is on Jung Hsien Hu Tung, or "Silk Thread street."

## Some Highly Descriptive Titles.

The names which the Chinese give to all kinds of foreign inventions, machinery and importations are not without interest. The car is called a "fine wheel car," the engine a "fire cart head," and the railroad an "iron road." The steamer is called a "fire-wheel boat," and the man-of-war only a "soldier boat." The bicycle is called a "self-moving cart" or a "cart that one can himself move." The phonograph is called a "talk-box," the telegraph an "electric wife," the telegram an "electric letter," and the telephone a "talk wire." "Coal gas lamps" and "electric gas lamps" are sufficiently clear not to need explanation. A fountain pen is a "water pen," a desk is a "book table," and a washstand is a "wash face table."

## No Escape from Nick-naming.

That rule which cautions us against talking about feet in the presence of a club-footed man does not apply in China. Every peculiarity, particularly if it be physical and obvious, is eagerly and promptly seized upon as a basis for the almost universal habit of nick-naming.

The founder of the Taoist Sect goes by the name of the "Old Boy" Lao Tzu. This is not applied to him in any sportive sense, but because it is said he looked old when he was born. If great officials and founders of religious systems are not free from being nick-named, it cannot be expected that the people will spare the common herd, or the foreign devil.

The members of our mission, in traveling through the country and talking with the people, were commonly addressed, though not in a spirit of rudeness, as Mr. "Foreign Devil," Kuei tsu Lao Yeh. And the doctor, when he visits a patient, is frequently announced in a manner which is hardly calculated to prove cheering to the sick one. "The Devil Doctor has come."

An individual is nick-named usually from some physical deformity or shortcoming, or mental or moral characteristic. A man whose face is pitted deeply with small pox goes by the name of pock-marked Ma, Ma Tsu. The ordinary Chinese method of addressing a child is to call him "Baldy," either because of his shaved head or his scant hair. A little girl is called "slave," Ya T'ou.

A cross-eyed man, if his name is Wang, is always "cross-eyed Wang," Hsieh Yen. If he is the unfortunate possessor of an unhatched roof, he goes by the name of "Baldy" Hs'a yen; if it is his hearing, he is "Deafy," Ling tsu. If he is lame he loses all other personality, and answers per force to "lamey," Ch' Ueh Tsu.

There is an old woman in the Presbyterian Mission in Peking who is afflicted with a birth mark which almost covers her face. She goes by no other name than "Black-

face Wang," Hsi L'en Wang. Any peculiarity about the nose, eyes, hair, beard, feet, mouth, or figure may be a lash to its possessor some such rhyme as the following:

The big-bellied merchant,

He opened up a stall,

But had to sell his trousers

To get the capital.

What pertains to physical deformities is true also of mental characteristics. I knew a young man who went by the name of "Impulsive Liu." If his temper is bad that gives him his nickname. If he is a book worm as we say, he is called either a "book cover," Shu pao tsu, or a "book insect," Shu ke tsu. If he is generous or benevolent, ambitious or avaricious, just or good, his disposition gives him his name. A lazy or useless woman is justly and pertinently designated as a "bread basket" and a "clothes horse." Sometimes the nick-name, however, depends upon some particular action, as for instance I knew one of the missionaries who preached a series of sermons on Galatians, and became known to his hearers as "Galatian Liu," Chia la tai. Another preached a series of sermons on the eight beatitudes, and they called him "Eight Beatitudes," Chia, Pa fu Chia.

## How Some of the Missionaries are Characterized.

Another missionary because he wore a mouse-colored suit of clothes went by the name of "Mei Mouse," Mei Hsiao tsu, and still another member of the same mission, a man beloved by every Chinaman with whom he came into contact, was known among his oriental friends as "Blind Pai," Pai Hsiao tsu, because his eyes were deep set and had in them a sightless appearance—a characteristic which I had never noticed until after I heard his nick-name.

A member of another mission in Peking was known as the "Buddhist Priest," Wen Ho Sheng, because his baldness gave him more or less the appearance of having had his head shaved. Another member of the same mission had an immense beard, and was always known among the Chinese as "Mi Big-whiskers," Mi Ta hu tsu.

Two other members of one of the missions in Peking seem to have been nick-named without any particular reason, one of them was called the "Old Fellow," Lao T'ou tsu, and the other "Old Pao," Lao Pao. A young man, a member of this same mission, was called "My Elder Brother Sea," Hai Ta Ke, while I myself went as "Uncle Ho," Ho Ta Shu.

I know another gentleman who, while in charge of a school, had the reputation of keeping order among the boys by frequent use of a ruler, and they dubbed him "Bard," Chia pan tsu. A teacher who kept rigid account of everything was called "Contractor Li," Li Chang Kuei ti, or as we would say, "Overseer Li."

Often nick-names are extremely pat and hit the mark with such effect that they characterize for life. One's only hope of avoiding some humiliating or satirical sobriquet from his Chinese friends is to keep himself pure, gentle, kind, considerate and just, and then if he is given a nick-name it will be one which reflects credit upon him.

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## LIVES ON FRUITS AND NUTS.

[Pacific Commercial Advertiser:] Herbert Ossig has established himself in Samoa among his German fellow-countrymen, and may remain there. This young German is an interesting character. No woman has a fairer complexion and a clearer eye than he, and no man of his age has a greater capacity for hard work. He lays it all to his diet. Ossig does not believe in meat-eating anywhere, least of all in a tropical climate. Nuts and fruits compose his daily menu, his drinks being distilled water and lemonade. Sometimes he tries the nut pastes and other preparations of a certain sanitarium, but as a rule he confines himself to the raw material.

"I used to eat meat," he said, before leaving for Samoa, "and I liked it. Reading convinced me that I could get more nourishment and fewer earth salts from fruit and nuts, and after sticking to that diet for a while I got to loathing meat. At the same time my general health improved, my mind was clearer and my muscular vigor seemed to increase. Friends tell me that my complexion soon cleared up."

"The thing to do for the sake of long life and no tormenting ailments is to diminish the amount of earth salts that enters the system. These salts clog the arteries with calcareous deposits and bring on the phenomena of old age. The less calcareous matter the more juvenility. I use distilled water to dissolve such earth salts as my system has already absorbed and carry them away. The pure condensed steam, cooled in full and tightly-corked bottles and drank without much exposure to the air, absorbs these foreign substances and they pass off. Look at me and see if you don't think my system the right one."

Certainly Ossig was the picture of health—ruddy, sinewy, elastic of step, bright of eye. Perhaps his hardy German parents had more to do with his looks than have bananas and distilled water, but Ossig says if you think that, just try his dietary and note the effect in your own system.

## NO WIT IN THE GREATEST SPEECHES.

In an article on public speaking, in the Saturday Evening Post, United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge says:

"It is a remarkable thing that there is neither wit nor humor in any of the immortal speeches that have fallen from the lips of man. To find a joke in Webster would be an offence. The only things which Ingalls wrote that will live are his oration at his brother's grave and his famous, 'The Past Rises Before Me Like a Dream.' But in neither of these productions of this genius of jesters is there a single trace of wit. There is not a funny sally in all Burke's speeches. Lincoln's Gettysburg address, his first and second inaugural, his speech beginning the Douglas campaign and his Cooper Union address in New York are, perhaps, the only utterances of his that will endure. Yet this greatest of story-tellers since Esop did not adorn or deface one of these great deliverances with story or any form of humor."

"The reason for this is found in the whole tendency of human thought and feeling—in the whole melancholy history of the race—where tears and grief, the hard seriousness of life and the terrible and speedy certainty of our common fate of suffering and of death, make sombre the master-cord of existence. The immortal things are all serious—even wit."

drinkables and smokables. Yet the  
is Commander-in-Chief of the navy.

ident's physical and nervous system  
more than the wear and tear upon his  
before the busy war period Mr. McKin-  
straged fifteen hours. Every President  
and lunatics, a goodly proportion of  
violence in gaining access to him. A  
one crank callers during this adminis-  
man claiming to be the Pope, another  
prophet inspired by the Almighty, and  
ident that some high official was to be  
world; a tall German who wished to  
now to examine naval recruits, an en-  
graph of a horse in which the rider  
of Spain, a man who insisted upon  
the vestibule of the north door, and  
for relief from persecutions by the

gard a President as an all-powerful  
let any of their imagined wrongs by a  
is asked how fortunes can be made  
giggling letters. Mr. McKinley has had  
several divorces. At Christmas the  
"Dear Santa Claus." Many people  
ing as "Uncle Sam" lives in the White  
their letters accordingly. Through-  
out can always depend upon a well-  
situated advisers. From many mem-  
bers. George Washington, while Presi-  
a New York paper of overhauling the

ty taxes the health of a President is  
an. It is estimated that 50,000 of  
each administration, under existing  
any millions will pester the Chief Ex-  
these hours to office. Eighty people  
the President for each office in his  
twenty-nine upon each appointment,  
at he blights many of their lives in  
economics. The wife of a former Presi-  
side because she could not get a place  
in this administration. So thick was  
the spring of '97 that they said the  
office lobby four inches.

all duties are by no means relaxing,  
days leaves him with a right-hand eye  
year, by actual count, Mr. McKinley  
shaking records. He grasped the  
rate of one per second.  
ed upon to settle social squabbles.  
Mr. McKinley has had to solve every  
all when he informed Paucot that he  
all upon Robert, and when he informed  
others have social precedence over and  
and receptions. A new President in-  
ence is immediately grabbed at by  
advertising. Looking about him he  
advertising medium of the age.  
merchandise bear his picture. But  
with the hope that his acknowledgment  
weight. Moreover, a President is  
the humblest law-abiding citizen dis-  
not leave the country during his  
forbidden to visit any foreign coun-  
or wars.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKIN, JR.

## DEEP-SEA TEMPERATURE.

Dr. Mill described the Pettemb-  
bottle. He said that Prof. Hensen  
with Prof. Hensen, completed an  
known apparatus for obtaining deep-  
change of temperature. The appa-  
is to inclose a quantity of mercury  
to hold it securely, and to bring  
any change of temperature to the  
degree centigrade. The instru-  
mental feature of the water bottle  
of concentric chambers of wood-  
were simultaneously filled with water  
the portion, measuring about 100  
large central tube. During the day  
been tested by Prof. Hensen in the  
the sea between Iceland and Spitz-  
greatest depth met with, 3000 meters,  
ulation was perfect. On August 11  
from 3000 meters, and when it came to  
and 1,855 degree C. After five min-  
five minutes 1,850, and after eleven  
Hensen considered it essential to  
to secure exact results. Prof. Hensen  
ed with a water bottle in which the  
remained, in addition to the com-  
ing of eighty exhausted glass tubes  
used by Prof. Dewar for liquid air  
proved to be perfect.

## LESS CHANCES IN TAHITI.

ella, in the October Success, of  
Americans to win wealth in the  
says that if the young man can  
business he can find in Tahiti  
the foundation for a stupendous  
all the islands is of the most prob-  
ally adapted to the cultivation of  
of which has been grown to the  
The peculiar soil gives the cocon-  
America, and the enterprising Amer-  
coffee to a foreign market will  
man of inferior quality that grow-  
tive would rather use the poor  
cultivate a superior kind. Or, given  
an already roasted, and he is in-  
ing that saves the native Tahitian  
Vanilla flourishes in the South  
ate, and spices would thrive if pro-  
grows the coconut, for which  
found.

was interwoven with silver  
11.48.



## NATIONAL WEAPON OF THE FILIPINOS.

### THE BOLO AND THE PART IT PLAYS IN THE FILIPINO LIFE.

By Capt. Archibald W. Butt.

WHILE much is heard of the bolo men in the Philippine Islands, little is known of the bolo itself, and the important part it plays in the Filipino civilization. Every Filipino and Moro has his bolo. He does not necessarily carry it as a war weapon. It enters into his home life and marks his social and professional rank by its shape and ornamentation. A Filipino who has improved his opportunities and risen from the laboring class to the rank of an officer in the Filipino army, preserves carefully the bolos which have followed him in his upward career. At home the bolo is kept in a place sacred to itself, usually over the door of the main room. Sometimes one will see in a wealthy Filipino or Moro home as many as four or five of these blades ranging from the sunlang to the ornate kris (pronounced creese.) These will indicate that the owner has risen in life from the laboring class to the land-owning class, or that he has held office, possibly reaching the height of a general in the native army.

Mindanao is the home of the bolo. Nearly every bolo of any value at all comes from the island, which is next in size to Luzon. So far as the social and professional significance of the arm is concerned the classification of the Moros of Mindanao is tacitly accepted all over the Philippines as official. The officers and men of importance in the Filipino army and government have adopted this classification as one with the weapons itself.

#### How the Weapon is Made.

All these instruments are made by hand. There are several bolo factories in Mindanao, mostly located in interior and mountain towns. There are also some factories of importance in Samar and Leyte, two other large islands. Criminals are usually made to work in the bolo factories, though there are special experts paid by the towns to superintend the labor. A factory or "fabrica de bolo" con-

jective. The average Filipino is as dexterous in handling the sundang as a fencing master is with the rapier.

Campilana, Bald and Hirute.

The campilan is the regular arm of the Moro private soldier. It is about four feet long and very sharp. Its scabbard consists of two pieces of wood loosely tied together with a single piece of bamboo thread. It is carried over the shoulder and is never unsheathed for the first stroke. When necessity for its use arises, it is brought down on the head with the scabbard on it. The blade cuts through the thread, thus unsheathing itself. This is a device used to disarm the enemy of suspicion. There is a regular drill that the Moros go through with this weapon, cutting and chopping with extraordinary swiftness, while continually leaping hither and thither to avoid the return of the enemy. An individual encounter between two natives armed with the campilan presents a curious and startling spectacle. One sees the sudden stroke, hears the clap and rattle of the wooden scabbard as it lands, and watches it fall to the ground in halves, as if the blow had been effective only in breaking the weapon. It seems hideously incongruous that the recipient of the stroke should go down with his skull split at the same moment. But the sheathed steel does its work swiftly and such duels are over with the first swing that reaches the mark. The handle of the campilan is always of hard wood; usually ebony or mahogany.

The hairy campilan is the mark of the officer below the rank of major. It differs from the ordinary campilan only in the detail of the carving of the handle and in the fact that a long tuft of hair is attached to the handle. This hair is dyed with vegetable dye; usually a deep red, but sometimes bright yellow or green. In former times the hair ornamentation was from the head of a slain enemy. It is said that even now the scalp of the dead foe is in some of the islands a source of supply.

#### The Kris, Weapon of the Staff Officer.

Among the staff officers kris is the favorite weapon. It is from two to three feet long. One third of the way down from the tip it ripples in little wavelets of steel. It is said that this small sword inflicts a ghastly wound, and from the appearance one would choose it last of any to be perforated with. The approved kris stroke is for the body with a peculiar weaving motion of the wrist, supposed to send the blade home and spread the wound. Artistically the kris is one of the most beautiful weapons in the world.

silver, is no uncommon thing, and I have heard of being beaten from gold.

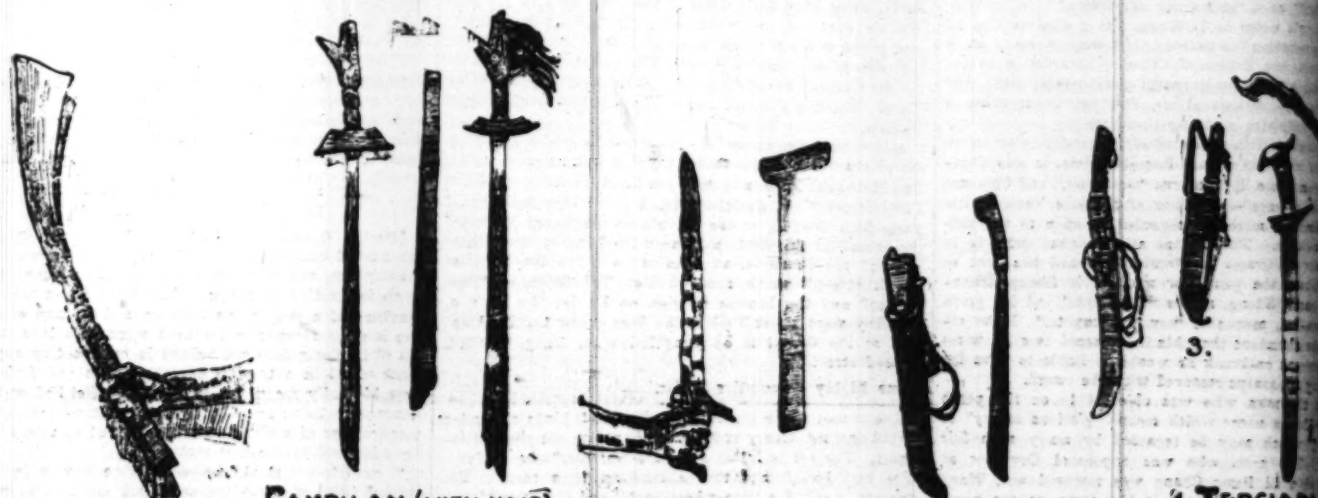
The quimbasi is the knife of the private soldier. It is very much as the American private does his knife. It is his general utility blade, and not used much in warfare. His whittling, brush cutting and fenging he does into play, and it is his table knife when he sits down of any. Generally speaking, it is a utensil rather than a weapon, though by no means to be despised at times.

One of the most interesting weapons of the Moros is the talibong, a sort of headman's ax. It is from four to five feet long and weighs anywhere from four to eight pounds. In time of war certain companies are equipped with talibongs exclusively and are used as an advance guard. They are also used by the official headmen in domestic quarrels. The chief use of the talibong, from which its name, was to sever the head of the victim from his body. The Moros, when warring with other tribes, were armed with the talibong were sent among the tribes to do the work. The weapon has now no significance, but is sacred in the families of those who were once commanders. While there are other special designs of the talibong among the natives of the Philippines, the only ones described constitute the conventional types of the talibong officially recognized by the Moros.

#### Even the Filipino Caddy Has His Bolo.

The distinctions between the different types of bolos draw so close among the Moros and Mindanaos that much of their force in Luzon, and the section known under the influence of Manila. Still even here the talibongs keep sacred their bolos, though the weapons are put into the religious life of the people as they are in Luzon. But even in Luzon the native without his bolo is as a man without a trade. Every cab driver has his bolo in his clothes or concealed among his worldly goods.

During the continuous warfare between the Moros and Spaniards the Moro army was armed almost exclusively with bolos. There is peace between the Moros and Americans and the greatest good feeling exists between them. In Zamboanga, Iligan and Parang-Parang, Moro cities in Mindanao, it is as safe for an American to go about unarmed at night as it is in any city. The Moro is not deprived of his bolo, but there has been established, many have given their bolos



THE TALIBONG OR  
HEADSMAN'S AXE. CARRYING  
WITH IT SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS.

CAMPILAN (WITH HAIR)  
OFFICER'S WEAPON.  
CAMPILAN (WITHOUT HAIR)  
WEAPON OF MORO PRIVATE.

THE KRIS—WEAPON  
OF OFFICERS.  
DESIGNATES SOCIAL RANK.

SUNDANG—WEAPON  
OF FILIPINO PRIVATE

1. TERCIADA  
2. BOLO  
3. QUIMBAS  
4. PUNAL

NATIONAL WEAPON OF FILIPINOS.

ists generally of a large nipa shed, with huge pieces of iron and steel lying about to be beaten into shape. Some of this work is so ornate and beautiful that one might easily imagine that it is the product of skilled mechanics. A criminal can secure his liberty very often by turning out some special piece of work. Many of the men become expert in wood and ivory carving, as the handles of the bolos plainly indicate.

Commonest of the forms of the national weapon is the bolo proper, which gives the generic name to all this class of weapons. Simple in design, and without ornamentation, it is primarily a weapon of war. Officially the carrying of the bolo proper indicates rank or position. Its handle is cut from carabao horn and its blade is hammered out of a piece of steel. The bolo of the Filipino does not enter into the religious life of the owner, as does that of the Moro and the native of the southern islands of the group. In some islands it is the center of strange and secret rites. Men and women perform intricate and picturesque bolo dances, the significance of which they cannot be prevailed upon to reveal. Often a native will dance with the bolo until he or she falls from exhaustion. During the mystic dance always performed prior to a marriage, the bolo plays a most important part, all members of the family or clan finally prostrating themselves before it and swearing allegiance to it should the marriage contract ever be violated.

In the north of the archipelago a form of bolo is used as an agricultural instrument for the gathering and harvesting of crops. Of late years these implements have become weapons of war and, as agencies of death, are far more effective than the Cuban machete. This particular weapon is known as the sundang, which, when carried, places the owner in the laboring class. It is now the regular weapon of the private soldier in the Filipino army in Luzon and the northern islands. It is hammered out of an old piece of iron or steel, while the handle is usually of wood or horn. The scabbard is cut roughly cut of two pieces of wood tied together by strips of bamboo. The weapon is curiously shaped and cunningly balanced so as to throw the weight toward the striking end. Even a light blow is terribly ef-

The blade is often magnificently inlaid with gold, and sometimes with pearls and other jewels. In theory this is to make it flash in the light as it is brandished above the head of the charging leader, a beacon of victory. The kris is the insignia of leadership. Every high officer wears one strapped or tied to his belt.

Very similar in design to the kris is the terciada. It is by no means so ornamental, the blade being straight and the inlaying, if there is any, of some cheap metal. It, too, signifies leadership in the field, and is, as a rule, the mark of the non-commissioned officer.

Like the kris, the boring of the Moro indicates rank and leadership, but rather the leadership of the forum and the council, than of the field. Holders of political office carry the boring; so does the class which we would call "leading citizens" in the United States. This arm has a broad ax-like blade, and is rather clumsy to handle. It is not for use, and its original purpose has been forgotten. The Moro sultans carry it. Mahogany and ivory, inlaid with gold, silver and jewels form the handles of these arms. Some of them, undoubtedly, are worth a king's ransom, but these are kept carefully hidden and are worn only on state occasions.

#### The Deadly and Beautiful Little Punal de Kris.

Women and children carry the punal de kris. One hardly ever finds a Moro child with any pretension to family and breeding who isn't the proud possessor of one of these diminutive but deadly weapons. Occasionally they come into play in childish quarrels and the disadvantage of arming an irresponsible human with a lethal implement are sufficiently attested in the subsequent funeral, not to mention the feud that may result. The women of the better classes take the same pride in her punal de kris as does her more civilized sister in stylish apparel. Seldom is this weapon more than a foot long, and usually it is not more than seven or eight inches, but the blade is well pointed and sharpened. In shape it is an exact replica of the kris on a small scale; sometimes even more ornate in inlaid device. A punal de kris beaten blade, handle and scabbard from solid

ents to the officers. The majority of natives sold them as souvenirs. They are in great demand on various ships and transports entering the islands, and have run the price up to an abnormal point.

#### THE KAISER'S PRESS BUREAU.

[London Daily Mail:] There is in Berlin a "Literary Office," attached to the Prussian Interior, which for the last two years has been the management of Herr Dr. von Falck, a Baltic German, from the Russian province of Posen, who was formerly chief editor of the "Silesian" at Breslau. His chief occupation is to read the papers and make extracts and cuttings from them, pasted into a book, the more important articles being underlined with red or blue ink, the monarch's attention. This book is placed on the emperor's desk. The cuttings contain articles or news articles taken from the whole of the German press.

The Emperor watches the foreign press in Berlin and New York more closely than he does the German. Everyone acquainted with the German court knows that he has a perfect knowledge of the standing general attitude of the foreign newspapers, and that those countries that interest him specially, he reads other reasons. They are certainly more familiar with the great majority of the German papers than in many other respects. William II resembles Bismarck, who thoroughly mastered the international situation of his time, to the neglect of Prussian publications.

A thief in Paris, being chased by the police, during his flight the purse he had stolen, and on his fair way after being taken to the police station, allowed to go free for lack of sufficient evidence against him, when his faithful dog, which he had trained and carry, trotted into the station, wagging his tail with the missing purse in its mouth.

October 28, 1900.]

TWO---A

By a Special

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"And such a pity," she inter

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Kenneth, with a cheerful grin.

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5-35 TO SAN FRANCISCO  
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## TWO--AND A BIKE.

By a Special Contributor.

"WELL!" exclaimed Mabel, in righteous wrath. She picked herself up, and, with the first impulse of femininity, put a hand to her hair. Then she shook her skirts with small, indignant shakes. She would have been justified in saying something much stronger than "Well!" thought the conscience-smitten young man who was ruefully watching her. He had been counting carefully down the smooth, long road which made that particular hill a joy to cyclists. He had turned the curve at the foot with a light and cheerful heart—and, behold, the evil gods that decree anguish to innocent youth had placed in his path—a girl! A girl with her back turned to him (and a remarkably neat and trim back it was)—a girl walking placidly in the very path of destruction! There was barely time to avert a hair's breadth from a serious collision, and then it all happened—a shriek, a tumble and a tangle. Then rapid segregation of the mass, and girl, young man and bike were once more individual entities, somewhat battered, but practically uninjured. The situation was embarrassing, and Kenneth found himself decidedly "afraid of a beautiful maid." She looked so forbidding, so hopelessly frigid, and he noticed with a fresh sense of pang that her crisp shirt waist was dust-marked and stained, and her neat gray gloves sadly damaged. Her short, stout skirt had not suffered noticeably. "Did I injure your bicycle?" she inquired, with sarcasm. Kenneth observed that indignation turns deep blue eyes violet. "I hope you are not hurt," he stammered abjectly. "I am in possession of my faculties, such as they are," she said, severely, "and the more necessary of my bones; but the injury to my feelings has been incalculable." And she looked down at her shirt waist with a sigh. "Do you make a practice of charging into inoffensive females in that needless manner?" Her tone was relenting just a little, for Kenneth, though dusty, was prepossessing. "It was horribly reckless, I know," he said, humbly, "and a miracle that you were not seriously hurt; but I assure you I had no idea of there being a person within a mile of me. People so seldom travel this hill road now, and really, it is fairly passable for only bicyclists and pedestrians."

"And such a pity," she interrupted, "when it is the shortest road to the grove."

"The grove? By Jove! Were you going there, too?"

"To the picnic? Of course! Is there an inhabitant of Santa Beata with soul so dead as to stay at home on this, the day of the two churches' grand united Sunday-school picnic?"

"But you are not a Santa Beatan," said Kenneth, with decision.

She smiled. "You are a very positive young man. I am a Santa Beatan, as you express it, and I have been for a whole week." She gave a little gesture of despair. "How in the world could Santa Beata perpetrate anything so abandoned as a Sunday-school picnic?"

"I'm afraid you find our little town somewhat dull," said Kenneth, with a cheerful grin.

"Well—dullish—after Chicago. But you seem to belong to it," she said, with sudden interest. "I suppose you are acquainted with that exponent of all man's perfections—that paragon in pantaloons—Judge Benton's son?" She was busy with a refractory lock of hair and quite unobservant of Kenneth's start.

"Yes, I know him—by sight."

"And yet you seem an ordinary sort of individual, too, in myself," she murmured, pensively. "Since I came to Santa Beata, a week ago, I have heard of little, socially, beyond Mr. Benton. It seems that he has been out of town the entire week, and I have never met him; but his mental and moral perfections have been dinned into my ears by admiring girl friends until the very sound of his name is a weariness. If he had returned yesterday, he was to have been allotted to me for this picnic—an envied honor, I assure you—but all this can scarcely be of interest to you," she said hastily, with a side glance at the attentive listener. "I wouldn't inflict it upon you, but—"

"Do go on," cried Kenneth.

"But I wish you to understand," she continued, with dignity, "why you meet a solitary maiden wandering like a fugitive dreyd—or lunatic—on this lone road. It is mainly because of the painfully perfect son of Judge Benton, whom she is fleeing. He failing to appear, she insisted on driving to the festivity with her two female cousins. They arrived before the crowd, by another road. Reaching here, they found to their horror that they had forgotten the luncheon and went back after it, leaving her here till their return, to sketch. She got tired of waiting and had just started to walk on slowly when—behold the wreck!"

"For which I am responsible," said the remorseful youth.

"No, it is his fault, entirely,"—with conviction. "You say you know him. What does he look like? I seem to see him: Very small, very pale, with freckles and appealing blue eyes. He is far too good to be beautiful. Has he immense ears?"

"I don't think—I don't know—I never noticed them particularly," stammered Kenneth. He furtively lifted his hand toward his own—by this time a rich crimson—and then confidently withdrew it.

So this was she! The divinity, the fashionable butterfly from the East, who had been paralyzing the sons of Santa Beata for a week; she whom his friends, in frantic letters to hurry his return, had endowed with all goddess attributes and a few additional; whom he, in strong shrinking from a supposed type of fashionable ultra-refinement, had dodged meeting until destiny telescoped them! He had been duly informed of his prospective duty as escort, but had welcomed an impromptu engagement which delayed him in Los Angeles after the last train the night before. Arriving too late that morning to accompany the crowd, he had taken to his bicycle. What a comedy was that! The irony of fate! To avoid her for a week, and then to meet her with such volcanic violence! A whole

week lost, too, hang it! He had been a fool. The first glance at Mabel had told him that, and the conviction was growing.

She finished tying her shoe, and gave the worst smudge on her waist a final despairing scrub with her handkerchief. "Well," said she, "as we are both going to the picnic we would better get on at once. The tribes have certainly assembled by this time. I suppose the swings have been put up, and the atmosphere begins to reek of lemon—you know Mrs. Deacon White was to make a barrel of lemonade with the youth of Santa Beata as squeezers—and the landscape is blurred with small boys. Do you think Mr. Potter has said yet: 'Gettin' 'bout eatin' time, ain't it?' What time is it?"

"Quarter after ten," said Kenneth, glancing at his watch. It was unharmed and ticking, for a wonder. "We have at least three miles of the eight to go yet. Do you know where the grove is?"

"We were given explicit direction," said she, coldly. "Let me test you. This road makes a long turning a mile further on, and then divides. Do you go to the left or to the right?"

"To the left," unhesitatingly.

"Correct. Then that road straggles into two, one of which is a sham and goes up a tree at the end of half a mile. Which is it?"

"Why," she faltered, "I don't remember."

"It is quite evident that you need a guide," he cried, triumphantly. "I feel it my duty to see you safe to the picnic grounds."

"But your wheel?"

"Is disabled. I should have to lead it in any case."

She started decisively down the road. Kenneth, tucking his wheel, moved up beside her. Their way wandered up and down little hills, dipping into cañons where cottonwoods made a delicious shade, climbing over dry ridges grown with sage brush, where the thick tangle encroached on the passer and sent up a spicy odor of crushed leaves. The road had gradually dwindled to a mere by-path. It was moon, glaring, shimmering hot. A hawk was poised over a near range of hills, hanging motionless and black in the clear blue. . . . Kenneth wiped the perspiration from his brow and wondered why in thunder they didn't reach the last turning. Mabel, flushed with heat, looked like a very warm and dusty angel with something on its mind. There was sand in her shoe, pecks of it, it seemed, and this aggressive masculine presence forbade her sitting down to take it off. Endurance failing her, she gave Kenneth a look which was a treatise on the particular undesirability of man, a lightning flash of petulance.

He caught it and said humbly, "Are you tired?"

"Mentally, yes"—her tone was acid. "I am perfectly certain we have taken the wrong turning somewhere. How long has it been since you were at the grove?"

"Well," he admitted, reluctantly, "three or four years, I think. But I am sure this cannot be far out of the right road."

"Then the grove should be in sight by this time. Suppose you go ahead to the top of that little hill and look, while I rest a moment."

By this stratagem, securing opportunity to remove and empty both shoes, she was in much better humor when Kenneth hurried back with beaming face.

"Here's the grove, not five minutes' walk beyond that hill!" he cried exultantly.

"But what a tremendous lot of noise they seem to be making," observed Kenneth, as he was helping Mabel across the stepping-stones in the small stream at the edge of the grove.

"Fearful," she assented. "It sounds as if someone had been drinking."

"They couldn't be very gay on the deacon's picnic lemonade," said the sophisticated young man. "Well, we'll soon see what's the row."

They made their way through the cutting trees and then stopped, stiffened by the full meaning of the scene before them. The rough tables and benches which were the grove's permanent furniture, were scattered under the trees in irregular groups, and eatables in all stages of consumption strewn the boards and ground. Three corpulent kgs loomed in the middle distance. The picnickers—and they seemed legion—stood grouped around the tables, in each uplifted right hand a mug of beer, and from hoarse Teuton throats, with all the force of intensely-patriotic lungs, pealed out "Die Wacht am Rhein!"

Mabel, being feminine, was first to recover power of speech. "So this is a California Sunday-school picnic!" she murmured. "How exciting!" Then vehemently, "Oh, why have you brought me here?" and the indignant tears were very near the surface.

Even a worm will turn, and Kenneth was tired and hungry and bewildered as well as she. "Everybody in Santa Beata was to go to the grove," he said, curtly, "and this is the only grove Santa Beata knows. Heaven only is aware of where our people have gone. I suppose they came here, found it preempted by this confounded Dutch outfit, and went off again." But a glance at Mabel's dejected face cooled his irritation at once. "Come, don't look so downcast, Miss Morris. We can get something to eat here."

"Sauerkraut and sausage," she sniffed.

"Now you wait and see. I'm going over to throw myself on the mercy of that corpulent old party in the white vest, who seems to be directing things."

Mabel watched him as he explained and gesticulated, his black head contrasting with the yellow and flaxen polls about him. He was a personable young man, she decided. He came back jubilant.

"They are very sorry we missed our party, very sympathetic, and a glorious old lady insisted on my taking this basket of chicken and sundries that hasn't been opened—for the Fraulein," she said. May I have some? Come over to this tree; it's a safe distance from the crowd. Dutch picnics aren't so bad, are they? Miss Morris," he said, with a twinkle, "may I offer you beer?"

"There is quite enough in the air, thank you, without applying it internally. Oh, what would Mrs. Deacon White say to this?"

The hungry young people made a very good lunch and grew correspondingly amiable. "It sounds horrid to say it, but this is as nice as the other picnic, even if we could

find it," said Mabel, reclining restfully against the tree. "Please, however, do not forget for a moment, sir, that this is unspeakably dreadful to me, with no chaperon—but, oh, how funny it all is!"

The band stationed in the large dancing pavilion just then uplifted its brazen invocation, and the young men and maidens began to play the time-old game of masculine bravery and feminine demureness. Looking around him, a light-footed, but heavy-headed, Teuton, who had imbibed somewhat too much beer with his dinner, ignoring the coy but willing Gretchen, made a somewhat circuitous beeline for Mabel.

"May I haf de pleasure—dance mit you?"

"Go away!" shrieked the horrified Mabel.

"Get out!" cried Kenneth, springing to his feet.

But the muddled fellow was too far gone to recognize a rebuff, and, bending forward, he reached for Mabel's hand to raise her from her seat. Kenneth did not want to strike, but instantly brought in play an old Stanford guidron trick. With one foot behind the heels of the befuddled youth, and an irresistible football elbow, he destroyed the already groggy equilibrium and Mabel gasped as she found herself gazing earthward at her sprawling woe.

"Go back where you belong!" growled Kenneth, red and bristling. "You've no business here," and he stood in front of Mabel, while the bewildered one ascended himself from the fallen leaves and slunk over to his derisive compatriots. The hospitable old party in the white vest at once hurried toward them, brimful of apologies to the young lady, but Mabel insisted on going at once—anywhere, away from the scene.

"I am a fetch of bad luck for you, Miss Morris," said Kenneth, as they hastened out of the grove into the road, "a veritable hoodoo. Nearly broke your neck in the first place; got you into this in the second place. Have you reduced my possibilities to the reincarnation of Jonah?"

"No, indeed. You have been the valiant knight, as well as a 'Distinguished Stranger.' But now I must insist on your identity, if you please; I am very sure the reality will transcend the possibilities." Nothing could have been more charming than her manner, but it gave Kenneth a cold chill. There was now no escape, he must tell her.

"Well, you see, Miss Morris," he began, desperately—

"Hello, you people! Where in creation have you been!" It was the jovial yell of a dozen or more voices, as the tallyho of young people which Kenneth and Mabel, for strong reasons then, had both dodged in the morning, rapidly turned a wooded corner and came rattling up in front of them, heralded by a noisy chorus of ejaculations.

"What in the world, Miss Morris—"

"Where in thunder, Benton—"

"The Judge has been raising Cain, Ken!"

"It was a failure without you, Mabel!"

The questions and comments patterned like hail.

"Do shut up a minute, all of you!" shouted Kenneth, "and let me explain. Miss Morris, as you know, started with her cousins by that old road. They found they had forgotten the lunch, and went back after it, leaving her to sketch. I happened to take the same road on my wheel, and met her cousins going back, who told me where they had left her. Fearing she might stroll on and lose her way, I hurried and met her at the foot of Forbes's hill" (he gave Mabel an agonized glance to see how much of the truth she could stand, but though her face had been a study of amazement and horror since the fatal word "Benton," she was speechless,) and—and—we came on together. Will you please tell me where in Jericho you people went to?"

"Why, we thought you would know, of course. When we found that mob in the grove we went on to Manzanita Cañon. It's only a mile. We sent on all the other rigs—the old folks and a job lot of assorted kids, about twelve wagonloads—and waited for you a solid, starving hour. Then we left you to your fate. Your cousins, Miss Morris, have been very uneasy and sent us back at least to find and gather up the remains."

Kenneth picked these scraps of information like plums from a pudding, for all, as if stimulated by Mrs. Deacon White's lemonade, talked at once and loudly.

"How did you and Mr. Benton get on, Mabel?" called a mischievous feminine voice. "We remembered that you hadn't met. How did you introduce yourselves—and did you quarrel?"

"Oh, it was quite too warm to quarrel, dear," said Mabel, sweetly; but "I'll settle with you later" was in her look.

"Miss Morris and I met—and got on excellently," said Kenneth quickly, to stop further remark. "If you people have saved a place for 'the remains' we shall be rather glad to give our feet a short rest. Can you take my wheel up in front there somewhere?"

There was the very back seat, secure from observation except from too obviously turned heads—to Kenneth's joy. Mabel had not spoken to him yet, and the conflicting emotions on her face baffled him. It was now or never.

"Miss Morris," he broke out, "don't hold me responsible for the idiotic attributes of the fellow you thought I was. Forgive my sins, and let's start on a square basis."

"Never mind the sins," said she, "but—with suddenly mischievous eyes—"I think, under the circumstances, I will try to forgive—your virtues."

It was some hours later. The tallyho was homeward bound.

"Shall we have a moon tonight, Mr. Howard?"

"No," sighed the gentleman in question—he had been somewhat epis of Miss Morris himself. "No. But we won't need it."

"Why?"

"There's a match on the back seat."

NORA MAY FRENCH.

### PINEAPPLES AND THE FINGER NAILS.

The juice of the green and growing pineapple is accredited in Java, the Philippines and throughout the Far East generally with being a blood poison of a most deadly nature. It is said to be the substance with which the Malays poison their kreeses and daggers, and also the "finger-nail" poison formerly in use among the aborigine Javanese women almost universally. These women cultivated a nail on each hand to a long, sharp point, and the least scratch from one of these was certain death.



1. TERCIADE.
2. BOLO.
3. QUINBASI.
4. PUNAL DE ME.

The majority of native weapons are of this kind. They are in great demand and the exports entering these ports are up to an abnormal point.

ISERS' PRESS BUREAU.

all:] There is in Berlin a small attached to the Prussian Ministry for the last two years but has been left Dr. von Falk, a Russian, who on the Russian province of East Prussia editor of the Silesian Gazette, is to read the newspaper and cuttings from them, which is the most important of interesting news with red or blue pencil, to the press. This book is placed on the shelves, contain articles or extracts from the whole of the home and foreign press in Paris, London, New York, and the German court bears witness to the knowledge of the standing and position of the German press, particularly of the German papers. In this way, William II resembles Frederick the Great, who mastered the international language of Prussian publications.

ing chased by the police, threw a purse he had stolen, and was taken to the police station of the lack of sufficient evidence to the station, wagging his tail in its mouth.

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## GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

## Not Just Recently.

I WONDER if Sir Henry Irving remembers what he at the time considered a very palpable snub delivered him by a Highlander some years ago? While touring in Scotland a few summers since, the actor visited some of the notable traditional scenes associated with Shakespearean drama. As a matter of course, one of his first pilgrimages was to the blasted heath where Macbeth met the witches. In an agreeable mood, Sir Henry, as they drove along, turned smilingly to his driver:

"Are there any witches about now?" he asked.

The driver whipped up his horses.

"None since the flood," he replied, in his curt Scots way.

—[London Periodical.]

## Didn't Want Sympathy.

A NATIVE of the mountain district of Kentucky had occasion to go on a journey recently, and, before starting, took out an accident policy. He chanced to be one of the victims of a railway collision and the next morning his widow, armed with a newspaper report in which his name was mentioned among the killed, called on the agent of the insurance company and demanded the money.

"But, madam," said the agent, "we will have to have more definite proof before we can pay your claim."

"More proof!" exclaimed the bereaved woman. "Why, he's dead! I'm a poor widow, I reckon."

"Possibly, my dear madam," answered the polite agent, "and I am very sorry."

"Sorry! You are sorry, are you?"

"I certainly am, madam. I sincerely sympathize with you in your sad affliction."

"But hasn't you got to give me the money what's comin' to me?"

"Not today. Your claim will have to be investigated first."

"That's just like a good-for-nothin' man," angrily retorted the bereaved woman. "You all are mighty perlit about long as they ha'n't costin' you nothin', but the minute a poor lone female does git a chance to git a hold of a leetle spendin' money, you got the gall to say you're sorry."

And the indignant female slammed the door behind her as she left the office in search of additional proof. —[Chicago News.]

## Wanted His Gun.

THERE is a precocious Minneapolis youth residing on Sixteenth street who reached the advanced age of 5 last week. Among his presents was a much-desired air gun. He used it to hunt sparrows, shoot holes in pictures, frighten his sister, and for many other purposes a boy can find to put a gun to. A few days after his birthday his mother decided that Willie was quite old enough to go to sleep alone in the dark. The first night the new order was tried the following conversation ensued:

"Now, Willie I am going to turn out the light and leave you alone, and you must go to sleep like a good little boy."

"Oh, I don't want to be left alone in the dark. I don't like it."

"You're not afraid, are you, Willie? You know God is always with you." Willie became interested.

"Is God here now?" was the first query.

"Yes, dear," replied the mother. "He is always with good little boys."

"Is he right here in this room? Down by the foot of the bed?"

"Yes, he is here, in this very room."

"Well," said Willie, after thinking the matter over for a moment or two, "I don't quite know how it is, but when you're here I'm not afraid, but when there's nobody in the room but me and God, why, I want my gun." —[Minneapolis Times.]

## He Wanted an Easy Ford.

TWO of the best-known citizens of Montana are Dan Fleury and Dave Davenport. Both belong to the sporting fraternity and are old-timers. Formerly they ranked with the turbulent class of gamblers, but age and growing infirmities have sobered them down, and of late years they have been quiet and unobtrusive. For the last quarter of a century they have run together and have been in all kinds of games, from whisky poker up, and both have handled large sums of money. Of late Fleury has been troubled with rheumatism, and last winter went down to the Hot Springs of Arkansas to try the baths. When he returned last spring to his former haunts he missed Davenport and inquired as to his whereabouts.

"Dave is so old that he can't see the spots on the cards any more," remarked the keeper of the leading resort in Helena, "so he quit playing and got religion."

"What church?" inquired Fleury.

"Unitarian," answered the gambler.

"Well," remarked Fleury, thoughtfully, "Dave always did hunt for an easy ford." —[Chicago Record.]

## Trapped.

DEAN PIGOU tells an amusing story of Sagar, the verger of the Parish Church, Halifax. On one occasion, after the marriage service, when the bridegroom demurred about paying the fees, Sagar, going up to the bride, asked her whether she had ever seen Black Bibles, and, on her replying in the negative, added, "Come along, we've a rare lot on 'em in this 'ere vestry."

The bride fell into the trap. She accompanied the verger into the inner vestry, where she was shown a bookcase with glass panels, which the wily official averred contained the

Bibles, and the key of which he would fetch if she would wait awhile.

Once outside, he turned the key of the vestry upon her, and, going up to the bridegroom, said, "Lass is all right, but you'll no have her till you've paid." The husband did so. —[Tit-Bits.]

## No Time for Shingles.

AN EXCELLENT piece of advice, which may be applied in many cases, was once given by William Hunt, the artist, to an unwise pupil. The young man was making a sketch of a landscape bathed in the sunset light of a summer day. In the foreground stood a picturesque old barn. Mr. Hunt stood behind his pupil silently for a few moments, watching him work. Suddenly he stooped and put his hand on the young painter's arm.

"See here," he said, firmly, "if you spend so much time painting shingles on a barn, you'll never have time to paint sunsets! You'll have to choose."

It did not take the young man long to see the point, and make his choice. He never forgot his famous teacher's advice when he was tempted to exaggerate the importance of details. —[Youth's Companion.]

## No Big Collars in Rhode Island.

ONE hot day last August, ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed was caught in the little town of Westerly with a badly-wilted collar. He dropped into what looked to be the most inviting haberdasher's in the place and announced that he wanted a collar, and wanted it right away, too. Mr. Reed didn't know the size. After a deal of wrestling, the wilted collar was removed, and it was then discovered that the neckband of the shirt required a collar twenty inches in length to fit the neck of Maine's former "idol son."

"Twenty inches!" gasped the clerk. "Why, Mr. Reed, we don't carry a collar of that size in stock, and there is not one to be had in the State of Rhode Island!"

"What kind of a jay State is this I have got into, anyway?" drawled the portly attorney, as he reached for the discarded collar. "And must I either go back to Watch Hill or else wear this beastly wilted thing to New York?"

Informing that this was about the situation, Mr. Reed hurried his bulky frame to the railroad station, muttering something about being glad to be able to get to a town where the haberdasher's establishments were run on a more liberal plan.

The story drifted to town somehow, and now the ex-Speaker's professional and political friends are sending him all the sandler's business cards that they can lay their hands on, the service of one clerk being required to sort out the mail of this sort. —[New York Commercial.]

## Used Him for An Excuse.

WE WERE sitting together one afternoon—Maurice Barrymore, J. H. Gilmore and another actor who shall be nameless. The repartee led to the attempted "stringing" of Barrymore by the other actor, rather a dangerous game.

Barrymore, it will be remembered, had written a play called "Roaring Dick," which was produced by Klaw & Erlanger, with the author in the central part. It was a very pronounced failure. This other actor had a prominent part in the play.

Barrymore had replied to some of this "stringing" in his usual effective manner, when the now-suffering one said:

"Oh, I know you don't like me, Herby; but you should. Indeed, you ought to have the greatest affection for me."

"Why, old man?" asked Barrymore.

"Because of the debt of gratitude you owe me," said the other actor. "Didn't I appear in your rotten play?"

Barrymore wept some stage tears and reached out his hand, as he feelingly cried:

"Shake, old fellow. Of course, I like you. Why shouldn't I? I'd be an ingrate if I didn't. I shall never forget you for it. I love you with all my heart. You're my excuse."

—[Washington Post.]

## On the Telegraph Editor.

J. M. BARRIE'S story of how a telegraph editor, receiving a dispatch that the Zulus had "taken umbrage," headed the news, "Capture of Umbrage by the Zulus," has been paralleled by an editor in the West. Shortly after the anti-Semite riots in Austria, a slight shock of earthquake was felt in the vicinity of Vienna, and a cable dispatch put it tersely that there had been "seismic disturbances" near the capital. He headed the item "Down With the Jews." —[Denver Post.]

## Pretty Good Apple Story.

ONE of my constituents," said he, "is an old farmer who set out an orchard of considerable size, which is old enough now to bear well. His children have been marrying off, and I suppose the farmhouse seemed lonely. Anyway, the old farmer was in town awhile ago, and told one of the business men that he believed he would sell the farm and take life easy.

"If you see any farm-buyers, coming along, send them out to my place," he said.

"When the apple-buying time came round, the town men met one of the buyers from the East, and in the course of a conversation remarked to him that he thought he knew where he could buy an orchard crop a few miles out. The buyer was ready to go and look, and the town man accompanied him. They went to this old farmer's place. They walked through the orchard carefully, and the buyer examined the apples critically. The old farmer was pretty hard of hearing, and it was impossible to carry on much conversation with him. As they came back to the house the apple buyer asked:

"Well what do you want for your crop?"

"Six thousand dollars," replied the old man.

"The buyer figured a little and said:

"All right! I'll take it!"

"The old farmer seemed a little surprised at the promptness with which the bargain was struck, but, turning to the town man, he said promptly:

"Me and my wife will be in tomorrow to sign the deeds."

"Thunder!" said the town man. "He isn't buying your

farm. He's giving you that for your apple crop!" —[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

## The Bliss of Ignorance.

AMONG the good stories in circulation about the London School, who died recently, is one in connection with Lord Mayor Ouden. That worthy gentleman was a Greek scholar, and the Greek oration on the occasion of Christ's Hospital, to which, on a memorable occasion, he attended, was not intelligible to him, save one word, "Ouden"—so pronounced—and Mr. Ouden, to tell his friends privately how, each time it occurred, the Greek oration, Sir Thomas, fondly supposing that the compliment was being paid to himself, rose and extremely bowed. —[Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.]

## One Way of Settling It.

THE other evening, as a muscular person was passing a house, a lady who stood at the gate called out to him:

"Sir, I appeal to you for protection."

"What is the matter?" he asked, as he stopped.

"There's a man in the house, and he won't go out."

"He won't, eh? We'll see about that." The man gave the woman his coat to hold and called to the house.

He found a man at the supper table and called to him by the neck and remarked: "Nice style of trousers, eh? Come out of this, or I'll break every bone in your body!"

The man fought, and it was not until a chair had been broken and the table upset that he was hauled out by the legs and given a fling through the gate.

"Now, then, you brass-faced old tramp, you mustn't finish me!"

"I'll finish you!"

"I'm no tramp. I own this property and live in it!"

"You do?"

"Yes, that's my wife holding your coat."

"Thunder!" whispered the muscular man, as he moved from one to the other, and realized that it was the method of finishing a cow she had been having with her husband. And then he made a grab for his coat and disappeared into the darkness. —[London Tit-Bits.]

## Thought Him an Angel.

THE late Gen. John M. Palmer used to enjoy being mistaken for a person of greater dignity than he was. He was mistaken for a person of greater dignity than he was.

"While I was Military Governor of Kentucky," said he, "disturbance occurred in some town in the interior, at a distance, but was needed at the scene. There was no train, no carriage, no buggy to be got; the only available was a big gilded circus chariot left by a stranded show company. I didn't like it, but I had nothing else to do, so I got in. You may imagine a great dash as I drove through a small town. I turned out in droves to see me pass. When I had behind me and reached the plantations, the people me and stared with open mouths. They followed at a respectable distance, until presently they were an old, white-haired preacher, who, on seeing me, alighted from his magnificent chariot, raised his eyes and his arms, and in a voice that stirred all within hearing, said:

"Bless de Lord, de day of judgment am comin' gemman am de Angel Gabriel hisself. Breden, knees and pray, fo' yo' hour am hyar!" —[Columbian.]

## Oratory Under Difficulties.

THE meaneast scallawag in Michigan lives in a rustic township, Washtenaw county, and was to prove it. Hank Smith was killed by a schoolhouse near Whitcomb, when a Republican was organized. The room was jammed full of people and children. A little platform had been arranged for the orator of the evening, surrounded by a chair, the seat of which some miscreant had smeared with glue. In this chair, to which he was conducted down, not knowing it was loaded. He was a burgher proceeded with their work, and an hour summed before the officers were elected and the new president then stepped forward and said:

"The present and the next Congressman of this Hon. Henry C. Smith of Adrian."

Mr. Smith got up and so did the chair. He shook it off by a hip wriggle. This failed, and he down and tried to pry it off with his fingers. He succeeded. He pulled sturdily at the rear to free himself, but it wouldn't do anything of the kind. He was a colent. The president, seeing his predicament, stepped and gave the thing such a tug that Smith was free and an undertone, said:

"Hold on, Ferguson, you'll tear the cloth and can see my coat is a short sack, and there it is!"

The audience now turned to the situation, and burst into thundering guffaws. The room became a scene of laughter-convulsed lunatics. Women screamed and men whooped, while able-bodied men lay down on benches and snored. The hilarity was such that Hank, genial-hearted and fun-loving as he was, was thrown back and joined the laughing crowd, waving his hand, the crowd became sufficiently quiet to hear him say:

"I came here to speak my piece, and I'll do it, though the whole schoolhouse were glad to see me get up again, and half bent over with the laughing behind, waded in. At every motion he made, the crowd would bump up and down on the floor or strike the wall, or strike the table holding the lamp, or the crowd laughed when he joked and laughed and didn't joke. At last the speaker said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I must rest. My back is broken," and sat down. At this an old fellow rose and trotting across the way to his house, brought out a renewed yell of laughter and with a man holding away from his calves, was led outdoors, where he was hushed. He finished his speech in the overall. —[Lake (Mich.) News.]

## THE MO

By Garr

SYNOPSIS OF FREEDOM: The startling news of the day. The output becomes so great that the value, and a panic follows. Dr. Syx introduces the place of gold. Dr. Syx furnaces in the Grand Teton. The place of gold is accepted by the monetary standard, and comes in as an engineer, tries to solve it.

## VII.—A Mystery Indeed!

WHEN President B promptly approved expressed great surprise.

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I am about to show you."

I gave the required promise which nobody had visited

Having extinguished our lamp peephole, and a thin ray of light

tunnel on the opposite side eye to the hole.

"Yes," he said, quickly ste into his place, "they are still

you see."

"I see," I replied, after plac a gang of men unloading a

of the side tunnel, and putting ear standing on the track of t

"Yes, and what are they ha "Why, ore, of course."

"And do you see nothing sign "To be sure!" I exclaimed,

"Hush! hush!" admonished my mouth, "don't talk so loud.

"The ore," I resumed, "may furnace-room, because the side

parallel with the other."

"It not only may have come back," said Hall.

"How can you be sure?"

"Because I have been over t ends to a secret apartment di

which Dr Syx pretends to melt For a minute after hearing th

"Are you serious?" I asked a "Perfectly serious. Run your

Do you perceive a seam? Two of you have just witnessed in th

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"Well," I replied, "I fear I can't"

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another good night's rest so la remains unsolved."

"What will you do?"

"I don't know exactly what I which may take shape after a wh

Hall was silent for some time;



## THE MOON METAL.

By Garrett P. Serviss.

(Continued.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—The story opens with the startling news of the discovery of gold near the South Pole. The output becomes so great that the market is flooded, gold loses its value, and a panic follows. At an international congress of financiers, Dr. Syx introduces a peculiar metal called artemisium to take the place of gold. Dr. Syx conducts the party to his mines and furnaces in the Grand Teton in the Rocky Mountains. The wonderful metal is accepted by the financiers, adopted as a common monetary standard, and commerce is revived. Andrew Hall, a mining engineer, tries to solve the mystery of the wonderful discovery.

## VII.—A Mystery Indeed!

WHEN President Boon had heard our story he promptly approved Hall's dismissal of the men. He expressed great surprise that Dr. Syx should have resorted to a deception which had been so disastrous to innocent people, and at first he talked of legal proceedings. But, after thinking the matter over, he concluded that Syx was too powerful to be attacked with success, especially when the only evidence against him was that he had claimed to find artemisium in his mine at a time when, as everybody knew, artemisium actually was found outside the mine. There was no apparent motive for the deception and no proof of malicious intent. In short Mr. Boon decided that the best thing for him and his stockholders to do was to keep silent about their losses and await events. And, at Hall's suggestion, he also determined to say nothing to anybody about the discovery we had made.

"It could do no good," said Hall, in making the suggestion, "and it might spoil a plan I have in mind."

"What plan?" asked the president.

"I prefer not to tell just yet," was the reply.

I observed that in our interview with Mr. Boon, Hall made no reference to the side tunnel to which he had appeared to attach so much importance, and I concluded that he now regarded it as lacking significance. In this I was mistaken.

A few days afterward I received an invitation from Hall to accompany him once more into the abandoned tunnel.

"I have found out what that side track means," he said, "and it has plunged me into another mystery so dark and profound that I cannot see my way through it. I must beg you to say no word to any one concerning the things I am about to show you."

I gave the required promise, and we entered the tunnel, which nobody had visited since our former adventure. Having extinguished our lamp my companion opened the perforce, and a thin ray of light streamed through from the tunnel on the opposite side of the wall. He applied his eye to the hole.

"Yes," he said, quickly stepping back and pushing me into his place, "they are still at it. Look and tell me what you see."

"I see," I replied, after placing my eye at the aperture, "a gang of men unloading a car which has just come out of the side tunnel, and putting its contents upon another car standing on the track of the main tunnel."

"Yes, and what are they handling?"

"Why, ore, of course."

"And do you see nothing significant in that?"

"To be sure!" I exclaimed, "why, that ore—"

"Hush! hush!" admonished Hall, putting his hand over my mouth, "don't talk so loud. Now, go on in a whisper."

"The ore," I resumed, "may have come back from the furnace-room, because the side tunnel turns off so as to run parallel with the other."

"It not only may have come back, it actually has come back," said Hall.

"How can you be sure?"

"Because I have been over the track, and know that it leads to a secret apartment directly under the furnace in which Dr. Syx pretends to melt the ore."

For a minute after hearing this avowal I was speechless.

"Are you serious?" I asked at length.

"Perfectly serious. Run your finger along the rock, here. Do you perceive a seam? Two days ago, after seeing what you have just witnessed in the Syx tunnel I carefully cut out a section of the wall, making an aperture large enough to crawl through, and, when I knew the workmen were asleep, I crept in there and examined both tunnels from end to end. But in solving one mystery I have run myself into another infinitely more perplexing."

"How is that?"

"Why does Dr. Syx take such elaborate pains to deceive his visitors, and also the government officers? It is now plain that he conducts no mining operations whatever. This mine of his is a gigantic blind. Whenever inspectors or scientific curiosity seekers visit his mill his mute workmen assume the air of being very busy, the cars laden with his so-called 'ore' rumble out of the tunnel, and their contents are ostentatiously poured into the furnace, or appear to be poured into it, really dropping into a receptacle beneath, to be carried back into the mine again. And then the doctor leads his gullible visitors around to the other side of the furnace and shows them the molten metal coming out in streams. Now, what does it all mean? That's what I'd like to find out. What's his game? For, mark you, if he doesn't get artemisium from this pretended ore he gets it from some other source, and right on this spot, too. There is no doubt about that. The whole world is supplied by Syx's furnace, and Syx feeds his furnace with something that comes from his ten acres of Grand Teton rock. What is that something? How does he get it, and where does he hide it? These are the things I should like to find out."

"Well," I replied, "I fear I can't help you."

"But the difference between you and me," he retorted, "is that you can go to sleep over it, while I shall never get another good night's rest so long as this black mystery remains unsolved."

"What will you do?"

"I don't know exactly what. But I've got a dim idea which may take shape after a while."

Hall was silent for some time; then he suddenly asked:

"Did you ever hear of that queer magic lantern show with which Dr. Syx entertained Mr. Boon and the members of the financial commission in the early days of the artemisium business?"

"Yes, I've heard the story, but I don't think it was ever made public. The newspapers never got hold of it."

"No, I believe not. Odd thing, wasn't it?"

"Why yes, very odd, but just like the doctor's eccentric ways, though. He's always doing something to astonish somebody without any apparent earthly reason. But what put you in mind of that?"

"Free artemisium put me in mind of it," replied Hall, quizzically.

"I don't see the connection."

"I'm not sure that I do either, but when you are dealing with Dr. Syx nothing is too improbable to be thought of."

Hall thereupon fell to musing again, while we returned to the entrance of the tunnel. After he had made everything secure, and slipped the key into his pocket, my companion remarked:

"Don't you think it would be best to keep this latest discovery to ourselves?"

"Certainly."

"Because," he continued, "nobody would be benefited just now by knowing what we know, and to expose the worthlessness of the 'ore' might cause a panic. The public is a queer animal, and never gets scared at just the thing you expect will alarm it, but always at something else."

We had shaken hands and were separating, when Hall stopped me.

"Do you believe in alchemy?" he asked.

"That's an odd question from you," I replied. "I thought alchemy was explicated long ago."

"Well," he said slowly, "I suppose it has been exploded, but then, you know, an explosion may sometimes be a kind of instantaneous education, breaking up old things, but revealing new ones."

VIII.—More of Dr. Syx's Magic.

Important business called me East soon after the meeting with Hall described in the foregoing chapter, and before I again saw the Grand Teton very stirring events had taken place.

As the reader is aware, Dr. Syx's agreement with the various governments limited the output of his mine. An international commission, continuously in session in New York, adjusted the differences arising among the nations concerning financial affairs, and allotted to each the proper amount of artemisium for coinage. Of course, this amount varied from time to time, but a fair average could easily be maintained. The gradual increase of wealth in houses, machinery, manufactured and artistic products called for a corresponding increase in the circulating medium; but this, too, was easily provided for. An equally painstaking supervision was exercised over the amount of the precious metal which Dr. Syx was permitted to supply to the markets for use in the arts. On this side, also, the demand gradually increased; but the wonderful Teton mine seemed equal to all calls upon its resources.

After the failure of the mining operations there was a moderate revival of the efforts to reduce the Teton ore, but no success cheered the experimenters. Prospectors also wandered all over the earth looking for pure artemisium, but in vain. The general public, knowing nothing of what Hall had discovered, and still believing Syx's story that he also had found pure artemisium in his mine, accounted for the failure of the tunneling operations on the supposition that the metal, in a free state, was excessively rare, and that Dr. Syx had had the luck to strike the only vein of it that the Grand Teton contained. As if to give countenance to this opinion, Dr. Syx now announced, in the most public manner, that he had been deceived again, and that the vein of free metal he had struck being exhausted, no other had appeared. Accordingly, he said, he must henceforth rely exclusively, as in the beginning, upon reduction of the ore.

Artemisium had proved itself an immense boon to mankind, and the new era of commercial prosperity which it had ushered in already exceeded everything that the world had known in the past. School-children learned that human civilization had taken five great strides, known respectively, beginning at the bottom, as the "age of stone," the "age of bronze," the "age of iron," the "age of gold" and the "age of artemisium."

Nevertheless, sources of dissatisfaction finally began to appear, and, after the nature of such things, they developed with marvelous rapidity. People began to grumble about "contraction of the currency." In every country there arose a party which demanded "free money." Demagogues pointed to the brief reign of paper money after the demonization of gold as a happy period, when the people had enjoyed their rights, and the "money barons"—borrowing a term from nineteenth-century history—were kept at bay.

Then came denunciations of the international commission for restricting the coinage. Dr. Syx was described as "a devilish sucking the veins of the planet and holding it helpless in the grasp of his tentacular billions." In the United States meetings of agitators passed furious resolutions, denouncing the government, assailing the rich, cursing Dr. Syx, and calling upon "the oppressed" to rise and "take their own." The final outcome was, of course, violence. Mobs had to be suppressed by military force. But the most dramatic scene in the tragedy occurred at the Grand Teton. Excited by inflammatory speeches and printed documents, some thousand armed men assembled in the neighborhood of Jeney's Lake and prepared to attack the Syx mine. For some reason the military guard had been depleted, and the mob, under the leadership of a man named Bings, who showed no little talent as a commander and strategist, surprised the small force of soldiers and locked them up in their own guardhouse.

Telegraphic communication having been cut off by the astute Bings a fierce attack was made on the mine. The assailants swarmed up the sides of the cañon and attempted to break in through the foundation of the buildings. But the masonry was stronger than they had anticipated, and the attack failed. Sharpshooters then climbed the neighboring heights and kept up an incessant peppering of the walls with conical bullets driven at 4000 feet per second.

No reply came from the gloomy structure. The huge column of black smoke rose uninterruptedly into the sky and the noise of the great engine never ceased for an instant. The mob gathered closer on all sides and redoubled the fire of the rifles, to which was now added the belching of several machine guns. Ragged holes began to appear in the walls, and at the sight of these the assailants yelled with delight. It was evident that the mill could not long withstand so destructive a bombardment. If the besiegers had possessed artillery they would have knocked the buildings into splinters within twenty minutes. As it was, they would need a whole day to win their victory.

Suddenly it became evident that the besiegers were about to take a hand in the fight. Thus far they had not shown themselves or fired a shot, but now a movement was perceived on the roof, and the projecting arms of some kind of machinery became visible. Many marksmen concentrated their fire upon the mysterious objects, but apparently with little effect. Bings, mounted on a rock, so as to command a clear view of the field, was on the point of ordering a party to rush forward with axes and beat down the formidable doors, when there came a blinding flash from the roof, something swished through the air, and a gust of heat met the assailants in the face. Bings dropped dead from his perch, and then, as if the sythe of the Destroyer had swung downward, and to right and left in quick succession, the close-packed mob was leveled, rank after rank, until the few survivors crept behind rocks for refuge.

Instantly the atmospheric broom swept up and down the cañon and across the mountain's flanks, and the marksmen fell in bunches like shaken grapes. Ninety per cent of the besiegers were destroyed within ten minutes after the first movement had been noticed on the roof. Those who survived owed their escape to the rocks which concealed them and they lost no time in crawling off into neighboring chasms, and as soon as they were beyond eyeshot from the mill they fled with panic speed.

Then the towering form of Dr. Syx appeared at the door. Emerging without sign of fear or excitement, he picked his way among his fallen enemies, and, approaching the military guard-house, undid the fastenings and set the imprisoned soldiers free.

"I think I am paying rather dear for my whistle," he said, with a characteristic sneer, to Capt. Carter, the commander of the troop. "It seems that I must not only defend my own people and property when attacked by mob force, but must also come to the rescue of the soldiers whose pay rolls are met from my pocket."

The captain made no reply, and Dr. Syx strode back to the works. When the released soldiers saw what had occurred, their amazement had no bounds. It was necessary at once to dispose of the dead, and this was no easy undertaking for their small force. However, they accomplished it, and at the beginning of their work made a most surprising discovery.

"How's this, Jim?" said one of the men to his comrade, as they stooped to lift the nearest victim of Dr. Syx's withering fire. "What's this fellow got all over him?"

"Artemisium! 'pon my soul!" responded Jim, staring at the body. "He's all coated over with it!"

Immediately from all sides came similar exclamations. Every man who had fallen was covered with a film of the precious metal as if he had been dipped into an electric bath. Clothing seemed to have been charred and the metallic atoms had penetrated the flesh of the victims. The rocks all round the battlefield were similarly veered.

"It looks to me," said Capt. Carter, "as if old Syx had turned one of his spoons of artemisium into a hose pipe and soaked 'em with it."

"That's it," chimed in a lieutenant, "that's exactly what he's done."

"Well," returned the captain, "if he can do that, I don't see what use he's got for us here."

"Probably he don't want to waste the stuff," said the lieutenant. "What do you suppose it cost him to plate this crowd?"

"I guess a month's pay for the whole troop wouldn't cover the expense. It's costly, but then—gracious! Wouldn't I have given something for the doctor's hose when I was a youngster campaigning in the Philippines in '99?"

The story of the marvelous way in which Dr. Syx defended his mill became the sensation of the world for many days. The hose-pipe theory, struck off on the spot by Capt. Carter, seized the popular fancy, and was generally accepted without further question. There was an element of the ludicrous which robbed the tragedy of some of its horror. Moreover, no one could deny that Dr. Syx was well within his rights in defending himself by any means when so savagely attacked, and his triumphant success, no less than the ingenuity which was supposed to underlie it, placed him in an heroic light which he had not hitherto enjoyed.

As to the demagogues who were responsible for the outbreak and its terrible consequences, they slunk out of the public eye, and the result of the battle at the mine seemed to have been a clearing up of the atmosphere, such as a thunderstorm effects at the close of a season of foul weather.

But now, little as men guessed it, the beginning of the end was close at hand.

[To be Continued.]

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## GARDENING ONCE A LEARNED PROFESSION.

[Meehan's Monthly:] The term gardener implied much more a few generations ago than it does today. Young men paid heavy premiums to get in as apprentices under learned gardeners, and when at the end of the term they were invested with the "Blue Apron," most of them would compare favorably, in general intelligence, with the graduates of our modern universities. Of these broadly-educated men, a notable one, Louis Menand of Albany, N. Y., recently passed away in his ninety-third year. He was born in the province of Burgundy, France, and maintained his interest in flowers and general affairs till his death.



## Stories of the Firing Line \* \* Animal Stories.

### Sherman and the "Way Round."

**A**MONG the visitors to the national capital last winter was a Southerner named McMillan, now a lawyer New York. During the rebellion McMillan was a soldier in the Confederate army which opposed Sherman's march to the sea. At one place in Georgia a brigade of Confederates made a most determined stand.

"We occupied a hill well adapted to defense," said Mr. McMillan. "The sides were steep and nearly bare. At the top were plenty of rocks to shelter our guns and men. Half way down the slope we cut young trees and constructed an abatis. Here we awaited attack, and did not wait in vain. The vanguard of Sherman's army approached and without delay rushed to the assault. They came bravely up the hills, and we mowed them down. With splendid courage the Federals came again and again, and our artillery and rifle fire played havoc among them. Night put a temporary stop to the onslaught, but next day it was renewed. More troops had come up by this time, and the number of our assailants was increased, but the result was the same. We beat them back again with great slaughter. Finally the attack ceased altogether. To our surprise we saw the Federal armies marching southward through the valleys to the left and to the right of us. By next day all had disappeared. Left alone with no foe to storm our position, there was nothing for us to do but to abandon our stronghold and move on in the rear of the Northern armies. It was Tecumseh Sherman himself who had arrived at the base of our fortified hill and ordered a cessation of the attack. Years afterward Gen. Sherman and I chanced to be dining side by side at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. I asked if it was true he had ordered abandonment of the assault upon our hill. He said it was.

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

"For the simple reason," replied Gen. Sherman, "that by that time I had seen enough fighting to know the value of the way round."—[Washington Correspondence Chicago Times-Herald.]

### A Brave American.

**F**OR conspicuous gallantry in action, for saving the wounded at the risk of his own life under a heavy fire." So reads the report of Maj. Waller, commanding Lieut. Arthur E. Harding for his conduct during the fighting before Tien-Tsin. Young Harding's old friends in Quincy, Ill., where he was born and spent his youth, were not surprised at the gallantry of the lieutenant. They had not forgotten an incident of the Chicago riots of 1894, when Harding pursued a miscreant who had felled a sentry, and laying him low with the flat of his sword, bore him upon his shoulder back in triumph to the guard, through a threatening mob of strike sympathizers. For Harding is an athlete as well as a born soldier. Ever since he was old enough to bear a gun, he has taken an interest in local military matters. When the Spanish-American war broke out he immediately proffered his services to the government, and after the war he was sent to Cavite as lieutenant of marines. There he remained till the Chinese outbreak. The action commended by Maj. Waller in his report is not the only memorable act of conspicuous gallantry to the credit of Lieut. Harding. It was he who, in association with Lieut. Crofton, R. H., and Lieut. Butler, U. S. M. C., laid the mines that destroyed the great Chinese arsenals on the approach to Tien-Tsin, and it was Harding who, alone and single-handed, captured the imperial banner. The lieutenant is 28 years old, but looks much younger.—[Leslie's Weekly.]

### Where They Gave Up Hope.

**T**HERE is a simple little frame dwelling in Abbeville, S. C., surrounded by a dense grove of elm trees, within which occurred one of the most dramatic scenes in American history, and because of this it is visited by hundreds of tourists. It is known far and wide as Burt house, and was in the year 1865 the residence of Armistead Burt, who, prior to the war, was a United States Congressman.

Here it was that at last all hope of the success of secession was abandoned by the Confederates. About the first of May in that year President Jefferson Davis, in his retreat across the country after the fall of Richmond, accompanied by five ministers of the Confederate cabinet, stopped over in Abbeville on the way to Washington, Ga., where the next day the last meeting of that body was held. He was entertained while in Abbeville by Mr. Burt at his unpretentious but hospitable home, and that evening called a special council of war. At this council President Davis, who had with him two brigades of cavalry under Gens. Vaughan and Dukes, urged that a last effort be made to reorganize the Confederate army at that point. He addressed his ministers eloquently, entreating them not to abandon all hope as yet, but to make every effort to hold the Confederate government together until at least terms could be secured from the north which would protect the life and property of the supporters of the southern cause.

Those present listened respectfully to his words, but did not think the plan proposed could be successfully carried out, the Secretary of War insisting that the soldiers themselves were unwilling to fight any longer. Then President Davis called in his accompanying generals. He outlined his plan to them and then proceeded to question Gen. Dukes as to whether or not his soldiers could be relied upon to make a stand. Gen. Dukes's face clouded as he replied that he feared not. The same question was then asked Gen. Vaughan. A deathlike silence reigned while every man in the room waited for the soldier's reply. It was the same that Dukes had given. Next the President turned to Bragg, and with a similar result. During this interview Davis's countenance had gradually grown more and more somber; at the last word he leaned his head against the back of his chair and covered his face with an unfolded handkerchief. The silence was unbroken. Mr. Burt advanced to his unfortunate guest and led him from the council chamber to

the apartment where Mrs. Davis was waiting for him. Thus was all hope abandoned.

The result of the last council of war was soon known all over Abbeville, and the generals and Secretary of War were kept busy for hours signing honorable discharges for the tired soldiers, who immediately applied for them. During the evening Mr. Benjamin asked for a hatchet, and with it he defaced the Confederate seal. About 12 o'clock the same night the Confederate army continued its retreat in the direction of Washington, Ga., and while crossing Savannah River in the darkness, someone suggested that the seal be thrown overboard. This idea was at once approved, and when the boat reached mid-stream it was dropped with a dull splash into the sandy riverbed of that beautiful southern watercourse, where to this day, its mission all fulfilled, it serenely rests.—[Ladice Home Journal.]

### Kipling was Hungry.

**H**ERE is an amusing story which is told of Kipling by Cecil Rhodes. After the siege of Kimberley they were both staying at a beautiful little Dutch farm, the home of one of Mr. Rhodes's managers. One morning early the flag was hauled down from the flagstaff, probably by some rebels, and the manager was so afraid lest Rhodes's keen eye should notice it that he hurriedly begged the privilege of showing him round the fruit farms before breakfast. Mr. Kipling, who was in a dreamy mood, stayed behind. But dreaminess presently gave place to hunger as time went on, the flag was hoisted, and Mr. Rhodes did not appear. On their way home Mr. Rhodes and the manager were surprised to come across, on every tree they passed, big placards, bearing in bold, black letters such sentences as "Famine," "We are Starving," "Feed Us," and this sort of thing went on until they got to the front door, where they found written in still more startling type:

"For the Human Race

"Breakfast.

Purifies the Mind—invigorates the System! It has Sustained Thousands, It Will Sustain You.

"See That You Get It."

And inside, too, on every available wall and door there were placards getting stronger and stronger until they came to "Why Die When a Little Breakfast Prolongs Life?" "It is Late." "It is Still Later." Until at last they came to the little room where Kipling sat waiting for his breakfast, innocent but hungry. It was of course, the characteristic work of the author of "Stalky & Co."—[Unidentified.]

## ANIMAL STORIES.

### A Noble Dog.

**I**N the year 1861 the steamship Swallow left the Cape of Good Hope, bound for England. Among the passengers was a child of two years, and a nurse. The lady had also brought with her a handsome Newfoundland dog. A company of the passengers were assembled on the deck, when suddenly all were awe-struck by the loud and piercing screams of a woman.

The nurse, who had been holding the child in her arms at the side of the vessel, had lost her hold of the restless little one, and it had fallen overboard into the great Atlantic. But something rushed swiftly passed her; there was a leap over the vessel's side, a splash into the water, and then Nero's black head appeared above the waves, holding the child in his teeth.

The engines were stopped as soon as possible, but by that time the dog was far behind in the wake of the vessel. A boat was lowered, and the ship's surgeon ordered the sailors to pull for their lives. One could just make out on the dancing waves the dog's black head, holding something in his mouth.

The mother of the child stood on the deck, her eyes straining anxiously after the boat, and the black spot upon the waves still holding firmly to the scarlet jacket.

Sometimes a billow higher than its fellows hid for a moment dog and child. But the boat came near enough at last to allow of the surgeon's reaching over and lifting the child and the dog.

"Alive!" was shouted from every lip, as the boat came within hail of the steamer; and, as the answer came back, "Alive!" a "Thank God!" broke from every heart.

Then the boat came up to the ship's side. Many hands were stretched out to help the brave dog, on board, and "Good Nero," "Brave dog," resounded on every side. But Nero trotted up to the child's mother, and looked up into her face with his big brown eyes. It was as if he said, "It is all right, I have brought her back quite safe." The mother dropped on her knees, and taking his shaggy head in both hands, kissed his wet face, the tears pouring down her face. Nero was for the rest of the voyage the pet of the whole ship.—[Rev. E. Payson Hubbard in Our Dumb Animals.]

### The Latest in Bear Traps.

**B**ILLY HOFER, the official hunter and trapper of the United States government out in the Yellowstone country, not long ago caught a big black bear in one of his patent traps, which also answers as a transportation cage. It is made of iron rods and oak timber—the trap, I mean, not the bear—has a drop at either end, and is baited with honey. When the bear enters and commences to paw the honey, the drops fall and lock him in as tight as if he were in an exhibition cage at a menagerie. The cage can be shipped wherever the bear is wanted, and Billy Hofer supplies bears and other wild beasts to the Central park commissioners of New York and several zoos throughout the country, as well as to the Smithsonian institute at Washington.

Well, Billy hauled the bear down to the railroad terminus at Cinnabar, backed the wagon up against the door of a

freight car, ran out a couple of planks for slides, and hitched a chain to the cage so as to draw it into the car. A pair of mules on the other side of the car were hitched to the other end of the chain and the driver was to be very careful in starting them. He obeyed the best of his ability, and everything went right until the cage was drawn into the car. The bear, being inexperienced in modern transportation facilities, did not comprehend the situation, and expressed his anxiety prolonged "Woo-o-o-o-o-o!" which alarmed the mules caused them to start across the railroad yards at a gallop. They snatched the bear cage through the side of the car and dragged it over the ground as they ran on one side and then on the other. One minute the bear would be standing on his head and the next on his tail. The cage bounded along as if it were as light as a feather, and the louder the bear said "Woo-o-o-o-o-o!" the faster the mules ran, and their fright was a measure allayed by having six or seven men yoking them.

It was an excellent test of the strength of the cage, for when a field of stumps was reached on the side of the road, it bounded from one to another until it dropped into a place between two stumps that was wide enough for the cage to pass through. The team with a jerk, and caused them to stop as they turned somersaults. But they were in a moment, and when the bear said "Woo-o-o-o-o-o!" they made a desperate jump. The mules being more than the chain, they were released, and did not remain until they were several miles away. Now those mules have shied at freight cars.

The team of sober-minded horses which had been cage down from the mountains was brought to a stump field and dragged it back to the car. The bear suffered no damage and the bear got an extra ride. ing.—[W. E. Curtis in Chicago Record.]

### A Canine Entertainer.

**A**CORRESPONDENT sends me the following which any student of the canine species will appreciate. She says: "Out in one of the suburbs there lives a bulldog who has often been the worthy of respect and admiration. He has a social nature, evincing the utmost pleasure in the company of superior man and that of his own race, and the role of a genial host on occasions with marked results."

Recently he has attained to a degree of fame hitherto unsuspected by his nearest and dearest. A few days since he was seen trotting busily in his usual free and airy manner; everybody in the place, partly because of his interesting personality, and because he has lived there since his puppyhood, and an observer instantly thought something was on his mind. Presently he returned, gone, but bringing with him a companion of his size, another bulldog, whom he conducted to a retired spot in the garden where he had a heap of beef bones. It goes without saying that the guest required no special urging to partake of the sumptuous banquet, and he fell to with great gusto. The host demonstrated his ability to sit by and watch proceedings, not only calmly, but with a smiling every atom of his small body evincing keen satisfaction of his friend, who crushed and gnawed bones to matter. No mean moral feat that. A little fellow still further enacted the attention of the stranger to his home. In view of these, it seems that persons who are prone to existence of reason in animals, preferring to be instinct, may be obliged to reconsider the matter. ton Herald.]

### A Snake, Two Eggs and a Jug.

**A**LADY in Durban on getting up one morning to find that a snake had its head and one end through the handle of a china jug. Being a snake—that is, the portion on each side of the head were bulging out. Then she discerned what was the matter. Some eggs had been lying on the shelf, and having swallowed one, had crawled partly through the jug—that is, as far as the swallowed end—low—in order to get another, which it had done. Naturally enough it could not then get out the backward through the handle. The lady was called her husband when the reptile gave a rattling noise, and in doing so fell on the floor with a crash, and all. But the fall broke both the eggs in the taking advantage of its release from the handle, it in the garden before you could say "Woo-o-o-o-o-o!" Asian.

### Bird Intelligence.

**D**URING a high wind one day this morning a oriole was thrown from its nest to the ground, picked up by kind hands, and kept in the house. A watch was kept behind the closed blinds of a near by to note proceedings on the part of the birds. They, in the meantime, had seen the bird borne away, and had followed it to the house, where it was kept near the open window, its cries had been heard of its whereabouts. They soon came to it on the hovered over it, doing much talking and commotion. Finally, they alighted near the little nest, the female clipped her wing under it and seemed to be in course of acting upon the male, who sagged about to the little one, spreading his wings over it, and to a tree, when the female followed him, and came back, and again clipped a wing under the male. Finally, he seemed to understand or to get the control, and, clipping his own wing under, he made a sort of cradle for the birdling. And, with its free wing, they flew to the tree, landing it in its safety among the branches, where it was last seen. [Boston Christian Register.]

## Famous

PATHS

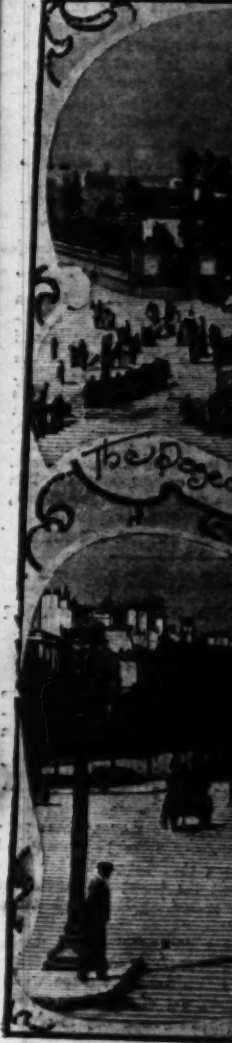
SOME OF THE

NOTED THINGS

By a Special

"THE carriages of the carriages of the not wish that red flag," says the most so it is in "the carriages of the carriages of the class carriage, that we of the finest driveway forms, City of Mexico.

Our destination is the rulers from Monterrey, early in the season and times when Mexico City blue burns overhead, a of a hundred churches browns, with here and where the declining sun wisteria is threaded through stained houses; birds patios, and the scent The carriages of the the grand pageant that



boulevard when our modest at the entrance to the Paseo eque-ian statue of Charles ico, and, next to the modern Rome, the largest and finest The Paseo is two miles in seventy feet in width, with three hundred feet in diameter by fine bronze statues

The first is occupied by the velle in 1877. The statue of a pedestal of Russian jasper, some, being ornamented with size figures. The figure of Col ingly, one hand drawing the World, and the other raised h The monument adorning the history of the last days of the proached by four stairways leopards, stands a three-part is carved two historical pictures. One of these representations moctzin, before Cortez; the temptatin. The second part o arms and shields, and the th a war-like statue of the great It is to Carlotta—poor, ill- owes this beautiful drive thought of her sad fate distr who laugh and chat and flirt



[October 28, 1920.]

October 28, 1920.]

Stories.

Famous Drives of the World. By Mrs. J. Torrey Connor.

PATHS OF PLEASURE.

SOME OF THE AVENUES WHICH HAVE BECOME NOTED THE WORLD OVER FOR BEAUTY.

By a Special Contributor.

"THE carriages of the blue flag are two per cent the hour, the carriages of the red flag—but the refectoria would not wish that I should bring her a carriage of the red flag," says the more of the hotel, with conviction. And so it is in "the carriage of the blue flag," that is, a first-class carriage, that we make our initial excursion into one of the first driveways of the world, the Paseo de la Reforma, City of Mexico.

Our destination is Chapultepec, the home of Mexico's rulers from Montezuma to Juarez. It is late in the day, early in the season and young in the year, the time of all times when Mexico City is at its best. A sky of turquoise blue burns overhead, and against it the domes and spires of a hundred churches are limned in soft grays, or dull browns, with here and there a patch of brighter color where the declining sun shines on the glazed tiles. Purple wisteria is threaded through the iron balconies of the time-stained houses; birds sing and fountains tinkle in the patio, and the scent of spring lingers in the air.

The carriages of the four hundred are getting in line for the grand pageant that nightly sweeps up and down this

sets apart for the "passing show," while the sky changes from blue to rose, from rose to gold, and then to palest amber, and the light on snow-crowned Popocatepetl flamed up like a torch, and dies down to ashen grayness.

The moon had risen, lending a touch of beauty indescribable to the scene, when we turn reluctantly from the contemplation of the superb picture—the fairy arches of the castle rising from the fortress-like rock, the wonderful hanging garden and the stately park of Chapultepec—and drive slowly back, by way of forest-embowered Tacubaya and the Paseo, to the City of Mexico.

Contrasted with the Paseo, or with the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, with Rotten Row, London; the Via Nazionale, Rome, or even with the Prado, Madrid, or the Promenade des Anglais, Nice, our Pennsylvania avenue, where the President of the United States takes his daily airing, Riverside drive, New York, Shell Beach drive, New Orleans, and Magnolia drive, Riverside, Cal., are in a way, scarcely noteworthy.

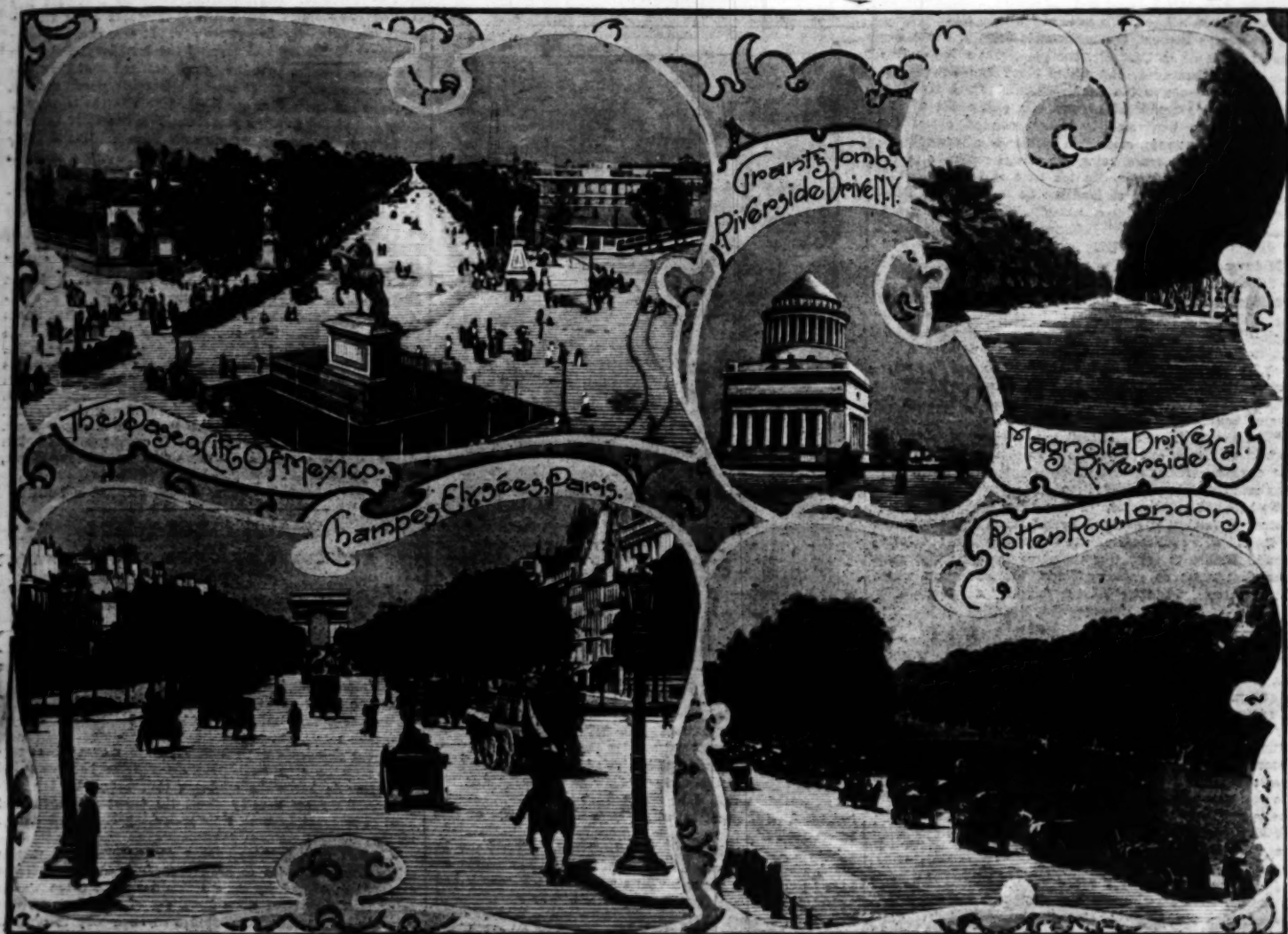
Our country is new and raw, in some respects, and particularly is it lacking in the matter of art, and—I will add—of history. We are remedying the latter defect as best we may, as time goes on; but until we discontinue the practice of setting up the graven images of our worthy but unpicturesque statesmen in public places, in lieu of statuary, we may continue to sit on the lowest step of the temple of Art. Nature is doing much to help us out, however. With all the aids of art, and with history written

these scenes. The road winds through plantations, where the big white house with pillared porches, the residence of "de famby," may be seen, flanked by negro cabins that are half hidden by clambering roses or white-starred jasmine trends along bayous, on the still, brown waters of which golden-hearted lilies cream; and finally emerges from the jungle to follow the white line of beach that is washed by the waters of the gulf.

A stream of travel pours through New Orleans during the winter months, setting in from the frozen north, from Mexico or from over seas. Thus it is that one meets all sorts of people on the Shell Beach drive. There goes a man from Canada, sweltering in heavy woollens and anxiously eyeing a Mexican, who, accustomed to a similar climate, is dressed for this kind of weather and enjoys it. There are people from New York, and people from St. Charles avenue; people from San Francisco, and people from down Mobile way; and the sun shines genially on the southerner, and likewise on the stranger within his gates.

New York's Beautiful Drive.

Shell Beach drive takes one through the heart of the tropics. Riverside drive, New York, is of the north, northern, yet it is as beautiful, in its way, as the other. One does not miss the green dusk of tropical vegetation, the soft, languorous air, the perfume of jasmine when gazing



boulevard when our modest conveyance joins the procession at the entrance to the Paseo. Facing this entrance is the equestrian statue of Charles IV, the largest bronze in Mexico, and, next to the monument of Marcus Aurelius, in Rome, the largest and finest equestrian statue in the world. The Paseo is two miles in length and one hundred and seventy feet in width, with four glorietsas, or circles, each three hundred feet in diameter, two of which are ornamented by fine bronze statues of heroic size.

The first is occupied by the Columbus monument, unveiled in 1877. The statue of the discoverer is mounted on a pedestal of Russian jasper, which in itself is very handsome, being ornamented with bas-reliefs and four life-size figures. The figure of Columbus stands forth commandingly, one hand drawing the veil of mystery from the New World, and the other raised heavenward.

The monument adorning the second glorieta recalls the history of the last days of the Aztec reign. On a dais approached by four stairways, each guarded by bronze leopards, stands a three-part pedestal, on the first of which is carved two historical pictures in relief and two inscriptions. One of these represents the captive prince, Cuauhtemoc, before Cortez; the other, the torture of Cuauhtemoc. The second part of the pedestal bears the Aztec arms and shields, and the third section is surmounted by a war-like statue of the great prince.

It is to Carlotta—poor, ill-starred Carlotta—that Mexico owes this beautiful driveway. But I warrant you no thought of her sad fate disturbs the pleasure-loving people who laugh and chat and flirt away the hour that fashion

on the very stones of the highway—with all this, I say, to interest and delight the traveler in foreign lands, what country of the Old World can boast of a spot more attractive than Southern California? Truly it is the garden-spot of America, if not of the world.

Magnolia Avenue.

Among other things for which California is far-famed, is Magnolia drive, Riverside. This beautiful drive extends for eight miles down the valley. It is divided by a row of pepper trees, the lace-like foliage of which, in season, is jeweled with strands of red berries. On one side of the avenue, eucalyptus trees, tall, commanding, reminding one of a column of Hessian soldiery, line the road; on the other, graceful palms lift their fan-shaped leaves high in the air, and waxen-cupped magnolias spill perfume along the way. Extending back, and bowing the houses that grace the drive, are orange groves—this is the home of the Riverside navel orange.

Not to have seen an orange grove in the full beauty of bloom and bearing, is to have missed a foretaste of paradise. Among the dark green leaves the golden spheres hang thickly, and against this background of green and gold, the white blossoms of a future harvest gleam like stars. In the distance are the mountains, keeping watch and ward over this smiling valley.

Shell Beach Road.

Who has not heard of the Shell Beach road, running from New Orleans to the Gulf of Mexico? Surely, no one who has entered Cable's Wonderland, but would gladly revisit

at the noble Hudson that rolls majestically at the foot of the heights.

Riverside drive is bounded on one side by the homes of the wealthy class, set in the midst of emerald lawns and gardens abloom with rare flowers. This is the most charming residence quarter of New York; and now that trade is rapidly encroaching on the hitherto sacred precincts of Fifth avenue, it bids fair to become fashionable, as well. The drive and promenade are bounded by the coping of a massive retaining wall, without which there would be a landslide into the waters of the Hudson below. Here, in the shade of the trees, lovers linger, and little children play upon the turf. Below the retaining wall nature has been left unmolested, and all green growing things flourish unpruned.

Just outside the drive stands a bronze copy of Houdin's statue of Washington, presented to the city by the school-children of New York. The home of Maggie Mitchell, the actress, is at the corner of West End avenue, and Richard Mansfield resides near One Hundred and Fourth street.

The drive terminates at Claremont Heights, where is the tomb of Gen. U. S. Grant. "The lower portion of the tomb is a square structure of the Grecian-Doric order. The entrance is protected by a portico formed of double lines of columns, and is approached by steps seventy feet wide. The square portion is finished with a cornice and a parapet, and above this is a circular cupola seventy feet in diameter. The interior is cruciform in plan, the four corners being piers of masonry connected at the top by coffered arches. On these arches rests an open circular gallery, culminating in a paneled dome. The surfaces between the planes a-

interwoven with silver

TO SAN FRANCISCO—INCLUDING BERTH AND MEALS—MERCHANTS' INDEPENDENT LINE

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7. Vital Campaign Issues  
8. The Public Service: Official Doing

is Chicago. Roosevelt celebrated his birthday by refuting Bryan fallacies. Bryan dines and orates in Gotham. Stevenson shows up in Chicago. Cal.



the faces of the arches and the circular dome are decorated in high-relief sculpture emblematic of the birth, military and civic life and death of Gen. Grant. The body of Gen. Grant rests in a sarcophagus hollowed from a single, flawless block of red porphyry.

This magnificent tomb seems to be the objective point of the sight-seers who drive out Riverside way. Certain it is that many Americans make pilgrimages thither, and not a few people from abroad also pay their respects to our soldier-statesman's sepulcher.

One of the liveliest thoroughfares in the United States is the beach drive at Long Branch. One sees all sorts and descriptions of vehicles on Ocean avenue—stages crowded with excursionists, carriages hitched to spanking teams in silver-mounted harnesses, tandems, four-in-hand gigs, dog-carts and lastly, the automobile, with which the American has just begun to amuse himself.

Speaking of automobiles—Paris is the place to see them in all their variety. On our way over we'll stop in London and take a turn around Rotten Row.

#### Rotten Row, London.

In the London season, Hyde Park is the favorite resort of the fashionable; and at the prescribed hour all Vanity Fair may be seen on dress parade in Rotten Row. Numberless carriages throng the drive, and equestrians ride up and down, drawing rein beside the curb to exchange greetings with a friend, then falling in line again and pacing regularly around the course. Gaily-dressed loungers line the way; and careless of "a thousand eyes and ten thousand comments" the people who come to be seen—Lady this, or Lady that, the Duke of what's-his-name and the latest theater favorite—roll by in their splendid carriages, the envied of all.

Rotten Row, which name is a corruption from Route de Roi, or the king's drive, is a mile and a half long.

The Champs Elysees, the fashionable drive of Paris, begins at Place de la Concorde, the place where Marie Antoinette was beheaded, and where blood had flowed like water, and extends to the Arc de l'Etoile, which structure dominates the magnificent avenue. On either side of this promenade are handsome buildings, one of them, the Palais de l'Elysee, erected in 1718 and afterward rebuilt on a grander scale, being the official residence of the President of the republic. In the time of Louis XV this mansion was the home of Madame de Pompadour. Other celebrities have lived there, notably, Murat, Napoleon I, Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, Emperor Alexander I of Russia and Napoleon III.

Midway between the Place de la Concorde and the Arc de l'Etoile is a circular park, made bright with flowers and beautified with fountains. From 3 to 5, and from 7 to 9, the fashionable world—on foot, in carriages or on horseback—throng the avenue. If on foot, one is in great luck not to be run down by the reckless riders of good horseflesh, or by the drivers of the automobiles that go whizzing past with lightning speed. The avenue ends at the Place de l'Etoile, so named from the star formed by the twelve boulevards ending at that point.

"The Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile is the largest triumphal arch in existence, and is visible from almost every part of the environs of Paris. Begun by Napoleon I in 1806, it was completed by Louis Philippe in 1836."

To attempt a description of this grand arch, upon which history is faithfully depicted by artists skilled in the use of the chisel, would require more space than is ours to command. Suffice to say, it is the place toward which one's gaze first turns on entering Paris, the last upon which the eyes rests, when we bid the fair city adieu.

#### The Via Nazionale.

"All roads lead to Rome." And so it is that, sooner or later, the traveler finds himself riding down the Via Nazionale, the pride of modern Rome, that sacrificed many an acre of antiquity in the making of this boulevard. Still, enough of antiquity remains to furnish the traveler with material for reflection. Gazing on the crumbling ruins of the Coliseum and Forum, standing in the Sabbath twilight of St. Peter's, where the white-winged spirit of peace seems ever to abide, or looking down from the Pincian Hill upon the ancient city while the moon swings out her silver lamp, one is apt to ask himself a question, something like this: "If Rome, with her history behind her, is still great, what must she have been before 'finis' was written above her name?"

Some one has said, very prettily, that Nise is the smile of France. With dazzling sunshine, perfumed breezes, pretty faces and an atmosphere of exquisite mildness, surely there is nothing more to be desired. "The traveler leaves London or Paris, dim with fogs, mantled with snow or inundated with rain, and steps out of his train into the heart of summer. He breathes an air smelling of violets and mimosas along the fairy Promenade des Anglais, and finds himself in the midst of a brilliant and fashionable crowd."

At carnival time a battle of flowers is fought along the famous drive. Carriages garlanded with flowers from dashboards to running gear sweep up and down the course, while the air is darkened with the sweet-scented missiles.

The beautiful Place, the pride of Marseilles, the four-mile street, of Tokio, Under the Linden, famed in song and story, would that we had time to visit them all while taking our famous drives at home and abroad.

#### ANTS DIG AN ARTESIAN WELL.

[Savannah News:] It is a notorious fact, says a correspondent, writing from Millen, Screven county, Ga., that red ants will dig their holes until they strike water. Near the station in Millen, and about fifty feet from one of the main artesian wells, is a colony of big red ants that have been working in the same bed for over fifty years. One of the oldest citizens says they were there for that length of time to his certain knowledge, but he can't say how long they were there before that time. One can imagine the astonishment of the people of Millen when they saw this (Thursday) morning a bold flow of artesian water seven feet high coming from that red ant bed. The poor fellows dug to their own destruction. A very peculiar thing about it is that it has cut off the wells here. There is great excitement here. People for miles around are coming in hourly to see the wonderful well.

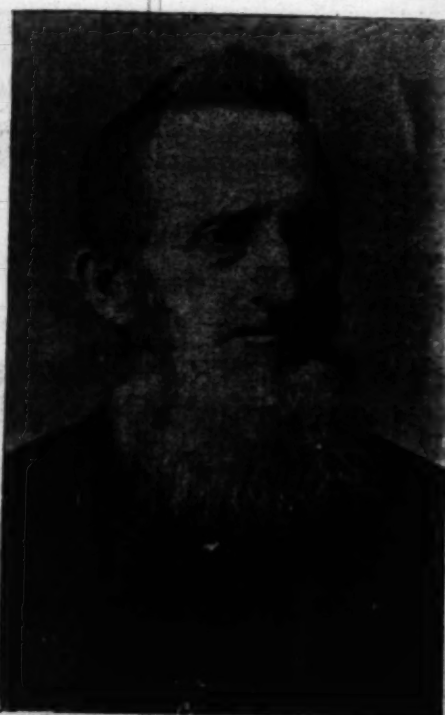
## HE SURPRISED THEM.

THE FIRST POLITICAL SPEECH MADE  
BY WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

From a Special Correspondent.

CANTON (O.) Oct. 22.—On a dry goods box, four feet long, three feet wide and three feet high, William McKinley made his first political speech in the little town of New Berlin, away back in 1865. The box stood in front of a house which has since burned down, and just inside the gate of a wooden fence, within 100 feet of the four corners at the business center. The man who introduced him to his first audience lives in a new brick house, built within ten feet of the location of the dry goods box which supported the coming President on that memorable night. The benches in front of the post-office next door furnish a resting place for the old politicians who here gather to get their mail, daily, and talk over the most notable event in New Berlin's history, made notable by the achievements of the boy orator, McKinley, in succeeding years.

"Can you make a speech?" said Michael Bitzer to William McKinley, when the speaker arrived from Canton, ready to follow Judge Underhill upon the improvised stage. Michael Bitzer was the chairman of the meeting. He is now 83 years old, but he remembers the night he introduced young McKinley as though it were a happening of yesterday. The somewhat unexpected remark of the chairman of the meeting to the young man who was to make his debut



MICHAEL BITZER, WHO INTRODUCED PRESIDENT M'KINLEY ON THE OCCASION OF HIS FIRST POLITICAL SPEECH.

before a large audience, rather took his breath away for a moment, but on the assurance of Judge Underhill that Mr. Bitzer meant to offend, he regained his pleasant face, showing the kind disposition which is so characteristic of him today.

"Could he speak?" said Michael. "Well, I should say he could. Everybody was simply dumfounded. For nearly an hour he talked as never a young man in Stark county had talked before. I told Judge Underhill, who accompanied him, after the meeting, that McKinley did a blundered right better than he did, and the Judge, too, pronounced him a coming politician."

"I really was surprised when Judge Underhill introduced that young strip of a boy to me, saying that he had come to make a speech in place of another judge, who was unable to be present. Of course I only asked McKinley in a joke if he could make a speech. I spoke to him much as I would to a boy, but I really did have my doubts about such a young man doing justice to the occasion." Mr. Bitzer introduced him as William McKinley of Canton. He little thought he was introducing the coming President of the United States.

McKinley arose and looked over his audience. There was not a sign of the emotion on his part which usually attends the first speech of a speaker. In statue he was not portly and strong, as he is today. In fact, he wasn't even as tall. "But," says Mr. Bitzer, "as I remember him, the same strong characteristics which have been so notable in his public life within the last few years, stood out forcibly on that night." He spoke under the glimmer of the street lighted by oil lamps, for that was before the days of electric lights. His strong personality and his kindly manner were noticed by the people of New Berlin. His hearty handshake, his pleasant smile were all there, only waiting for opportunity and strength of purpose to develop them.

As McKinley and Judge Underhill drove into town in the early evening and up to the hotel, many of the admiring audience of an hour and a half later undoubtedly mistook the young man beside the stately judge for the driver of the carriage.

Mr. McKinley spoke in the open air, but not to the winds. There was silence which would admit of the audible drop-

ping of a pin. The night was clear. His voice was heard by those who sat a hundred feet away on the steps of the store near the corner. He confined himself strictly to the issues of the campaign of 1865, which, however, was not a Presidential one. He did not once refer to politics, but vocabulary and active brain were his only prompters. "I just wondered," says Mr. Bitzer, "where he got all those words and ideas." It was a pointer for one not to neglect the power of youth in the future.

William McKinley, then about 20 years of age, had come to Canton but a short time before he made his first speech from the rural district of Poland, in Mahoning county, his rise in the legal profession to the position of President of the Stark county was rapid.

The town of New Berlin is situated about six miles north of Canton. At the time that McKinley spoke the population was about five hundred. Since that time it has nearly doubled. The people of the immediate vicinity augment the crowds at any political speech. New Berlin has nearly always looked to Canton for a good share of its speakers during political campaigns. Thinking back on the inhabitants do, to the time when they heard the first speech of the man who can draw tens of thousands to hear him, the largest cities they have no reason to complain of the talent which has come out of Canton, although it is the same county.

A short time ago, Mr. and Mrs. McKinley took a drive. It was a beautiful morning in the last week in September. Almost before they realized it, they came upon the town of New Berlin. As they passed the place where Mr. McKinley had started his political career upon a dry goods box, the occupants of the carriage both turned their heads and spread over the countenance of the President of the United States. They drove past and turned east at the first corner by the postoffice. After a short drive up that road they returned and again passed the spot where stood the dry goods box of thirty-five years ago. It was not long that President McKinley had crossed the boundary line of the town from Canton that the people realized that they were very unexpectedly entertaining a notable guest and that too, who had more than passing interest in the town. They turned out in large numbers. The President met all he met. He recognized some old friends. One of them, Michael Bitzer, whose name is found in his own memory faces.

To return to Mr. Bitzer, he is justly proud of "having introduced the President into politics," as he calls it. He is an old soldier and a life-long Republican. He has lived in Canton. On the street he met Mr. McKinley, ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Perry S. Heath. He said the President to Mr. Heath, as he put his hand on Bitzer's shoulder, "is the man who introduced me into politics." Then Perry and Mr. Bitzer shook hands. It was not the first time that Mr. McKinley has introduced a chairman of the first political meeting at which he was present. Once Mr. Bitzer called at the Governor's office in 1896 when Mr. McKinley was Governor. There were not more than a dozen people in the room. "This," said McKinley, "is the man who first introduced me into politics." Bitzer's hand was grasped not less than a dozen times. "Yes," said Bitzer, "McKinley and I are fast friends. President greets him in the same way he does his old playmate at Niles; he puts his arm around him."

W. FRANK SPENCER.

## SNAKE EMIGRATION.

OFF THE COAST OF COSTA RICA THEY  
SWARMS WITH SERPENTS EN VOYAGE.

By a Special Contributor.

A remarkable instance of serpents apparently upon their own account is to be witnessed by passenger on one of the Pacific Mail steamers plying between San Francisco and Panama.

Off the coast of Costa Rica there is a narrow water about fifty miles in breadth that is infested with the most venomous-looking snakes.

As the ship cuts a path through the waves, the tiles may be seen swimming away from her, wriggling in her wake on being churned up by the peller. They are usually about three feet in length, marked alternately with sinister-looking black rings.

Whether or not these snakes are naturally of origin does not seem to have been fully determined. An explanation offered by sailors familiar with the being that they have come down one of the rivers into the Pacific and that they are on their way to the many islands off the coast.

Questionable as this theory may seem, it is confirmed in the case of an island much further east, about sixteen miles out from Coromandel.

The island in question forms one of the group of the Coromandel Islands—an objective point of these eastern tourists who do not fear a day's voyage on the Pacific rollers in a launch or fishing boat.

The islands themselves, barren peaks and ridges of submarine range of mountains, are uninteresting from the fact that one only of their number is inhabited by hundreds, if not thousands, of monster rattlesnakes. At some time, no doubt, they must have come from the mainland, but why they should have come to the islands only for a habitat, upon which they appear to be neither food nor water, is a question the Italian fishermen are unable to answer. It is perhaps curious that they do offer the opinion that snakes on this particular island are from time to time recruited by fresh arrivals from the mainland.

## SIBERIA DEVELOPING RAPIDLY.

[London Sphere:] Ever since the commencement of the railroad line in 1893, emigration from European Russia to Siberia has been steadily increasing, and will probably be not far short of half a million individuals annually. The emigrants have land allotted to them, and are treated for a quarter of the ordinary third-class fare, which is self phenomenally low, judged by English standards. They are also accorded other privileges. At many places the station buildings themselves form the nucleus of the towns, and comprise chapels and schools.

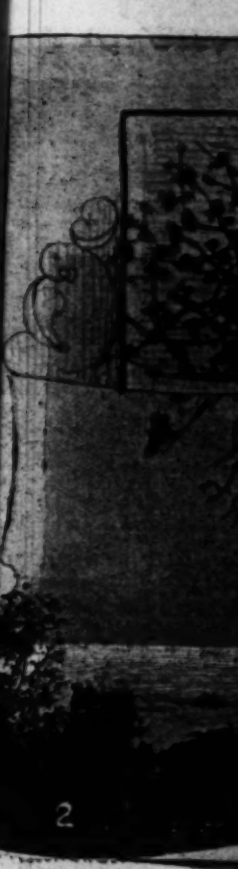
## BEAUTY

THE CAMERA AND  
IN SOUTHERN

By a Special

THE natural beauties of Southern California have been the subject of song and of inspiration to the artist. Since photography has been beguiling pamphlets sent to the operator: has only to "pose" and, presumably doing the rest, to obtain tops and cultivated again and again by the camera. Scenic scenes transferred to the hills and blooming orchards of dwellers in less favored climes which they would fain journey to see. As in the first Eden, however, and it requires no Pictorialist to follow this trail, blazed by the photographer, which disfigure the rocks, while the path is strewn with egg shells and the music parties, who act on the stage, as this way again," regarding the follow after.

What lover of nature, who has



(C) SAN FERNANDO MOUNTAINS.

summer morning in a toilsome climb experienced when coming to the cañon, shut in by rocky walls, the flowers of every hue, and a tiny music to which fairy feet might dance. This exquisite bit of nature, clinging with him, likewise that of a red wood, evidently the remains of some merry party had gathered on the circle of pastured horses, peering at an allent protest against the frequently occurs that a beautiful, by the appearance in some of the setting forth the merits of the scene. I have in mind a beautiful Angeles Camera Club on an outing on the jagged rocks forming the mountain stream came tumbling over a miniature cascade from which fell in countless sparkling drops, whose depths a cloud-flecked sky was up a camera, however, is was found, there appeared prominently a large boulder on which were blossomed a dose might prove when taken and application to our California effect upon the nerves of the when encountered under such circumstances not to be lost, so one of the young prevailed upon to drape herself and hide as much of the obnoxious limitations of a modern writer also vividly recalls a



# BEAUTY MARRED.

THE CAMERA AND WHAT IT CATCHES  
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By a Special Contributor.

THE natural beauties of Southern California have long been the subject of song and story, as well as a source of inspiration to the artist. Of late years in particular, since photography has been "made easy," according to the beguiling pamphlets sent out to confiding amateurs, and the operator has only to "push the button," the camera has been doing the rest, our beautiful cañons, rugged mountain tops and cultivated valleys have been visited again and again by the enthusiastic photographer. The charming scenes transferred to the sensitive plate on such occasions are reproduced and scattered broadcast, our vicariously beautiful hills and blossoming orchards conjuring up visions in the minds of dwellers in less favored climes of a paradise to which they would fain journey.

As in the first Eden, however, the trail of the serpent is found, and it requires no Pathfinder of Cooper's time to follow this trail, blazed by the patent medicine man's glistening advertisements, which disfigure our noble trees and picturesque rocks, while the pathway is strewn with broken bottles, egg shells and tin cans left by careless tourist and picnic parties, who act on the principle that "We may not pass this way again," regardless of the feelings of those who follow after.

What lover of nature, who has spent the greater part of

an outing in the mountains of Ventura county. There, as in the case just cited, a brook bordered by graceful trees and mountain grasses, formed the central feature of the composition. On developing this plate a tin can of genus proportions was discovered, occupying a position well in the foreground. The exposure having been hastily made, said can was unnoticed at the time; however, as it was lodged among the rocks in the middle of the stream and the photographer was not equipped with rubber boots, the result might have been the same in any case. Although an excellent specimen of the genus tin can, in a remarkable state of preservation, the picture in which it appeared so prominently was not intended as an advertisement of Bestor's baked beans, therefore its value as a photograph was not appreciated.

Another cause of the frequent marring of our beautiful landscapes is the presence of the ubiquitous telegraph or telephone pole. It would appear that the surveyors take a savage delight in running their lines through the most picturesque spots, those ugly poles being placed in such positions as to ruin the effect of the scene. Frequently, if placed but a few feet to one side, the straight lines which nature abhors, would be hidden by trees or hills, thus serving their purpose equally as well and at the same time saving the temper and reputation of the artist who endeavors to reproduce the picture. While the artistic sensibilities of the worker with brush and pencil may be outraged equally with those of the photographer, yet he is enabled to ignore such features when transferring the landscape to his canvas. Not so with the camera enthusiast. What is seen by the instrument is exactly reproduced on the sensitive plate, the lens copying as faithfully the symmetrical outlines of telephone pole or arduine can as those of the graceful forms of maidenhair fern.

From the infliction of telegraph and telephone poles we

these lines is boundless, and should prove a labor of love for the local photographer.

We love to photograph the hills,  
Wooded vales and sparkling rills,  
But the soul with discord thrills,  
At sight of signs like Cheatm's Pills.

Developing our plates at night,  
By the dimly-burning light,  
Hearts are oft a broken quite  
As cans and egg shells loom in sight.

Then, kofak artists, join our band,  
Let us all united stand,  
In the forward movement grand,  
To clear this debris from our land.

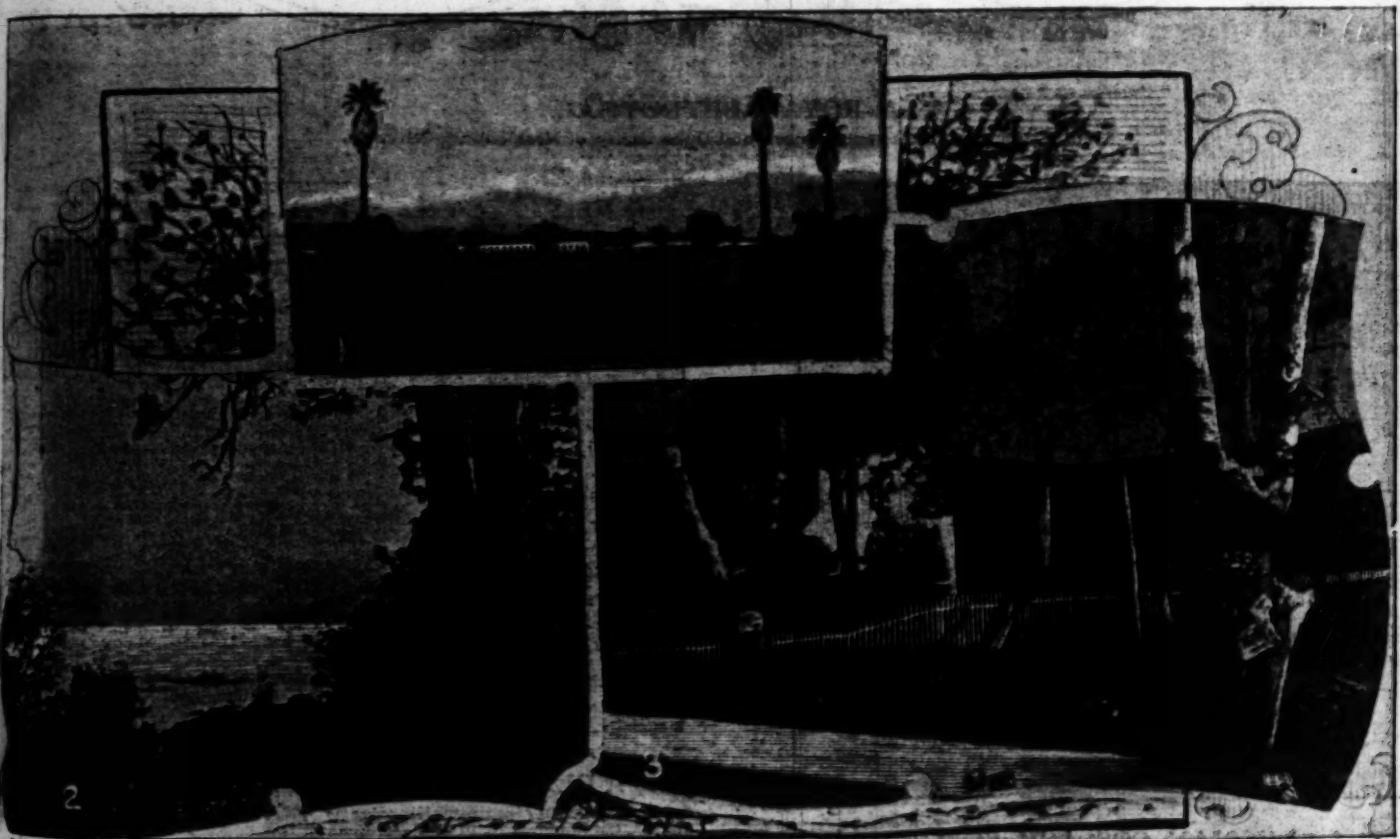
HELEN L. DAVIE

## SOME QUEER FLOWERS.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Did you ever see a field of white larkspur with its rich colors—violet-purple, deep blue and white? In the center of each blossom the four petals form a little rabbit, with ears alert and listening. The white rabbit is especially pretty, and no one can fail to notice the odd likeness to the animal form. The colored leaves, which seem to be a part of the flower, are really the sepals of the calyx.

You can also find a lark in the flower by pulling off all the sepals except two, which are left for the bird's outspread wings. The long spur, which runs backwards, is the tapering body and long tail of the lark. When I was a child it was great pleasure to see my hidden bird appear as the unnecessary sepals were removed, and it was just in the graceful act of flight from the stem!

Another flower of the same family, the wild columbine takes its name from columba, a dove, on account of the likeness of the bright petals to a group of doves surround-



(1) SAN FERNANDO MISSION AND PALMS: PHOTO BY C. O. VALENTINE, PRESIDENT L. A. CAMERA CLUB. (2) LAKE TAHOE: PHOTO BY C. J. FOX. (3) STAMORES AND SIGNS: PHOTO BY MISS H. L. DAVIE.

summer morning in a toilsome climb, will ever forget the slight experienced when coming suddenly upon a cool, sun cañon, shut in by rocky walls, to which dainty ferns and mosses cling, its carpet of soft grass dotted with mountain flowers of every hue, and a tiny mountain brook making music to which fairy feet might well keep time? The memory of this exquisite bit of Nature's handiwork will linger with him, likewise that of blackened stones and charred wood, evidently the remains of a campfire about which some merry party had gathered to discuss its lunch, the circle of pasteboard boxes, papers and tin cans remaining as a silent protest against such desecration.

It frequently occurs that a beautiful landscape is ruined, statistically, by the appearance in some conspicuous spot of a sign setting forth the merits of a newly-discovered medicine. I have in mind a beautiful cañon visited by the Los Angeles Camera Club on an outing last spring. The spot on the jagged rocks forming the sides was ideal. A mountain stream came tumbling over the rocks, forming a miniature cascade from which the sunlight was reflected in countless sparkling drops, and there a calm pool, whose depths a cloud-flecked sky was mirrored. On setting up a camera, however, it was found that, placed where it would, there appeared prominently on the ground glass a large boulder on which were blazoned forth the wonderful properties of a well-known nerve tonic. However soothing such a dose might prove when taken internally, its external application to our California scenery has a most irritating effect upon the nerves of the local artist, especially when encountered under such circumstances. The view is not to be lost, so one of the young women of the party prevailed upon to drape herself carefully over said boulder and hide as much of the obnoxious sign as possible, thus saving the limitations of a modern outing gown.

The writer also vividly recalls a picture taken during

seem at present unable to escape, but if all lovers of nature would unite in waging a relentless war against the tin-can and egg-shell evil these destroyers of good language and negatives would speedily be obliterated from the face of the land.

The good example set by the Landmarks Club in preserving to us the remains of the wonderful old missions might well be followed by such associations as the Los Angeles Camera Club and its sister organizations throughout the State in rescuing our beauty places from the despoiling hand of the sign painter and the lunch baskets of careless tourists. May the photographers of this sunny clime combine in an effort to preserve our natural scenery in all its pristine beauty. The professional who is gathering photographs to send East and North to advertise the scenic attractions of our summer land, and the amateur who seizes his pictures merely for love of the work, might well join in a crusade against the hordes who desecrate our beautiful landscapes.

As an humble beginning, let each of us pledge himself to aid the good work by leaving no relics of picnic outings or photo tours to mar the scene of his no-noddy rest and recreation, and where practicable, to dispose of such choice collections as may have been left by former visitors to the charmed spot. The effect of such work must be great, while it is safe to predict that at no distant day such organizations as the Camera Club, working in harmony with others having the same great end in view, may secure legislation which will prevent the promiscuous scattering of patent-medicine advertisements throughout the country and provide for locating the necessary, but unsightly poles, in less conspicuous places. In fact, the opportunity for good work along

ing a water bowl. As soon as the colored sepals are removed, this likeness is very obvious.

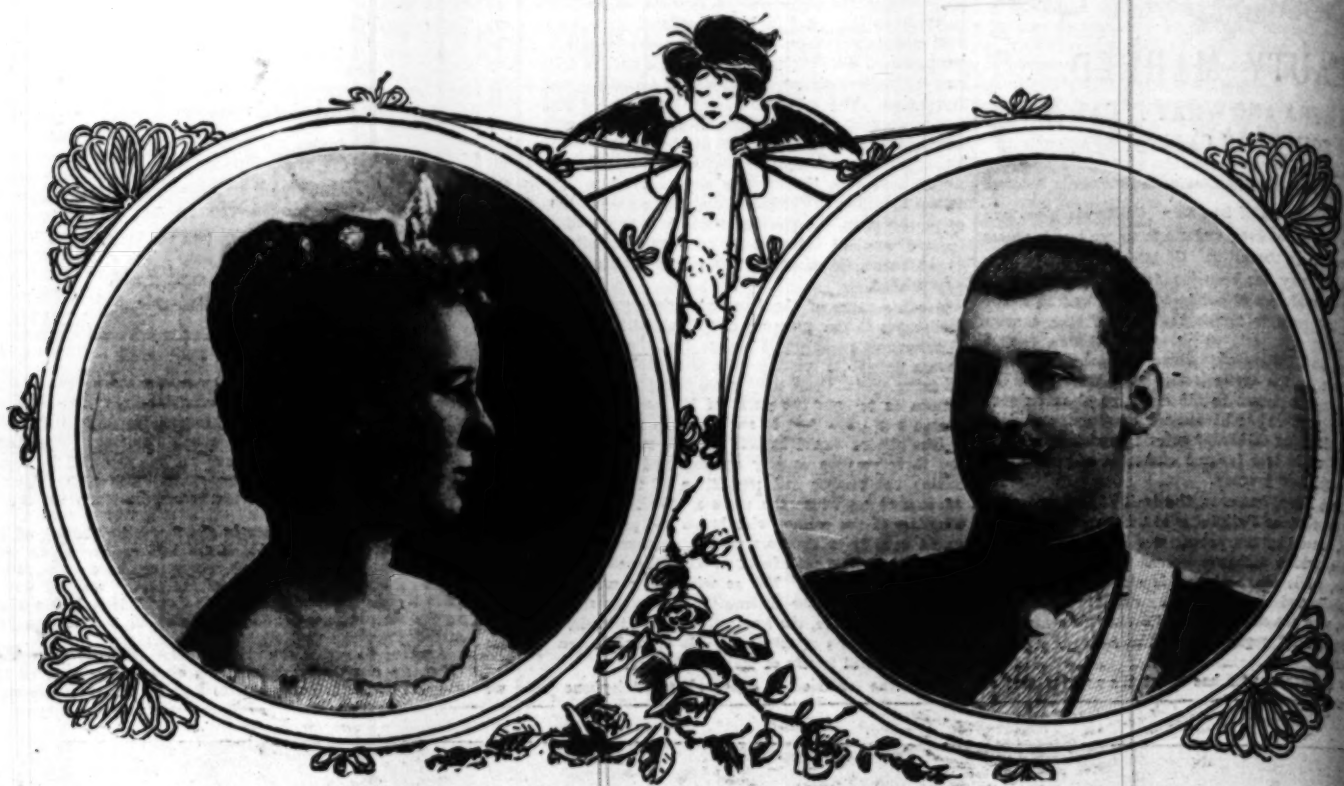
The snapdragon, one of the charming flowers, is another delightful flower to a child, because he can open the gaping jaws of the dragon's mouth and see its furry tongue, and the spots and blotches of color remind him of the leopard's spots and the tiger's stripes. The beard-tongue, with its swollen throat, is one of the same grotesque group. The money-flower has only to show its old, grinning blossom to explain its Latin name, which means a "little joker," or clown—*minimus*.

By the way, the pretty gold and purple pansies display queer little monkey faces in their open flowers, which seem to nod and grimace with every passing breeze. The turtlehead is named from its blossom, "shaped like a turtle's head with closed mouth." This, too, is "woolly bearded in the throat," which adds to its general queerness of look. The foxglove sounds like a German fairy tale, with Master Reynard concealing his paw in an elf-made glove. The monk's-hood also suggests a story, a bad one for the monks, for if you look well under the dark blue hood or cowl made by the calyx you will discover, cunningly hid, two diminutive hammer-like claws, the only petals this flower possesses.

The prettiest blossoms that mimic life, are the bee, the butterfly and the dove orchids, and the charming moth-mulleins, clustered thickly with exquisite purple or canary-yellow, moth-shaped flowers, ready to fly. They carry violet wool to keep the inside dry from rain, and this rich tint, with the orange pollen, make the central part of the blossoms as gay as a tropical butterfly.

The mouse-ear and the dandelion (the lion's tooth) and the ragged robin also suggest animal likenesses and associations, and many plants have seed vessel that are shaped like the beak and the spurred foot of a bird, as the hook-beaked crowfoot, the cranesbill, or geranium, from a Latin word for crane, and many others. Like children, the early observers of nature delighted in odd resemblances, and made a kind of fairy story of their imperfect science.



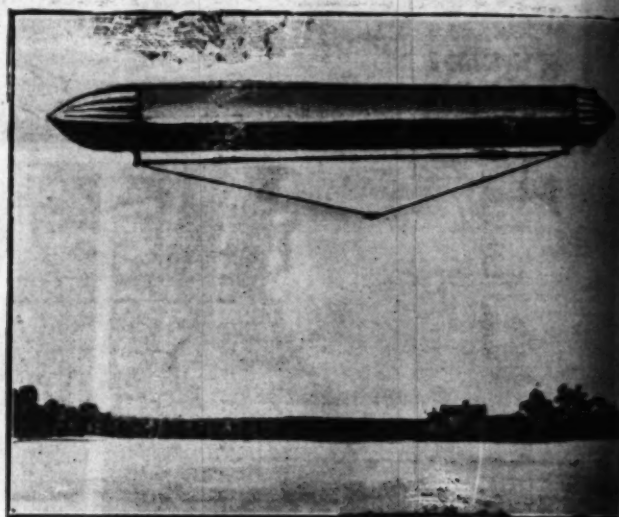


## A ROYAL BETROTHAL.

Wilhelmina, Holland's young Queen, and Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

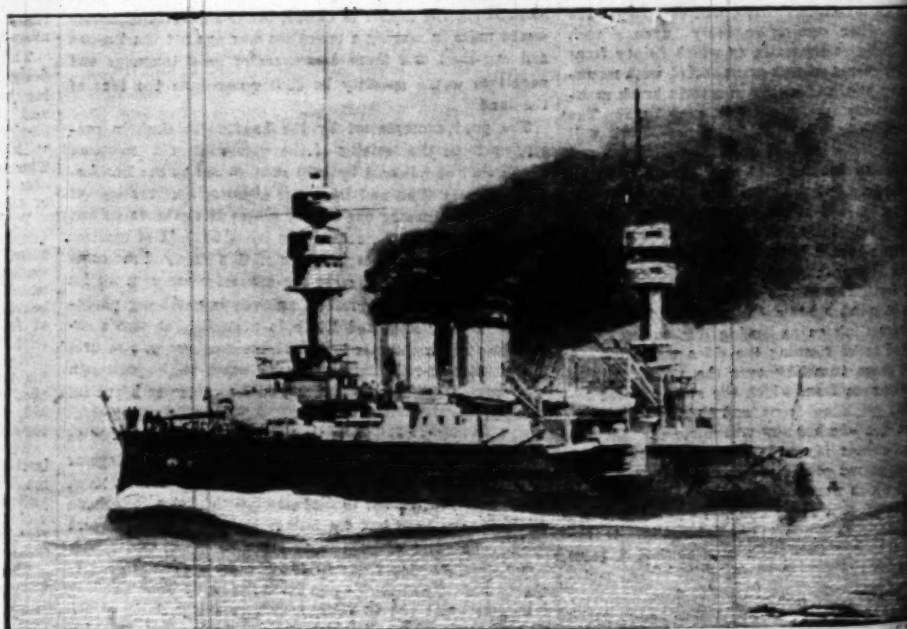


RUSSIAN COSSACK SOLDIERS.



## A REAL FLYING MACHINE AT LAST.

The Zeppelin airship which recently sailed seven miles at Friedrichshafen, Germany, with five passengers, was steered at will and against the wind as well as with it.

ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF,  
Commanding Russian Forces in China.

THE FRENCH BATTLESHIP GAULOIS.

October 28, 1901

## INK BLOT

The decision of the court in the case of the alleged forgery of John Cahill, through a large, in...

The Illinois Trust Co. the suit, and kept at Seventy-first St. who married in 1880 McCaffery's niece, who he alleged had been in 1893. The Illinois the farm since McCaffery's deed was a forgery. For the complainant the firm of Ringer, in 1898 Howard had he could get possession...

This picture received. The that not over...

Sir Thomas Lip II, will make another challenge to the Yacht Club.



INK BLOT SHOWED UP A FORGERY.

The decision of a jury in Judge Ball's court, reported yesterday, the deed to \$115,000 worth of land, was reached through a large, innocent-looking blot near the signature of John Cahill.

The Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, as trustee, won the suit, and kept possession of the old McCaffery farm, at Seventy-first street and Western boulevard. Howard, who married in 1888 Rose McCahill, supposed to be John McCaffery's niece, claimed the land under the deed, which he alleged had been given him by the eccentric millionaire in 1893. The Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, holding the farm since McCaffery's death in 1894, maintained the deed was a forgery.

For the complainant, Jessie Lowenhaupt, formerly of the firm of Ringer, Wilharts & Lowenhaupt, swore that in 1893 Howard had shown him the deed, asking him if he could get possession of the property under it, the deed

having been lost from the time of McCaffery's death in 1894 to that time.

The assertion that the deed was forged was denied by the complainant and his attorneys, who offered the deed in evidence. It had been certified before Anthony R. Pfohl, notary public, on December 30, 1893, and Mr. Pfohl testified that he had witnessed, signed and sealed the deed and seen it handed to Mr. Howard by Mr. McCaffery.

Experts Tolman, Drake and Ewell pronounced the will spurious, although they admitted that beyond doubt the signature of McCaffery was genuine. The deed, said Henry R. Tolman, had been altered by chemicals. A microscopic examination resulted in the discovery that the body of the instrument had been eaten out by chemicals and filled in again, the deed, according to the experts, having been originally probably for some other piece of property than the farm and to some other person than Howard.

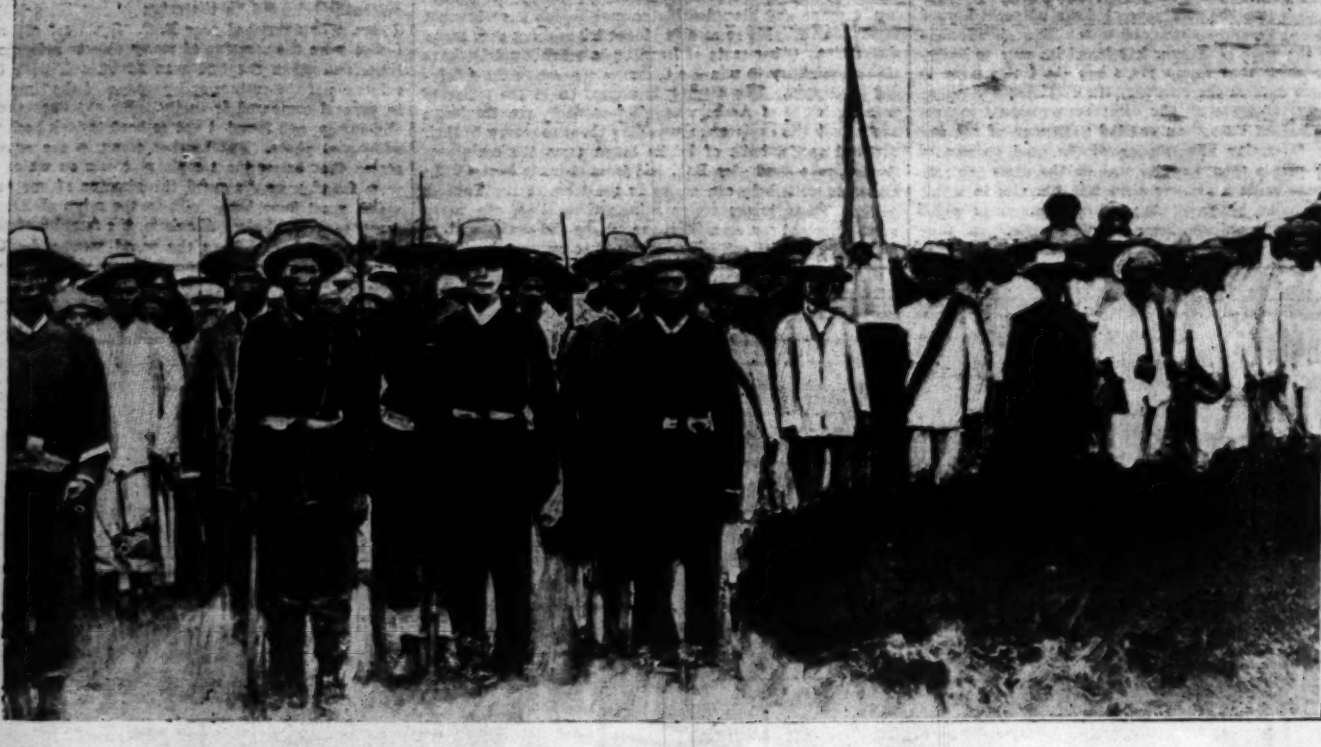
A large blot of ink dropped from McCaffery's pen close

to his signature proved to the jury beyond a doubt the theory of the experts. The blot had fallen at a place where subsequently the paper was folded. That the blot had been dropped prior to the folding of the paper, however, was proved by the fact that it had not run along the line of the fold or seaked into the tissue of the paper, as it would had the surface of the paper been broken by folding prior to the dropping of the blot.

In the body of the instrument it was plainly visible that all of the ink lines in the 500 words of description of the property had run along the lines of folds in the paper, proving that the ink blot had been made at one time and the body of the instrument filled in at another.

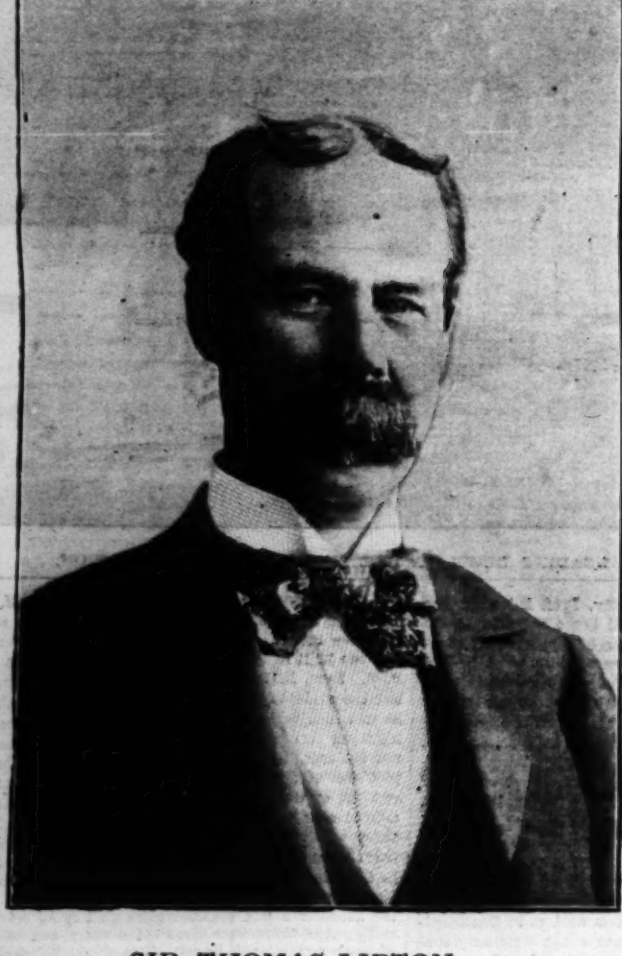
The jury decided against the deed in one ballot, taken five minutes after they left the courtroom.

Two suits being allowed a plaintiff in an ejectment case; attorneys for the plaintiff announced that they would bring their contention and deed into court again. The case is set for trial on November 12.—[Chicago Tribune.]



THE FILIPINO ARMY.

This picture shows Aguinaldo's personal guard. It was taken shortly after Gen. Lawton's death by a Spanish officer and has just been received. The guard has shrunk in numbers and fared as badly in appearance since then, so that today they wouldn't look as well. It is estimated that not over one hundred men are now left to Aguinaldo personally.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

Sir Thomas Lipton, with a new yacht which he will name Shamrock II, will make another attempt to "lift" the American cup next autumn. His challenge to that effect has recently been received by the New York Yacht Club.



HIRAM MAXIM.

Hiram Maxim is sometimes called "the destroyer" because of the deadly weapons of war which he has invented, among them the famous quick-firing Maxim gun and the dynamite gun. He is now engaged in perfecting a flying machine for use in war. He is an American, but has lived in Europe for many years.



## Long-buried History Brought to Light.

### WONDERFUL RECORDS.

#### DISCOVERIES MADE BY PROF. HILPRECHT IN THE ANCIENT CITY OF NIPPUR.

By a Special Contributor.

THE German mail steamer which has just arrived in New York City brings a message from the beginnings of civilization, through Prof. H. V. Hilprecht of the University of Pennsylvania, whose remarkable discoveries on the site of ancient Nippur have been of such great archeological value and interest. It is fully expected that his report of what he has found in old Babylonia in his most recent excavations will project the history of mankind backward into the past, several thousand years beyond the beginnings heretofore assigned to it. Enough information from the work at Nippur has found its way to Philadelphia to show that 10,000 years ago (centuries prior to the old-time date of the creation) there existed a civilization as comprehensive as our own; a commercial system built on "modern lines"; an exalted patronage of art and letters; a far-seeing appreciation of the good opinion of posterity; people then went to war on the same pretenses that animate modern armies; they had libraries in which were dictionaries, histories, etc.; public museums in which were paintings, sculpture, archeological specimens; they used machinery for making earthen pots and plates; they

which have come from the Emperor down, must be very tempting to him. But in spite of them he has declared his allegiance to his American college, and the gain to the latter can be gauged from the fact that he has declared the mounds of Nippur to be so extensive that at least a dozen years will be required to complete the work of excavation. The man is as interesting as his work, for the latter is the direct result of his personality. The mounds of Nippur were known to students perhaps before Hilprecht was born, and even after they were opened and some of their contents scrutinized, their importance was not fully realized until this almost unknown student pieced the fragments into a wonderful mosaic of the early history of the world. And since then it has been his astute diplomacy, his unflinching courage and his scientific acumen which have brought forth this veritable sermon in stones triumphing over many difficulties. Other rests of learning in other countries have striven mightily to win the Ottoman consent to their delving in Nippur. The digging is carried on in the midst of warring tribes of Arabs, who gallop suddenly over the desert and attack the explorers, compelling them to scurry to their fortified castle, built of bricks taken from the temple of Sargon, who lived 3600 B.C., and from there to beat off the besiegers until help can arrive in the form of the Turkish police. These bricks are meaningless to all of the party until Hilprecht can scan them one by one and read the story which the ancient scribe has stamped in curious Cuneiform

pottery, tablets and other things that had been buried for centuries began to be found in an abundance that surprised and delighted the explorers. On the surface of the sand piles were found pottery and small objects of various character, some of which were lettered in a way to let the scientists know that they had been dropped by the Jews, who lived on the mound in the manner of the present-day Arab, as late as 800 A. D. But, once the first layer of sand was removed, and old walls made their appearance, the objects picked up showed the excavators that they were amid the ruins of a city which evidently flourished centuries before Christ. Bricks were picked up marked Ashurnasirpal, a King who lived prior to 600 B. C. The value of this discovery was eclipsed, however, by the discovery of objects which evidently belonged to the reign of one King Kadsash, Turgu, who flourished 1400 B. C. Scattered around in confusion were the remains of many objects belonging to the time, and when the find was announced, with the evidences of the culture and progress of the time, the world in general compared it easily with the Greek and Roman chronology, and found it not so hard to look back these additional years. But further along in the report it was stated that below the temple platform on which the ruins were found were discovered the remains of another temple which must have been built in the reign of King Ur-Nammu, many centuries before Abraham, the founder of the Jewish nation, was born. Then the world wondered. There

were found to be the people.

The tablets celebrated King Lugalsaggisi, the w of Napoleon, who overran subjecting all the peoples tied down to enjoy the that civilization spoken least 1000 B. C., and it are the excavations. It is quite evident that



EXCAVATIONS AT NIPPUR, SHOWING ANCIENT WELL OR DRAIN LEADING DOWN TO THE BEGINNING OF CIVILIZATION.

did exquisite enameling; their architecture included palaces at least two stories high, covering the extent of a modern city block and having a drainage system in which a resemblance in principle to some recorded patents can be traced; their scientists studied astronomy and speculated on the movements of the stars; the educated went in for special religious cults and looked down upon those pagans who were without the law; the rich wore jewelry which a modern goldsmith might be proud to make, and they lived in the cities during the season, leaving their estates in the malarious country districts to the care of agents. But most marvelous of all, with the evidence that this ancient civilization differed but little from our own is incorporated the belief that even then it was very old; that, in fact, it must already have been in process of formation, as many years as have elapsed between that day and our day.

Naturally, the discoverer of this old world holds an exalted place among archeologists. Already he has been honored in Europe, by the Sultan of Turkey, who has conferred a decoration upon him, and by the German universities, which are vying with one another in flattering offers of professorships and doctorates. Now Prof. Hilprecht is a German of the Germans and these Teutonic favors,

script. So in his three-fold capacity, Prof. Hilprecht has been the life of the expedition, and hence not only to the world of archeology, but to the world in general, his coming will be an event of importance, since what he has learned is the link which connects us with the remote past.

So, in anticipation of the tale he will tell, the scholars are brushing up on his past achievements. It is a fascinating story, and here are its outlines: Ancient Nippur, or, as it was called during the days of its prosperity, Kung, is situated on a marshy plain in Mesopotamia, about two days' ride on horseback from Bagdad. When the explorers first went there they saw only great mounds of sand, sage and acres in extent, rising out of the plain. Arab tribes had their camps among these sand piles, and in places they had burrowed into the piles short distances in quest of the curious tablets which occasionally cropped out on the surface, and which brought a small sum from dealers in Constantinople and elsewhere. Some of these Arabs were employed at sums greater than they had ever earned for like periods in their lives to dig into the mines and carry the sand away in baskets and dump it in the marsh far out on the plain. From an arid waste the place came to take on an air of bustling activity, and soon walls, rooms, storehouses,

very little, unless it might be the creation itself, to compare with this. And later, when the platform of Ur-Nammu had been broken through, still another temple was found, this one built in the reign of Sargon I and Narim Sin, 3600 B. C. Now, Bible scholars had read of this King Sargon, but the evidence of his existence was not very strong, and he was thought by many to be a myth. Dr. Hilprecht found his name stamped into thousands of bricks. Even this was not the last, for one day the explorers broke through the platform of Sargon, and there, lying on the ground, were vestiges of what has since proved to be a civilization that existed over seven thousand years ago. They had gone through to virgin soil, and in the hole they found evidence that it was the site of the ancient city of Calash, mentioned in Genesis. A pile of sun-dried brick at one side of the hole, when dug out, was found to be an altar, on which the ashes of a last sacrifice were still lying several inches thick. And there were terra cotta vases, and some pottery of such pronounced beauty that Prof. Hilprecht says it would have been called Grecian had it been found under the most positive conditions. There was a keystone arch also, although it had previously been held that keystone arches were of Roman invention, and finally, most important of all, many fragments of tablets, which, when placed together,

SACRIFICIAL VASE, FOUND NEAR

Kongl. About the time Adam was still fresh from the was attacking the city from of Urush, King of Hazan, a quests he swept the whole Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean capital of his world, and settle sue the arts of peace. In en subjects, however, he was a great idea. He merely mimicked to his hand in one part of the the dynasty of Lugalsaggisi h land the Sumerians had lived civilised, peaceful people, to science and industry and an



INSCRIBED BOWL USED ON MOUNDS OF N

leading objects in life. They practiced carving and sculpture, the separate buildings, they studied adepts in simple manufacturing found them excellent models and things, even to adopting their Nippur. How far this civilization lines may be judged from the a letter recently written by Dr. H the very things he describes:

"The eastern city fortification attention and the whole northern has been traced. The great castle It was called Abullu-Rabu (Great must solid structure of the earl

"The most important discovery tracing of a huge pre-Sargonic front. It was buried far below ous mass of ruins. The whole buildings have now been excav prove conclusively that it had



were found to be the public records of this most ancient time.

The tablets celebrated for the most part the victories of King Lugalsaggai, the world conqueror of his time, a sort of Napoleon, who overran the then known earth, and after subjecting all the peoples within reach of his armies, settled down to enjoy the fruits of victory and to promote that civilization spoken of in the foregoing. This was at least 2,500 B. C. and it may have been earlier, for there are many of the excavations where unaccounted for millions of years have passed. The estimate of time is under, over, any limit that could be put upon it.

It is quite evident that Lugalsaggai was not a native of

window, the only one preserved on this side of the structure, was found. We excavated a few rooms. The floors were carefully laid with baked brick.

"In the rooms were found a number of pre-Sargonic tablets, a seal, a very ancient seal impression in clay, showing an eagle with outspread wings, recognized from similar figures on the monuments of Tello, and a few other objects of peculiar character. At the west wing was a well, built of characteristic pre-Sargonic bricks. A large vase and cup were found near by standing on a little platform. Many traces of the pre-Sargonic period have been discovered; among them are seven large fragments of a limestone relief representing a battle scene. We have found so many pre-Sargonic structures at so many different places in Nippur that we begin gradually to understand what importance the city must have had in possessing the chief and most revered shrine in all Babylonia."

In another letter Dr. Hilprecht states that he discovered the temple library. It was in a separate library building, and it contained 23,000 tablets inscribed with a history of the time and of times then long gone by. When they are all translated it is probable they will extend our knowledge of man far beyond the conquests of Lugalsaggai.

So, what Lugalsaggai found and what Dr. Hilprecht uncovered was an extensive walled city, with great gates carved with a definite idea of art; a king's palace which, for size and beauty, would compare with modern structures

of this kind; a government library, in which the history of the nation was indelibly cut into tablets and the latter stored away on ledges around the walls; an appreciation of good living as evinced in the remains of private dwellings, in one of which a kitchen was found in an excellent state of preservation; in short, a city laid out and operated on a modern basis in the days when man heretofore was supposed to be not much more advanced than the beasts of the field. Furthermore, these people had in them the vital spark of patriotism, the most convincing evidence of their civilization, for hardly had the heel of the oppressor been removed from their neck by the death of the world conqueror than they arose and forcibly reclaimed their ancient rights from his successors.

Now, this outline of the discoveries of Dr. Hilprecht has led the reader so rapidly back through the millenniums as to suggest the possibility of gaps in the succession, but Nippur is an inscribed monument of the history of the world, and the diggings are revealing the evidence of the successive centuries with the regularity of a carefully-numbered folio. Only it is the early pages in which the world is most interested, the record of that civilization which existed long previous to 5000 B. C. It is of this wonderful period that Dr. Hilprecht is coming home to speak, and it is because it will bring us many millenniums nearer to our origin that his words will be regarded as those of an oracle.

THEODORE WATERS.

[Copyright, 1900, by Theodore Waters.]



SACRIFICIAL VASE, WITH ROPE PATTERN, FOUND NEAR ALTAR

Kengi. About the time Adam and Eve, in the old reckoning, were still fresh from the Garden of Eden, this soldier was attacking the city from the north. He was the son of Uruk, King of Haran, and in the course of his conquests he swept the whole country before him from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean Sea. He made Erek the capital of his world, and settled himself comfortably to pursue the arts of peace. In enforcing civilization on all of his subjects, however, he was not the creator of a new and great idea. He merely mimicked that which he found ready to his hand in one part of this kingdom. Long before even the dynasty of Lugalsaggai had made itself a power in the land the Sumerians had lived in Kengi. They were highly civilized, peaceful people, to whom the fine arts, learning, science and industry and an advanced religious cult were

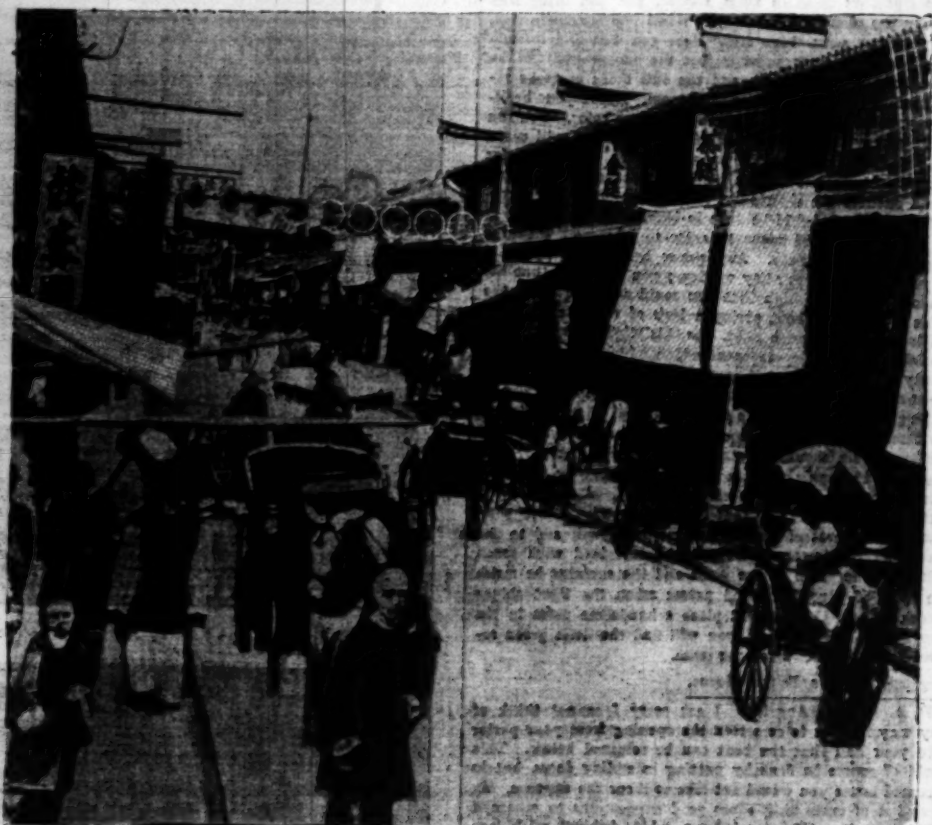


INSCRIBED BOWL USED BY JEWS WHO LIVED ON MOUNDS OF NIPPUR, 700 A. D.

leading objects in life. They built great temples, they practiced carving and sculpture, their libraries were housed in separate buildings, they studied the heavens and they were adepts in simple manufacturing pursuits. Lugalsaggai found them excellent models and followed their ideas in all things, even to adopting their worship of Bel, the god of Nippur. How far this civilization had advanced on certain lines may be judged from the following extract taken from a letter recently written by Dr. Hilprecht while sitting amid the very things he describes:

"The eastern city fortifications have been receiving my attention and the whole northern half of the big city wall has been traced. The great eastern gate has been identified. It was called Abullu-Rabu (Great Gate). It was an immense solid structure of the earliest pre-Sargonic period.

"The most important discovery made is the finding and tracing of a huge pre-Sargonic palace having a 600-foot front. It was buried far below the desert under a ponderous mass of ruins. The whole southern facade of the buildings have now been excavated. I have been able to prove conclusively that it had at least two stories. One



STREET SCENE, SHANGHAI.

Shanghai again comes to the front in the news because of the revolt in Southern China. The object is thought to be to wrest Shanghai from the foreigners.



AN UP-TO-DATE CHINAMAN.

Yung Kwai, the interpreter at the Chinese Legation in Washington, his American wife and children ride in their automobile about Washington.

CIVILIZATION.

the creation itself, to com-  
when the platform of Ur-Gur  
ill another temple was found;  
Sargon I and Narim Sin, 3500  
and end of this King Sargon,  
ance was not very strong, and  
a myth. Dr. Hilprecht found  
made of bricks. Even this was  
the explorers broke through the  
on, lying on the ground, were  
proved to be a civilization that  
years ago. They had gone  
the hole they found evidence  
ancient city of Calash, mentioned  
dried brick at one side of the  
and to be an altar, on which  
were still lying several inches  
cotta vases, and some pottery  
that Prof. Hilprecht says it  
had it been found under less  
was a keystone arch also, al-  
then held that keystone arches  
and finally, most important of  
a, which, when pieced together,

les, interwoven with silver  
\$1.48.

35 TO SAN FRANCISCO—INCLUDING BERTH AND MEALS.

7. Vital Campaign Issues.

3. The Public Service Official Duties.

birthday by refuting Bryan fallacies.  
Bryan dines and orates in Gotham.  
rows of persimmons.



*By Kate Greenleaf Locke.*

**A Library in Beautiful Tonga.**

### Suggestions for a Rented House.

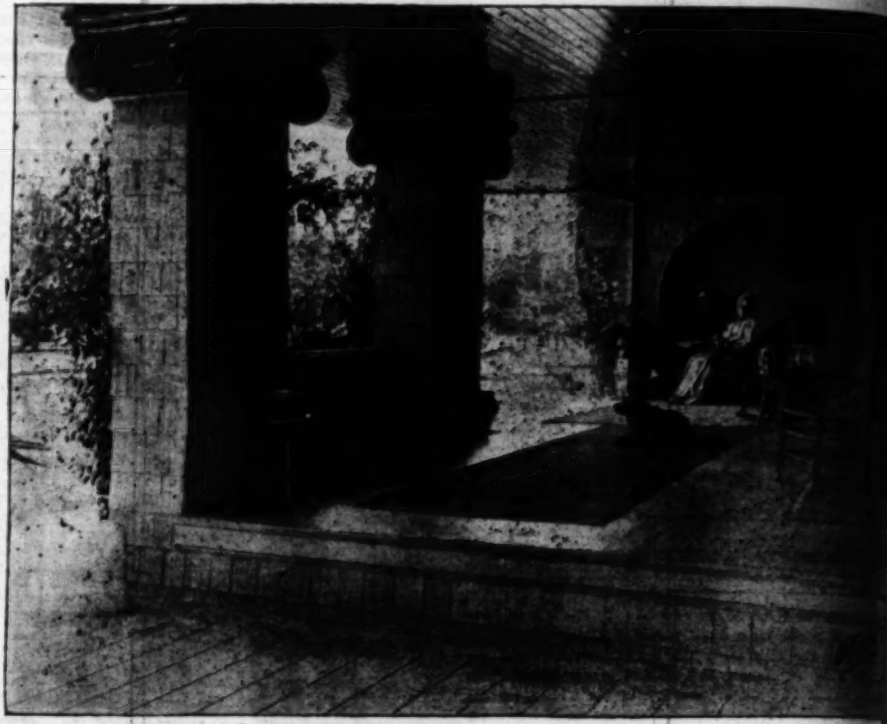
ond-hand place. They would be beautiful in your parlor, with its rug of green moquette. Why not make a cushion of your red plush?

### A Desert Home.

J. H. F. says: "Could you give me some idea of how to brighten up my sitting-room? It is 16x24, has three doors and four windows. It is papered in plain olive green, with a border of red roses, has a good ceiling, all woodwork is painted Nile green. Floor is oak with rug. It is a desert home. Now I would like some idea of brightening it up with little expense. I have a hanging lamp, a bookcase, stove, table and bureau. It is a very pretty bureau, highly polished. Could you suggest some way of fixing it so that it would look less like a bureau. I have two nice arm chairs in the room. Would you also tell me how to fix my dining-room? It is a small room. I want to curtain my china closet. I would like to do the room in red. What would be pretty for curtains for door?" I should think you would not object to the bureau in your sitting-room, as you say it is really a pretty piece of furniture. Dress it daintily

plan of which I enclose? I had set my heart on having the room out your idea of black woodwork, but as economy was an important feature, and one of your correspondents announced that she has found it too expensive, I have decided. I want to paint the bedroom white or a soft blue and furnish with white enameled furniture. Would you suggest a hall, dining-room and sitting-room look better painted in a papered alike? Would you advise a curtain at the entrance doorway? The built-in sideboard in dining-room would have three drawers and two glass doors; would this be well painted black, with brass brackets? The only accessories which would suggest a color scheme is a blue curtain."

If you use paint on your woodwork at all, I can tell you that nothing is so inexpensive as the black. It takes fewer coats than any other and therefore costs less and less paint is used. I think if you black in sitting and dining-room (and I would two rooms alike) that your sideboard would be as handsome as you suggest. Perhaps you would like a little more style in your house by going your half way and having it somewhat different, though in



1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

with white linen and lace and ribbon bows and you will enjoy looking at it. I would hang cotton, flowered with red roses, at my windows, looping it back with a flat band of the cotton. You can put white muslin sash curtains against the lower panes. A pretty way to drape your windows would be to hang a valance about a foot deep and tacked to a little shelf at the top of the window. Let your curtains fall from under this. Do not ruffle them, and cut them off twelve inches below the sill. Have a fern near one of your windows and a palm at one end of your large room. The palm should set on a very low stool. It (the stool) should not be more than six or eight inches high. You will find that these plants will do more to give an air of elegance to your room than any furniture you could buy. Curtain your china closet with red denim, hang red denim

and white muslin figured burlaps.

A Tiny Cottage.  
Mrs. L. W. says: "May I ask for some suggestions in

with the other rooms. If you would have the wall washed, or calimined, a clear, rich Pompeian red, and hang your Bagdad curtain in the arch which leads to the living-room, you would get the effect of a rich-looking vestibule. Some bits of dull blue silk at your doors and windows and a settle built against the wall with blue velours cushions would furnish it so that you sit down in beautifully with your curtain. If you want another curtain here, get another Bagdad or a plain one in dull blue. You cannot do better in your two new rooms than to paper them with cartridge paper of a yellow tan. This gives more room and atmosphere than anything that I know of and, with scarf curtains of white and white figured China crepe over white muslin at the windows, will be charming. I would have a tapestry of holsters on my Morris chair with some Gobelin cushions and would use some cushions of orange silk on the sofa. The ceiling of these rooms will be most effective in a color a shade lighter than walls. You have a

\* October 28, 1961

### 'An Artistic Advertise

**A** FULTON (Mo. in his local paper

Smith, living in the new house, a very fine house inside and out, and six months ago he and his wife and imagine their surroundings and everything. "He drove to town to come on next train and they drove to the adjuster remarked: "I thought you said your house was a blemish," and imagine the steps, and the entire house had the insurance, \$2500.

"What deceived the fire preserved the house from being destroyed. The outside was as dry as a powder, but the inside, had burned the paint, and as there was no tire outline complete.

"Mr. Smith drove the carpenter that built the house with him, and a part of the house was to be built using, and that all the interior everything was to be painted with the paint they had used on the house. They had no insurance. It was the paint on the house was only by C. M. Wright and their paint was the only one of fire, weather and time can be proved by Turner to rebuild the house; Dr. G. N. L. Townsend, the painter.

### A Noted Place of Worship

THE fiftieth anniversary of the Corner<sup>™</sup> was celebrated with special services. The church distributed the public notices when the members were trying to arrange for a service from the church then standing on the corner. The pastor, Rev. and Twenty-ninth Street Baptist Church, told him he could not be the body of an actor, but that he could be around the corner." The church members readily assented to the dead actor. Therefore, the church has been known as the Corner.

### Athletes Can't Lift Him

**Y**ESTERDAY the Harvard students, who had come out at the performance of a Mack, who defied anyone on

The claim was hoisted by iron, and little attention was paid to the absurd statement had it not been for a football trainer, who brought the boys had just got on to the humor for any test of strength. One of the boys volunteered to lift the young man, and he was willing to see what the joke was, for he had heard the fellow, as he could raise the fellow, as he said, the air.

One by one, the brawn and representatives-to-be strained raising the man a hair's breadth. Daly looked disappointed at and he resolved to retrieve the H. Mack, and the dead, if necessary. Daly wound his arms around

Mack placed the little finger  
 Daly's neck just back of the  
 hand pressed Daly's pulse.  
 vein was dilated, his face be-  
 body shook with quivering

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Mr. Mack does not confine himself to setting known rules of force.

A pole was placed vertically against the wall and pushed it against the floor. Many of the men and the

Against the stick, held it so that it would not force it down.

After going through the

wide, French **Silk Waists**—Of good quality taffeta, in all the new and pastel shades, also

to \$1.89.  
Jet Braid, from a half-inch to quarter of a

Jet Butterfiles, interwoven with  
Chenille \$1.48

2:35 TO SAN FRANCISCO



## Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

### An Artistic Advertisement.

**FULTON (Mo.)** druggist prints the following "story" in his local paper:

"About five and one-half years ago Abraham I. Smith, living in the northern part of the county, built himself a very fine house, had it finished up in first-class shape inside and out, and handsomely furnished. About two months ago he and his wife left home to spend the day, and imagine their surprise when they returned, to find their house and everything in it burned.

"He drove to town and telegraphed the insurance adjuster to come on next train and he would meet him, which he did, and they drove to the house. When they reached there the adjuster remarked: 'What's the matter with you, Smith, I thought you said your house was burned, and there it stands without a blemish.' So they got out and walked up to the house, and imagine the adjuster's look of surprise, when he walked up the steps, across the porch and opened the door. The entire house had burned away. The adjuster paid him the insurance, \$2500.

"What deceived the adjuster was that the paint used had preserved the house from water and dampness, and the wood was as dry as a powder house, and the fire, starting from the inside, had burned all it came to till it reached the paint, and as there wasn't any gasoline in it, it left the entire outline complete.

"Mr. Smith drove the adjuster to town, looked up the carpenter that built the house and renewed the contract with him, and a part of the specifications was that the new house was to be built inside the walls of paint left standing, and that all the interior floors, furniture, stoves and everything was to be painted two coats of the same kind of paint they had used on the outside, so he wouldn't have to have any insurance. It is hardly worth while to say that the paint on the house was the celebrated mixed paint sold only by C. M. Wright & Co., druggists, Fulton, Mo., as their paint was the only one made that will stand the test of fire, weather and time. The above is a true story, as can be proved by Turner Rooser, as he sold the lumber to rebuild the house; Dr. G. D. McCall, family physician, and N. L. Townsend, the prospective son-in-law."—[Printers' Ink.

### A Noted Place of Worship.

THE fiftieth anniversary of "The Little Church Around the Corner" was celebrated recently in the church with special services. The church first came prominently before the public notice when Joseph Jefferson and other actors were trying to arrange for the burial of George Holland from the church then standing on the corner of Madison avenue and Twenty-ninth street. The pastor of that place of worship told him he could not conduct the services over the body of an actor, but directed him to "that little church around the corner." Thither Mr. Jefferson went, and Dr. Houghton readily assented to perform the last rites over the dead actor. Thenceforth the Church of the Transfiguration has been known as "The Little Church Around the Corner."

Probably a majority of the marriages that have taken place in New York between stage people have been performed in that church, and a great many actors and actresses have been buried from there.—[New York Telegraph.

### Athletes Can't Lift Him.

YESTERDAY the Harvard football squad and 100 students, who had come out to see the practice, were amazed at the performance of a young man, named William H. Mack, who defied anyone on the field to lift him off his feet. The claim was hoisted by all the strong men of the gridiron, and little attention would have been paid to such an absurd statement had it not been for Jack McMasters, the football trainer, who brought the fellow to Soldiers' field. The boys had just got on their football togs, and were in the humor for any test of strength, when Jack asked for a volunteer to lift the young man. A dozen fellows jumped at the chance and were willing to be made out fools just to see what the joke was, for each man did not doubt but that he could raise the fellow, and, if necessary, toss him into the air.

One by one, the brawn and sinew of Harvard's football representatives-to-be strained every lifting muscle without raising the man a hair's breadth from the ground. Capt. Daly looked disappointed at the showing of his protégés, and he resolved to retrieve the lost glory and raise William H. Mack, and the dead, if necessary, for Harvard's sake.

Daly wound his arms around the waist of Mack and settled himself to raise the man, or go through the earth. Mack placed the little finger of his hand lightly against Daly's neck just back of the left ear and with his other hand pressed Daly's pulse. Daly lifted and lifted, every vein was dilated, his face became crimson, and his whole body shook with quivering muscles. Mack took his hands off of Daly, and instantly shot up in the air like an arrow. Mack was lifted, but it was because he himself had willed it. His light hold of Daly had been removed, which touch was the key to Mack's storehouse of resistance.

Coch Dibble also took the strength test, but he could not succeed in doing what the strongest men in the world have tried to do and failed. Dibble declared Mack was in league with the devil and so gave up the laurels to this defiant Mephisto.

Mr. Mack does not confine himself to this one feat of upsetting known rules of force, but also exhibits other wonderful powers.

A pole was placed vertically and five men were invited to push it against the floor. Mack passed his hands over the knuckles of the men and then, with open palms, pressed against the stick, held it so the strength of five men could not force it down.

After going through the last ordeal, the young man

showed signs of exhaustion, as the power he exerts is a great strain on his nerve system.—[Denver Republican.

### Odd Things in Maine.

IT IS said that the strongest man in Maine is Alfred Ellis of Prospect, who works in a granite quarry. He was known to be a strong man and he was pestered by people coming around and trying to get up lifting contests with him, so one day he put a strap around a block of granite weighing 1300 pounds, lifted it up as though it were a bunch of shingles, and, putting it down, said: "That's my load; get some one else to lift it and I will talk more about lifting." No one has ever been able to stir the load, and Alf Ellis isn't bothered any more.

Mrs. Emma Groves, the "bearded lady" who makes annual rounds of the Maine cattle fairs, is no fairy. She weighs 491 pounds now, and as she is only 33 years old, the neighbors think that there is a chance for her to "flesh up" a little more yet. She has received an offer of \$100 a week to wear tights and appear in a museum as the star fat lady, but she rebels at tights, and says she prefers a quiet, respectable life in Bowdoin, Me., where she is the wife of a prosperous farmer and has several children.

Westport claims the champion politician of the State. He has been an active member of every new party started in the past forty years, and boasts that he never voted the winning ticket but once, and that was by mistake. He held two tickets in his hand and, while arguing about the currency, dropped the wrong one in the box.

One day recently a Wesley farmer found one of his cows in the pasture so completely charmed by snakes that she could not move, and he was obliged to push her away from the place where she stood. The reptiles were black snakes three feet long.

Uncle Eben Lancaster of Bowdoinham, aged 101 years, and Uncle George Kendall of Fairfield, aged 100 years, both went to the polls unopposed in the recent election and voted the straight Republican ticket, as both had done at every election since 1856.

Down in the town of Tremont, Hancock county, the town hall was burned just before election and with it all the ballots. The Republicans hustled around and by hard work and fast traveling got a new supply of ballots, and then discovered, on counting the votes, that the town had gone Democratic.—[Bangor Correspondence N. Y. Sun.

### Moss-Mad Folk.

THE latest vagary which the summer visitors have brought to the front in Maine is the erection of wooden cottages having the outside boarding densely coated with a heavy growth of green and gray moss. The abandoned farmhouses were searched for lichen-covered and straddle boards, and extravagant prices were paid for bits of ancient wood that held living specimens of mossy growth. Some anxious souls went so far as to peel the moss-grown bark from the north sides of beeches and maples and use it for veneer to disguise the newness of the wood inside.

Early in September, when most of the summer visitors had gone moss-mad, an old skipper came to the wharf with a load of new boards from the Bangor sawmills. He could not sell a stick, though his customers told him they would pay any price for boards that displayed a good crop of moss, the more moss the better.

"How many of these boards do you want?" asked the captain.

"All you can get for us—a whole cargo if it is possible."

"Don't buy any from other men who offer you mossed boards, and wait here two weeks, and if I don't give you all the moss you want I'll let you have this cargo for nothing."

He hurried his load upon the wharf and was out of sight before the sun had set. Ten days later his schooner came back loaded to the water line with aged boards so deeply clad in moss that no one but a barber could tell the kind of lumber that supported the crop. The boards were piled upon cross timbers, so that the delicate lichens could not be rubbed away, and every piece from the top of the swelling deck load to the keelson, ten feet below water, was matted in rank masses of the plants, which everybody was trying to secure. He sold out his load for three times the price asked for clear pine, and made enough by the trade to buy a new schooner.

After the money had been paid over and the skipper was ready to go away he told his customers where he had found so many ancient boards. Near where he lived was an old and poverty-stricken line of railroad, which had lately been leased to a new and wealthy corporation. Among the first improvements undertaken was to pull down a long stretch of fence that had been put up to keep the snow from drifting across the rails, and to replace the rotting barrier with something new and more substantial. The corporation offered to give the old fence to anybody who would pull it down and take it away. Believing that the boards were worthless, the captain had laughed at the offer until he came to Cape Rozier and learned of the local passion for moss-clad homes. After this he lost no time in closing the trade with the new company, making more than \$3000 out of a cargo of boards that were good for nothing except firewood and not worth the taking down for that purpose.—[Cape Rozier (Me.) Correspondence New York Sun.

### His Initials on His False Teeth.

YOU are aware, said a dentist, that many people are very particular concerning the plate in which artificial teeth are set. Some want gold, others silver, vulcanite, and what not. But did you ever hear of patients wearing their own initials inside the mouth? We recently prepared an upper set for a gentleman well known in theatrical circles, and in the platinum roof were set, in wires of gold, the wearer's initials.

Another roof-plate which we were privileged to see was

a perfect masterpiece of artistic work. There were three horsemen depicted in gold wire, fine as a hair, a for ground of cat-stone, and a crescent moon of gleaming silver—all set in the composition of the roof. The teeth were of good quality, but not remarkable, and the price was exactly \$100. A person unconscious of the value of the inner roof would have set the price at five guineas.

Very richly-enamelled was the dancing girl which decorated the false roof of a one-time millionaire. The pictured lady wore slippers set with tiny diamonds, and the owner, being a great smoker, sported an ordinary set when desirous of indulging in a fragrant whiff, thereby never discoloring the dainty enamel of the choice article.

We were once asked to fashion a plate from the tusk of an elephant, but as this would have been a difficult and unsatisfactory proceeding we were obliged to reject the offer.

The most absurd thing we were ever requested to insert in a false roof was a tiger's claw—a trophy of an Indian jungle hunt. We managed it, and to prevent the claw from wounding the tongue of our patron, we tipped it bluntly with gold. After awhile the tip fell off, and the wearer's tongue was torn. To us he came in a rage, and finally decided to wear the claw as a chain pendant.

Boasting a substantial set of natural ivory, an eccentric wished to have an artificial lot that would cast his own. We prepared them. They gave him a prominent mouth, altering his features vastly. We found he was a burglar of the deepest dye.—[London Tit-Bits.

### Odd Gangs of Laborers.

JAPANESE labor is utilized a good deal at present on the railroads in the Far West," said W. H. Winters of Tacoma. "On the Great Northern road hundreds of Japs are employed in repairing, cutting down grades, etc. The Chinaman, however, does the most work at the least expense. The average Chinese laborer spends 15 or 20 cents a day for his food, which consists principally of rice. Each Celestial squats on the ground, with a bowl of rice, some coarse bread and a can of water before him, and proceeds to enjoy his meal as heartily as an American would a repast of canvasback duck. Unlike the ordinary railroad workmen, the Chinaman seldom needs putting to get the best work out of him. He is a most conscientious laborer, and is seldom inactive during the working hours. The Japs are also good workers, but require more money to live on.

"Probably the oddest gang of laborers in the United States is employed by the Burlington road in Montana. It is composed entirely of full-blooded Indians, big, strapping fellows, every one of them. They are a lazy crew, however, and need constant overseeing. Their principal fault is their love for cheap whisky. When he gets possession of a bottle of 'firewater,' the Indian laborer will not be seen or heard of again for perhaps two or three days. General Passenger Agent Lyman of the Burlington and Northern once received a 'joshing' letter in regard to the gang of Indians, in which the writer stated that the roads were going to prosecute the Burlington for giving employment to 'scalpers.'"—[Washington Post.

### Musk Ox: Flesh as Food.

PROF. KOLTHOFF, who recently returned from Greenland with a pair of musk oxen, one of the objects of his travels, believes these interesting animals can be acclimated in the north of Sweden. In matter of food he says they are as easily pleased as the American goat. A full-grown ox will weigh between 1400 and 1500 pounds, and its flesh is good eating. A few of the animals were also shot and their meat taken for supplies. The flesh of the cows was excellent, while that of the bull seemed to have a flavor like musk. The meat compared favorably with mutton, and the expedition lived for no little time on the supply. The professor salted some and will serve it to his friends this winter. Another item of value in the animal is its wool. It is very thick and falls off every spring. It is as fine as the wool of the sheep and the fiber is of great strength. It is estimated that the shearing of one ox will equal that of twenty sheep.—[Stockholm (Sweden) Correspondence Chicago Record.

### Passing of the Prairie Dog.

PASSENGERS on the "Q" system who have ridden the better part of a day through Western Nebraska and Eastern Colorado, will remember the prairie dog. He is numerous in that section of the country. He lives in villages and the villages are as close together as the villages of certain parts of Europe.

But the prairie dog has had his day. The Agricultural Department says he must go. Mr. Wilson has decided that the dogs kill the grass and ruin good grazing land. "Tama Jim" has little of the love of picturesqueness in his make-up. He is eminently practical, and his philanthropy is of the type which seeks to make two blades of grass grow instead of one. Therefore he proposes to relegate the prairie dog to the picture books and to the stuffed specimens of the museum along with the buffalo.

Mr. Wilson's chemists have discovered a mixture which will make whole villages fight for the first bite, but which at the last stings like a serpent, and biteth like an adder. Under its influence the hole that knows the prairie dog will know it no more forever. The frisky, nervous, barking little beast will join the innumerable caravan of prairie dogs who have gone before.

There will be more grass when the prairie dog is gone, and therefore more cattle. There will be less breaking of the legs of the cowboys' ponies and the rattlesnake will live alone in the holes until the summons comes to him also. As nature abhors a vacuum so does civilization despise a "varmint"—save in the shape of the human form divine.—[Des Moines (Iowa) News.



## Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

## ENGLISH BIOGRAPHY.

THE author of this biography writes of a classical scholar, a profound thinker, an eminent writer and one whom Thackeray called the greatest theologian in England. James Martineau was born in Norwich, Eng., in 1805. He studied in the Unitarian College at York, and entered on the work of the ministry first in Dublin, and then in Liverpool. In 1833 Mr. Martineau was called to the chair of metaphysical and moral philosophy in Manchester New College, London. During the earlier years of his ministry, he was the author of a number of theologic controversial publications. He will now be chiefly remembered as the defender of spiritual faith against the different schools of skepticism, atheism and materialism. As early as 1833 his "Miscellanies" were published in Boston. A few years later, W. R. Alger collected his "Studies of Christianity" and they were brought out under the auspices of the American Unitarian Association. The stupendous amount of work which the clergyman and the professor accomplished outside his daily routine can only be faintly imagined in reading the enumeration of his publications. Papers on Hamlet, Mill, Comte, Lessing, Schleiermacher, and "A Study of Spinoza" are interspersed with hymns, ethical theories and thoughts on sacred things. At 85, Mr. Martineau wrote his "Seat of Authority in Religion." One of the most fascinating of this author's studies appears in his thesis, "The Divine Mind and Will Ruling the Universe." The agnosticism of Kant and Hume is met with brilliant argument along logical pathways. The schools of modern thought are reviewed one by one by him in many learned publications. If one could have space to quote, there are many pages in this book which would leave vivid impressions of this rare personality. In his "Study of Religion" he says "The reflective mind of man, it has been said, is alone the mirror of nature; but more than this it is a retaining mirror, wherein the images, once left, remain and shine in the dark; and most of all, it is a redissolving, a beautifying, a quickening mirror, that drops the matter and keeps the meaning of things, freshens their colors, deepens their expression and so shifts their scenery as to stamp a drama from a chronicle. Well may the poet be called by the half-sacred name of Vates; for the ideal transformation of the actual is as divine a miracle as the turning of dust into dewdrops; and the molding of language into an instrument for this end, that its rhythm and its fire may sweep through the ages, still waking up wrath and love and pity wherever it alights, is a marvel surpassed only by our blindness to it."

The language of James Martineau abounds with poetic aphorisms, of which the following are examples: "No grief deserves such pity as the hopeless privations of a scornful heart;" "Those to whom earth is not consecrated will find their heaven profane;" "There is no epic of the centuries;" "God has so arranged the chronometry of our spirits that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours."

From whatever standpoint one may view the peculiar ecclesiasticism of this great thinker, the history of his intellectual sympathies are of absorbing interest. It is a curious instance in consanguinity to see how diverging were the literary and religious convictions of James Martineau and his illustrious sister, Harriet. The biographer has left a saddening impression of both these intellectual leaders by telling us of their long personal estrangement. Mr. Jackson acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. Martineau's children for valuable assistance in this biography. He has produced an adequate and beautiful memoir, deserving of lasting appreciation.

[James Martineau. By A. W. Jackson, A.M. Little, Brown & Co. Boston. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Co. Price \$3.]

## FICTION.

## In Old-Time California.

Helen Mar Fiske was born in Amherst, Mass., August 18, 1831. Her father, Nathan Wiley Fiske, was professor of philosophy in Amherst College. Her parents died before her marriage, at 21, to Lieut. (afterward major) Edward Bissell Hunt of the United States Engineer Corps. Their dear son died at the age of 10. Maj. Hunt had lost his life two years previously by an accident in the harbor of New York, where he was experimenting for the government with a submarine gun of his own invention.

Helen Hunt's first acquaintance with California was made in 1872. In 1873 she went to Colorado Springs. Two years later she married William Sharpless Jackson, a banker of that place, which fixed her residence there.

In November, 1884, Mrs. Jackson visited Los Angeles for the tonic climate here. For the benefit of special medical attention she was removed to San Francisco and there, on the 18th of August, she died. This we glean from the sympathetic introduction of Susan Coolidge. She also tells us, "No one ever went forth more courageously to meet the unknown. No one ever looked with more radiant interest into its possibilities or believed in them more firmly than she." At the time (1883.) when the author of "Ramona" was writing this production her eyes seemed to see another world. Although writing in New York, she had carried with her all those vivid impressions which made the true habitat of her existence. The editor says that the author found some ideal faces for her Ramona and Alessandro in an unframed portrait after Dante Rossetti. If so, they probably embodied some remembered faces of the Pacific Slope, by the haunting likeness which is an everyday experience of one's fitting relations with human life.

These lives which the author of "Ramona" has described are filled with pangs and struggles, human affections and heavenward aspirations. They are too familiar to readers to require long introduction. Ramona has her own place in her California home, as witness the little niche assigned to

the illustrations of her book in the Chamber of Commerce in this city. Her personality is more real than many whom one daily meets on the thoroughfares of the city. With each new generation new graces will be added to her fame. In the illustrations which the artist has contributed to this edition, one seems to have found some young comrade of Zuebaron who sees with his eyes, whose art was said to have excelled all others in the pictures of the Spanish friars. There are the dark, deep-set eyes, under the cowl which he gave to the faces of the contemplative Francis as a father. On each face is revealed the idea of physical self-denial and spiritual serenity. Glimpses of the old mission churches are here, ancient gateways under the palms which seem like the spiritual language of the crosses they overshadow. The faces of Ramona and Alessandro singing to Felipe move like shadows through the dusk of some half-remembered twilight. Wherever these pictures are set like exquisite mosaics they will perhaps remind the reader that the first printing press of England was worked in the cloisters of the Benedictine Abbey of Westminster.

Whatever sentiments the book awakens there will be grief at the injustice which was done the Indians, and regret at the iconoclastic zeal which has so swiftly destroyed many of the ancient landmarks on the Pacific Coast. It was to the order of the Franciscans that we are indebted for some of the finest pictures of the school of Perugino, and who can tell what losses to art have been sustained in those destructive eras? In a time when many a monk gave all his artistic life to the illumination of one sacred volume, and when devotional art was, to speak, the very epitome of religious sentiment, it seems probable that many examples of allegorical representation would have been centered to adorn the altars and shrines of the New World. The Franciscans fostered art. One likes to remember their tender care of the young Murillo when poor and unknown, his heart filled with beautiful dreams of God, they gave him all the money in the hands of one of their brotherhood, in Seville, to paint a series of pictures for a little cloister. When Murillo's fame was made, he painted for another Franciscan community there twenty of his most renowned pictures.

"Flowers were always dear to the Franciscans," is the subject of one of the illustrations of "Ramona." Here we are introduced to a Father Salvierderra, who made long vigils in the Franciscan monastery at Santa Barbara, kneeling on the stone pavement, and praying for the restoration of the missions. Here the author of "Ramona" gives us one of those pictures of Southern California which, although



MAUDE WILDER GOODWIN.  
Author of "The Head of a Hundred."

familiar to the reader, will bear re-reading, as one likes to hear a pleasant familiar voice.

"The almonds had bloomed and the blossoms fallen, the apricots also and the peaches and pears. On all orchards of these fruits had come a filmy tint of green so light it was hardly more than a shadow on the gray. The willows were vivid light green, and the orange groves dark and glossy like laurel. The billowy hills on either side the valley were covered with verdure and bloom—myriads of low blossoming plants, so close to the earth that their tints lapped and overlapped on each other, and on the green of the grass, as feathers overlap each other and blend into a changeful color. The countless curves, hollows and crests of the coast hills in Southern California heighten these chameleon effects of the spring verdure; they are like nothing in nature except the glitter of a brilliant lizard in the sun, or the iridescent sheen of a peacock's neck. Father Salvierderra paused many times to gaze at the beautiful picture. Flowers are always dear to the Franciscans. Saint Francis himself permitted all decorations which could be made of flowers. He clasped them with his brothers and sisters, the sun, moon and stars—all members of the sacred choir praising God. As Father Salvierderra walked on through a tangle of wild mustard branches, a cloud of blossoms that looked like golden dust, he heard the beautiful words of Saint Francis's lyric, the 'Canticle of the Sun': 'Praise be to Thee, O Lord, for all Thy creatures, and especially for our brother the Sun, who illumines the day, and by his beauty and splendor shadows forth unto us thine.'

"Ramona!" exclaimed the father, 'the blessed child!' As he spoke her face came into sight, set in a swaying frame of blossoms, as she parted them right and left with her hands, and half-crept, half-danced through the loophole openings thus made. Ramona's beauty was of the sort to be enhanced by the waving gold which framed her face.

She had just enough of olive tint in her complexion to make her hair like her Indian mother's, heavy and black, but her eyes were like her father's steel blue. 'Ah, father, I know you would come by this path, and Ramona sank on her knees and bowed her head for his blessing.'

The introduction, which was written by Sarah C. Weston (Susan Coolidge), contains much of interest concerning the life of the author. The book is illustrated with numerous photographic plates of the old missions, and contains chapter headings from pictures and drawings made especially for this production by the noted artist, Henry Sindharn. The cover designs were by Amy M. Sackera. The book bears the imprint of the University Press, John Wilson & Son, Cambridge, U. S. A. It seems a mistake not to have given the book, which will be so frequently consulted as a reference work, a carefully-prepared index. It would have added greatly to the value of this new edition.

[Ramona. By Helen Hunt Jackson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 2 vols. Price \$6. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Co.]

## In Old Virginia.

In the reproduction of Virginia colonial life the author of "To Have and to Hold" has again placed the reader under lasting obligation. Historic appreciation and poetic insight have gone hand in hand in this bright story of love and adventure. The heroine, Betty Romney, comes with the shipload of girls who add the grace of their presence to our early colonial annals. The hero, Dr. Humphrey Hutton, is appointed "Head of Flower da Hundred," and leads his men in the Indian war at that time. He is the lover of the fair Betty Romney, and the story of his wooing is an old-fashioned idyl. Touches of archaism give the local atmosphere of the time. Mrs. Goodwin has chosen for her theme historic incidents of the Indian wars as in her previous popular novel.

A striking and romantic leader is Humphrey Hutton, the sudden sense of responsibility which comes to him, and the novel gives a refreshing look on the official and social life of the America of the year 1622. The book is illustrated with a colored frontispiece and five full-page pictures.

[The Head of a Hundred in the Colony of Virginia. By Maude Wilder Goodwin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Co. Price \$1.50.]

## The Adventures of an Author.

The author, whose books are household words, has added another characterization novel to his romances of human paths and originality. The adventures are those of a young literary man whose weakness lies principally in his poetic intellectual attainment. As an amanuensis he begins editing his employer's manuscript. The following page is illustrative. "Is this chapter yours or mine?" demanded Pym.

"It is about half and half," said Tommy.  
"I tried to keep my hands off," Tommy said with dignity, "but the thing had to be done and they are human words."  
"Human! who wants them to be human? The fact is, you, you have been tinkering with my hero's personal appearance. What is this you have been doing to him?"

"I turned it up slightly, that's all," said Tommy.  
"I like them down," roared Pym.

"I prefer them up!" said Tommy, stiffly.  
The plot of Pym's story was lost for chapters, the actors no longer did anything, and then went and did nothing else; you were told instead how they did it; you were not allowed to make up your own minds about them; you had to listen to the mind of T. Sandys. He described, he analyzed; the road he had tried to clear through thicket was impassable for chips.

Notwithstanding Pym's rage he gave Tommy some of that ought to be framed and presented to all literary ventures. The first direction is "Obliterate your memory of faithful Grisel and the little wells of gladness found before her long journey began, the love of Elspeth, the red light that came on the path of the ceaseless man of letters are all parts of Mr. Barrie's One wishes that so kindly a man as Mr. Barrie had been less cruel in introducing so much of this red light into the presentation of Lady Diablin. Even Tommy's obituary fail to console the reader for the same poor Grisel.

[Tommy and Grisel. By James M. Barrie. Scribner's Sons. For sale by Fowler. Price \$1.50.]

## A Tangled Web.

"My daughter!" exclaimed Sir Julian. "Man, are you not trying to punish the theft of my daughter I want to know. You are trying to elope with my wife, Clara, Lady Diablin."

"Speak, Clara," said Carleycroft. "Why are you frightened? Sir Julian is not really angry with you, he would not make merry over our adventure! My father, Sir Julian's words. Tell him he has spoken falsely." Carleycroft sprang to his feet and hurled Sir Julian to the floor.

"Spare him!" sobbed Clara. He has spoken only the truth. I am his wife!"

So we learn the keynote of the tragic story. The happy wife, in order to win the love of Carleycroft, deceived him. Sir Julian takes his wife home, even to name from ignominy, and dies a month later. The death occurs the same year and the son of Carleycroft inherits the name and estate of Sir Julian. Sir Hilary Grenville becomes the hero of this book. From an unfortunate introduction to this world, Sir Hilary wins his way, making friends and, best of all, winning the regard of Miss Charity. The wooing of the blithe Rose of Devon, the love of the elder Carleycroft for Clara and his son, his devotion to him in secret, and care for him in person,

tenderly portrayed. Hilary learn his father's own destiny, for he wins Clara, meet with responsibility, but find entanglements. The supposed to exhibit author credits to the [Friends in Exile New York and London]

[The Son of Carleycroft & Bros. Price \$1.50.]

## A Diplomatic Epilogue.

The illusions of life are depicted in this his subordinate, Mr. ences, meet with responsibility, but find entanglements. The supposed to exhibit author credits to the [Friends in Exile New York and London]

## A Trip to the Klondike.

Two boys with a with their friends are not wanting in and the high interior. The boys took learned of the country they found a gold and their friends, were pointing adventures. [Gold-Seeking on the Klondike. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.]

## The Shadow of a Throne.

In this novel the author has again placed the reader under lasting obligation. Historic appreciation and poetic insight have gone hand in hand in this bright story of love and adventure. The heroine, Betty Romney, comes with the shipload of girls who add the grace of their presence to our early colonial annals. The hero, Dr. Humphrey Hutton, is appointed "Head of Flower da Hundred," and leads his men in the Indian war at that time. He is the lover of the fair Betty Romney, and the story of his wooing is an old-fashioned idyl. Touches of archaism give the local atmosphere of the time. Mrs. Goodwin has chosen for her theme historic incidents of the Indian wars as in her previous popular novel.

## Glimpses of Prison Life.

"In his papa's house mother's hand at the prison life is illustrated. The young woman's love and despair. Lady Morley's book may have its influence in teaching sympathy laboring under false accusations. [Breaking the Shackles. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Co. Price \$1.50.]

## RUSSIA.

## Among the Nihilists.

One of the Governor's young Englishman was Kropotkin is one evening warning to the Prince no Volotzka. "Take warning, offer!" The Prince, who is messenger with violence night.

The English architect, in the impossibility of finding the half-way between his daughter, Irene, to journey, hastens away and of skins which, when he gave his life from the bitter which follows is illustrative methods of the Nihilists. He takes to the sea, he is Nihilist. By this adventure from a Nihilist prison and is met by the benevolent of the young Englishman's Prince is finally killed by the him as a cruel oppressor. The terror throughout.

[The Black Terror. A Romance. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Co. Price \$1.50.]

## FRENCH.

## A Hero of Gascony.

This novel gives a series of the Austrians were out of the Turks, whose vast Sultan against Germany. The picture. The scene there, the great canopies of and Damascus. There are feasts of the Ottoman Empire. Camels bearing loads. Such a Austrian army. There is a hero, Hugues de Montestruc, of the King, and wins her hand. The arrangement of the vistas, where are gathered the Asia, from the provinces tribes. The author was a contemporary along the usual lines of his







## Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

### FASHION'S DILEMMA.

**AUTHORITIES ON DRESS SAY THERE ARE NO MORE FREAKS AND FANCIES TO COME.**

*From a Special Correspondent.*

NEW YORK, Oct. 22, 1900.—Never has a season of fashion been so barren of novelties and beauties as this. From Paris comes the report that there is nothing new, that the dress-makers are at their wits' end for fresh ideas, the millistes without inspiration. Worth, Raudnitz and Virot despairingly declare that there are no more freaks and fancies of dress to be invented. Perhaps the hot Parisian summer, maybe the exposition, is to blame, but whatever is the cause, chaos reigns in the realms of the mode. We have no system, no patterns to guide us any longer in our choice of hats or our selections of gowns. Wear what you please, for what you please is as good fashion as anything else, says the cloakmaker, tailor, furrier, corsetiere and milliner. Wear green, or brown, or yellow; cut your skirt with a train or without, gather and pleat it at the waist, or let it fit the hips as close as the bark fits a tree; hang directoire tails to your coat and waist, or chop off both right under the arms, confusion prevails and bad taste is given.

The sight of the show windows and counters piled with new laces and brocades is cause for tears. The worst colors are cast together in the most ungraceful and inappropriate designs. One gorgeous robin's egg blue satin bears huge bouquets of mistletoe, brocade in gold thread, while knobby looking little nosegays of reddish purple violets are tossed here and there on the green satin spaces. A pink satin is figured over in a design that resembles an endless chain of mountain peaks, on which snowflakes as big and as round as quinine pills are falling.

The prospect is no more pleasing at the counter where lace robes are displayed, for into the mesh of the lace large, irregularly-shaped pieces of painted panne or silk muslin are let. Not satisfied with so much decoration, the ill-advised manufacturers introduce on the surface of the panne or muslin squares ridiculous roses and tulips and lilies and clusters of wistaria made of puffed tulle of a variety of contrasted tints. These tulle flowers, that resemble nothing so much as raw, colored marigolds, have stalks and leaves of gold braid, and three or four inches of tinsel tissue glitter at the foot of the lace robe.

It is childish and garish in appearance, so much so, indeed, that it is a positive relief to turn to the conservative gowns of simple goods, which, while showing no startling features, display both grace and taste.

Some very interesting striped cashmeres have been brought out this season. The stripes run the length of the goods, are half an inch wide and alternate in black and white, tabac brown and yellow, red and black, etc. They are extensively used in the make-up of smart house skirts, the tops of which have the lighter stripes tucked out. This leaves the lower half of such a skirt very full and the stripes conspicuous. A fancy skirt waist and a narrow, flexible gold belt completes quite an ideal morning dress.

Appropos of belts, we are in danger of doing the flexible gold ribbon to death with overmuch patronage. Black satin girdles braided in gold are also pretty, but rapidly hastening to destruction through too great popularity.

The most du moment idea in collars is the high, straight satin band, about the base of which a soft ribbon is drawn and tied in a bow in front that shows as many as six ends of uneven lengths in front, but no loops. Every end is pinched together and finished with an ornamental golden tag, and the result of this trifling device is extremely pretty. Sometimes the tags are of true gold, charmingly wrought and set with tiny jewels, so that they can be transferred to every fresh necktie.

All shades of brown gloves prevail, from the palest café-au-lait glacé to heavy walking suede in deep tabac brown. Some of the smart walking gloves have stripes of mid laid on the back and tailored on with many stitchings, and a flat, heavy brown pearl button fastened on with a brass shank is the proper method of closing them at the wrist.

The black tulle toque was epidemic last winter, and it was to be hoped that the heat of summer had permanently melted it from the memory of toque wearing womankind. No such change of heart has taken place, however, and the tulle toque is evidently prepared to weather the rigors of another winter. This season we are to have black tulle toques with uprolling velvet brims braided in gold, or overlaid with gold lace. Another species of shirred tulle headgear will be a Marquise in shape, the trim freighted with long, luscious black plumes, drawn in front through a very long, very narrow Marquise buckle of brilliants. Bridesmaids have already begun to patronize the tulle Marquise in black because of its ineffable soft gracefulness and the charming contrast into which it throws their delicate colored gowns.

Every coat that is not as long in the skirts as a tea gown is a coat. There is the Spanish coat, the Romney coat and the Directoire and Louis Quinz coat. The only difference between any one of them is that some have tails and some have not. The Directoire and Louis XV coats boast the most magnificent antique brocade waistcoats. A story flying about the dressmaker's establishment relates the experience of a wealthy woman, who wanted a true old brocade of a special Du Barry pink color for her green velvet Louis coat. Failing to find what she wanted at any of the dry goods palaces or at the furniture dealers, she made a round of the bric-a-brac shops and discovered a chair upholstered in just the brocade she was searching for. She paid \$1500 for the chair, ripped off the gorgeous brocade dress it wore, and ordered it into the front of her coat. The mangled chair did not suit her empire drawing-room, so

that it now remains in her garret, a monument to the extravagance of the rich American when the perfection of her wardrobe is at stake.

MARY DEAN.

### SUGAR YAMS.

**MISS LEOLA RIED TELLS HOW SHE CLEARS SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.**

*By a Special Contributor.*

"I sold 500 barrels of sugar yams last year at \$5 a barrel," said Miss Leola Ried, who, for the last four years, has made a specialty of raising pure sugar yam potatoes and supplying the fashionable winter resorts of Georgia and Florida.

"The reason I began the work of raising such sweet potatoes was simply because I saw that there was a great demand for them. Every one who knows anything about sweet potatoes knows that the sugar yam is the most delicious of all the many varieties. They are not the most prolific, however, and for that reason farmers have almost given up growing them for market. They select some variety that gives them the greatest yield and which they know from the average purchaser will meet with as ready sale. I am fond of the sugar yam, and when I began to notice that the hotels and boarding-houses where northerners come for the winter were always asking for them, I thought out my scheme and went to work.

"I selected five acres of good flat land—not bottoms—on my father's plantation, and had no difficulty in getting it. I would not borrow, but spent all the money I had in bank, which was something less than \$300, that year in the purchase of a mule and for the hire of a man. I must admit that I had to call on my father before the year was out for the loan of some corn and fodder to tide me over until my crop came in, but it was not much.

"When my potatoes were dug that first year I found that my yield was fifty bushels of good eating potatoes to the acre. I had previously solicited orders from the hotels and received some on condition that the potatoes were as I represented them, the very best, and pure sugar yams. When they were dug I selected them, perhaps I should say I sorted them, taking only those about the size of my fist (Miss Ried wears about a No. 7 kid glove.) I had all the strings and ends taken off, then banded them in hills containing twenty-five bushels to the bank. About one month later, when the hotels began to fill up with their winter guests, I opened four of these banks, barreled the potatoes nicely, and shipped them to the hotels where I had received the greatest encouragement. My price was \$5 a barrel, and I claim that there is two bushels in a barrel, though there is in reality almost a half bushel more. At first every hotel keeper 'kicked' at the price, said it was exorbitant, as potatoes, the average varieties, were selling in the market at 50 cents a bushel.

"I asked them to give mine a trial and let their guests decide. They did so, and, as a result, I sold all my crop before the winter was well begun, and had received as many orders for the next season as I would take.

"You can see that, after returning the amount borrowed from my bank account, there was not very much left that year, but as my father was willing to sell me ten acres of land on credit, I was not embarrassed for money. I did not increase my acreage, but planted the new five acres in potatoes and the five where potatoes had grown the year before in corn and peas for food for my mule. I fertilized highly, and almost doubled my yield of potatoes to the acre. As a result I cleared \$500, and began the next year with plenty of food for my mule and corn enough to make meal for my one hand.

"The third year was a good one, and my profits ran up to \$1000. Last year it almost touched \$2000, and this year, although my crop, that is, my potato crop, is still in the ground, I think the yield will be even greater. I have not planted more than five acres in potatoes, and do not expect to very soon, simply because I think I can raise as many on that amount of land, well attended to, as I could on a larger amount, less carefully worked."

### WOMEN AND CORSETS.

**WHAT THE NEW STRAIGHT-FRONT STAY HAS DONE FOR BOTH FAT AND LEAN FIGURES.**

*By a Special Contributor.*

No woman can afford to be indifferent these days to the sort of corset she wears. On the shape, length and lacing of the stay hangs all her claim to beauty of figure, style and fit of gown. Five years ago nine out of every ten women wore long stays, high in the bust, reaching well up over the shoulder blades, and ribbed all around with long slats of steel, which were carefully bent to enforce a curve at the waist, to admit the fullness of the bust, and also to allow no pressure on the abdomen. The corset maker's whole aim was to build a corset that would conform to every line of the figure. They achieved their object, to be sure, and womankind cheerfully consented to wear the clumsy casing, which, when laced at all, pinched her painfully in the pit of the stomach and drove her bust up under her chin.

Now in five years the whole system of corset making has undergone a radical change; in consequence the lines of the feminine figure have been absolutely revolutionized and the stout woman and the slim one share equally in the blessed advance of sartorial science. In order to enjoy a long, slim waist it is no longer necessary to use three-ply silk strings and the bedpost, and the girl who weighs only 105 pounds need not pad herself like a fencing master in order to look human. Along with the other priceless improvements of the new corset is the fact that it holds the wearer's body at the exactly normal center of gravity, prevents drooping

shoulders or a swayed back, and places no pressure on the stomach.

All these incalculable benefits have been achieved by the simple device of cutting the corset low about the base of the shoulder blades, introducing absolutely straight front stays, making no effort to stiffly frame the bust, merely holding the front and top of the stay unusually wide, and by means of elastic hose supporters. The hose supporters have solved half the problem of lengthening the waistline, for even the longest, most artfully-constructed stay shows a tendency to ride up from the natural waist. Double layers of elastic, drawn from the front and bottom of the stay and made fast to the top of the stockings prevent this. They hold the corset firmly and define the waist at the base of the ribs, where the pressure can be put on without bending those flexible bones and forcing them around the heart and lungs. The second great advantage derived from the hose supporters is that they draw the straight front of the stay down with a very slight pressure against the abdomen, and not only force the wearer to stand with the erectness of a soldier, but support her body in that position.

Standing, sitting or lying down in her twentieth-century stay, a woman can swing dumb-bells, pull oars, step easily as a baby, and declare with perfect truth that she does not know she has corsets on. In one direction only her liberty curtailed. She cannot go to a reputable corsetiere and select and purchase what she wishes without trying on. A corset, the maker will solemnly assure you, is like a shoe; it must be made after individual measurements or fitted from a large stock. No two figures are exactly alike, and these new corsets are never sold by number, but by the name. The Nell Gwynne, for example, is a short, light, brocaded coutille affair, very delicately boned, with but two steels in it, and those are in front of a woman with a heavy bust or large hips can never wear to wear one. After trying on a dozen symmetrical stays, the stay maker will secure a perfect fit, and for the first time in her life the purchaser will realize the importance of the joy of the accurately-adjusted corset. There is no breaking in necessary, no need of holding onto the old pair until the new ones have taken the body's shape.

If she is afflicted with a tendency to stoop and a protruding stomach, the corset artist will introduce to her the Sybil of the Castellane, shaped with a view to correcting the irregular outline. Its elongated fronts gently but firmly overcome the abnormal development by throwing the weight of the body on other muscles, just as the Sybil is calculated to do away with an unusual hip girth by a strong pressure put on the cushiony masses of fat that gather at this region.

The Sybilide is constructed with an extra long skirt, and supplied not only with elastics in front, but on the side, and the combined pressure is too much for the of avoirdupois. That which was loose and vibrant step of the plump owner becomes hard and compact. We trust to exercise to do the rest," explained a Sybilide, "and we have never had a fat woman under the bondage."

The old corset used to take the stout woman right to wind. A tight squeeze with curved steels in front, pressure on lungs and heart, and the figure resulting very like that of a pillow pinched in the middle. A woman, with her tenderest vitals crammed in quarters, could enjoy great liberty of action, but good up-to-date stay that leaves her organs free, as broad as a man's, the door to her lungs wide open, bust normally placed, her abdomen pushed out of its she will run around golf links, step off five miles, trim down her hips with a seat. Not only has the lengthened every woman's waist by the simple giving her a deceptively-long front line, but it is a sure cure for indigestion, and the girl who wore it to her nose as a consequence of tight lacing years' time almost disappeared.

FANNY K.

### ALWAYS HAS A GIFT READY.

[Foreign Letter:] Queen Victoria keeps a list of jeweled goods at hand to be given away on demand. These articles lie in trays in a large room, and are replenished from time to time by the goldsmiths. They have the good fortune to hold the royal warrant, and workpeople spend a good proportion of their time in facturing choice articles artistically designed for the generous customer. Many a dealer in gems would give good deal to possess the large and well-assorted stock kept on hand by Her Majesty.

There are a few rules which serve as a guide to crown jewels. For example the gems selected are to rubies, diamonds, emeralds and pearls, and more than two kinds must appear on the same article. Gold used is always 18 carat, and the setting must be as the Queen prefers grace and elegance to massiveness. The favorite gift for a man is a scarf pin. Women's chains are given to railway officials. A favorite gift for a lady is a brooch. Baubles and necklaces are seldom presented to outsiders, but are much in request for the household, and etiquette demands that at certain times the maids of honor appear with the jewelry they received from their royal mistress. Sleeve links, rings and pendants are not in favor. No article is given that is not complete in itself, and it would be considered the height of bad taste for a jeweled pendant given to Her Majesty to be suspended from a chain which was of a different quality and design. The Queen is surprisingly sensitive on this point, and bestows the gift with thought and judgment upon the selection of the right one for the right person.

Silver is never used for personal ornaments, but is freely employed on richly-chased cigar and cigarette cases, table services and photo frames. A careful register is kept of the destination of each article for fear any one

receive the same. Queen likes her gifts to be useful. As an example Her Majesty threw her first time with a royal gift took the with diamonds, and ago, he received

WILHELM

[Unidentified:] Queen Wilhelm's associate desire to have things that the even ably but without instance, she is an extravagant in her helping in the man accomplished under helps to make li lace. No embroidery feather stitching a ment, except the

She also has a "baby" of "baby" sary. In winter a soft Chinese silk, sufficiently warm. Her physicians, when clothing toward the kindred illa. All the and dozens, are made the duty of selects as her own, the seams and mak

SUN B.

[Chicago Tribune] extra, is something "cures" increase in they are intended kind has recently be lin, and is already e for both men and w dumb-bells, parallel medium on which the intervals of lying they take rain bath they call it an air people engaged in the several journals in the Berlin doctors are pro plaints, and the new fashion.



A TAILOR-TH

One of the very few notations of stitched or tail. The dress pictured is of finely decorated with val

THE

The picture hat is holdi

**Silk Waists**—Of good quality fabrics, in all the new and pastel shades, also black, made with fancy tucked back and front,

to \$1.89.

Jet Braid, from a half-inch to quarter of a yard wide, 19c to \$1.19.

Jet Butterflies, interwoven with Chenille, \$1.48. (Gold Braid, 2 1/2 to 3 in. wide, 48 to 50

35 TO SAN FRAN







## The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

### LITTLE JAPANESE KOZOS.

APPRENTICES OF THE ORIENT WHO OFTEN BEGIN WORKING AT FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

By a Special Contributor.

The ancient custom of apprenticeship down from medieval times, and still in force in Europe, has a parallel in Japan—like so many other western customs. In Japan, too, it has been handed down for centuries, and it remains today one of the most picturesque and little-known elements of Japanese civilization, and of interest to all who have a soft spot in their hearts for small boys.

The little Japanese apprentice is called a "koso," and he belongs to a poor or middle-class family who cannot undertake the burden of his support and education in the home. To apprentice a boy to some useful trade means to make a good provision for his future, and the Japanese idea seems to be that the sooner this arrangement is made, the better. When the parents have decided upon what calling the son shall enter, or have found a good opening for him, perhaps in the business of a friend, he leaves his home with his parents, and is bound over to his new master with a long career before him as "koso" before he can aspire to be a workman with wages, and finally a master himself if he develops any ability in his trade.

The first-born son in an oriental family is of so much importance that in Japan he rarely becomes a "koso," unless his parents are too poverty stricken to support him; but that does not often happen in a country where living is so cheap that small ones can be reared at the cost of a few "sens" a day. If economizing must be done, it is the unfortunate younger sons who suffer by it, and are generally apprenticed.

Most of the "koses" in a Japanese city are country boys,



THE KOZO IN HIS WORKING CLOTHES.

so that when they leave their homes they may not return again for many years. It is not uncommon for a child to become a "koso" at the age of 5 or 6 years. If the master considers the boy bright and strong, and likely to do well in the trade, he pays the parents a good sum of money, and agrees to give the boy a home, food and clothing until he is 18, when the apprenticeship is over. The name, by the way, means "little priest." Inquiry does not develop the reason why this term is applied to them. Some say that it is because the "koses" shave their heads; still their hair is allowed to grow out again and not kept shaved like that of the priests. The master probably finds it more economical to have his "koses" hair cut very short, and therefore at long intervals.

#### Hard-working Chaps.

The "koso" leads a busy life, to be sure, one that is filled with work from early in the morning till late at night, but he rarely receives unkind words or neglect, or suffers hardship, according to the Japanese conception. Probably a small American boy of any class would object to working as hard as the average Japanese apprentice. The Japanese are a race uniformly gentle in their relations with each other, and harsh words are rarely heard, so the "koso" is sure of a home where he not only has all the rice that is good for him to eat, but is free from the nagging which people are so apt to give other people's children.

The "koses" are to be seen everywhere in the streets in Japan, and in all the stores. If they are apprenticed to a "tabi" maker (the "tabi" are the white cotton socks with a separate place for the big toe,) he sits all day on the little platform within the door of the shop, stitching away on the white socks, and deftly fitting in the ivory fastenings. Generally there are four or five at work at once, and the

eldest is put in charge. He checks all unseemly mirth in the presence of a customer, and interferes when conversation becomes too loud and turns into squabbling, for small boys are much the same the world over.

In the streets "koses" with their masters' name printed on the front or back of their blue cotton frocks which, with skin-tight trousers of the same color, make their costume, trundle carts with lumber and carpenter's tools, or charcoal, or some kind of grain. Generally the marks of their avocations are so smeared over their round countenances that it is superfluous to look at the cart to see what they are doing. They always seem good-natured and happy, and have a glow of health on their brown cheeks which anybody might envy.

#### Only Two Holidays.

"Koses" have two holidays only during the entire year, and one wonders whether they were selected because they seemed the most appropriate for the little wretches, or whether it just happened that way, for they are the two holidays which appear on the Buddhist calendar as off-days in the Buddhist purgatory, or hell. Of course, such a place never existed in the early Buddhism, but it has gradually grown in the imagination of devout believers, and the list of the torments is catalogued. The unfortunate spirits consigned to this place suffer from every ingenious method of torture ever devised in the human mind, but there are two days when this is remitted and they are allowed to enjoy life and to recuperate. These are the two days on which the "koses" are allowed to do the same, and great days they are, and looked forward to through all the hard labor of the rest of the year.

The master always supplies pocket money to the extent of a yen (\$1.) which is a large sum for any Japanese child to spend, and most of it goes for as large a variety of candy and cakes and other eatables as the boy can find. It is the ambition of every "koso," true to the tradition of his guild, to eat so much and in such peculiar combinations that he will be ill and unable to work for several days following and he generally succeeds. With all their abandonment to the unrestricted pleasures of the day, they seldom forget to visit the temple of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, where they stand reverently before her shrine and say a few prayers, their belts stuffed with good things to eat and their faces smeared with the same. Before they leave they throw a few copper "ris" to the golden. This never-forgotten offering of prayer and money is the most unconsciously pathetic incident in the monotonous existence of the hard-worked little "koso."

ANNA NORTHEED BENJAMIN.

### GRAY MOUSE'S RICH BROTHER.

CHURCH MOUSE MAKES HIM A VISIT AFTER A LONG AND MYSTERIOUS ABSENCE.

By a Special Contributor.

Gray Mouse was sitting on his front porch one afternoon when he heard a rumble of wheels and a coach stopped before the door. It was the funniest coach you ever saw, and it was drawn by four tumble bugs all covered with silver harness. Two grasshoppers sat on the box. One of them jumped down and opened the door. Then a big, fat mouse, all dressed and carrying a cane with a gold head, got out and came up the steps of Gray Mouse's house.

"You don't seem to know me," said the fat mouse as he clapped Gray Mouse on the back.

"Your ways are familiar," answered Gray Mouse, "but your face I do not remember at all."

"Why, I am your long-lost brother, Church Mouse," squeaked that little animal, "and I have just come back to visit all my friends and relations."

Church Mouse strutted up and down the porch, whirled his cane and played with his watch chain. Gray Mouse was sitting in his old rocking chair and he had on his shabbiest pair of carpet slippers.

"You need not be so proud," said Gray Mouse. "I remember the time when you did not have a piece of cheese with which to bless yourself. Don't put on any airs with your coach and your old tumble bugs. I have not forgotten when you lived in the church across the road, and were so poor that many is the time you were glad to come over to my poor little house for dinner."

"You need not be cross," replied Church Mouse. "I am not proud, and tomorrow I shall bring you a very large cheese."

"I am very glad to see you," said Gray Mouse, changing his manners and smiling. "Now tell me, how did you get so sleek and fat?"

Gray Mouse brought his best easy chair out on the porch, and Church Mouse sat down in it and crossed his hands over his stomach.

"Well, I was so poor," began Church Mouse, "that many is the time I have gnawed the backs of hymn books. One day I was wondering how I was going to get along, and decided to be a book agent. So I got Hedgehog, who is clever with quills, to write a book for me called 'The True History of the Great Which What.' Then I started out to sell it."

"Well, it was very hard work at first. Cochon, the chicken, slammed the door of his coop right in my face. Chip Munk chased me off his door mat. Snapping Turtle called me names and bit off the end of my tail. Then I saw the Adder and I said just as politely as I could, 'Mr. Adder, I have here the 'True History of the Great Which What.'"

"What witch?" asked Adder, who was as deaf as any-

thing. He had an ear trumpet, but I do not believe the trumpet helped him to hear any better."

"No witch," I answered.

"Norwich is in Connecticut," answered Adder. "That's where I bought my ear trumpet."

"I said 'Which What,'" said I.

"No," replied the Adder, "I do not need any dried eyes today."

"I was so angry that I cried. I went to the wheat field out in Deacon Jones's barn and there I met my old friend Weevil."

"Of course," said Weevil, "when I told him about my bad luck, you don't sell books here because everybody is so intelligent. You come with me to Asia, and you will do better."

"So I stayed in the bin with Weevil. In a day or two the wheat was put in a wagon and taken to the railroad station. Before long it arrived in New York. Then it was thrown downhill into a ship, and for days and days it was that Weevil and I knew nothing except the splash of waters and the tip tip of that great ship."

"We reached the place called Asia. As soon as I got a chance I said good-bye to Weevil and walked until I was in the jungle. When you sell books it is a good thing to know somebody who is big. Weevil told me to go to the thing and see Yellow Lion. I heard Yellow Lion among the trees, and I walked up to where he was standing."

"Yellow Lion," I said very politely, "Yellow Lion, will you please buy my book?"

"Has it got anything about me in it?" asked Yellow Lion.

"No," I answered.

"Well, then, I have no time to talk to little animals like you," said Yellow Lion. "You will oblige me by getting out of my lair, or I shall step all over you."

"Very well," I answered; "I do not wish to cross you, Yellow Lion; and I am not of a revengeful nature." I stood up straight and looked very proud and angry.

"Two days after that I was walking through the jungle when I heard a loud noise. I peeped through the bushes and there I saw Yellow Lion lying under a hammock."

"Good morning," I said. "Seeing that you are so comfortable in your nice new hammock, I thought I would just come and say how I've do."

"You mean little animal!" roared Yellow Lion. "You see that the hunters have caught me in a net."

"It is too bad," I answered, "that you are in a net, but it is still worse to be in the jungle without a book. 'The True History of the Great Which What.' Is that the book which I hold in my hand is told why the lion is which and what the what what said to the what of the when did."

"Stop, stop!" roared Yellow Lion.

"Here is a chapter," said I, "which tells how a lion caught in a net and how a poor little mouse in return a kindness cut the net with his sharp teeth and set the lion free."

"What kindness?" asked Yellow Lion.

"All that the lion did," I answered, "was to buy a book which the mouse was selling."

"I'll take that book," said Yellow Lion. "I'll take a hundred of them—and when I get out I'll make everybody buy one."

"All right, Yellow Lion," said I. Then I gnawed the net, and Yellow Lion got away. The king of beasts was free. I sold more than a million copies of the book from that one sample, for Yellow Lion told all the lions that they must buy. That is how I became so rich."

"You are certainly a clever little animal," said Mouse, when Church Mouse had finished the story. "I am very proud of my rich brother."

JOHN WALKER HARRISON.

### FLYING SQUIRRELS.

ODD WAYS WHICH THESE LITTLE PARAGRAPHS OF THE WOODS HAVE.

[Hartford Times:] If there is a four-footed animal the New England woods which is entitled to the name "gentleman" in the best sense of the term, that is the flying squirrel. He is quiet in manner and in action, an unusually gentle disposition and attends to his business without making a nuisance of himself. He is a character of much greater refinement than the chipmunk, although he gets up occasionally to beechnuts. But as far as the winter through

Though the smallest member of his family known as a woodsman he is without a superior. Of course, it comes to tree climbing and traveling through the tops of closely-grown trees the gray squirrel is simply magnificent. But in the open woods, where the trees are farther apart, the flying squirrel has a decided advantage for he can just sail through the air from one tree to another.

Like most people of real worth, he is modest and unassuming; so much so, in fact, that he may often be in a wood for years without any one being aware of his presence. Even when it is known that he is there he seldom seems, for he usually sets out at dark and is abroad in the day time. His appearance is in keeping with his character. The soft, velvety fur of his upper body is of an inconspicuous shade of gray and the underparts are white. The black eyes are very large and prominent, the whiskers dark and long, and the general expression of face good-natured but earnest. The claws are much used and as sharp as fishhooks.

But the most peculiar parts of his anatomy are the membranes by which he is enabled to make his long leaps or rather sails (for flying squirrels do not really fly) through the air. These membranes, one on each side of the body, extend from the wrist of the forefoot to the

of the hind foot, akin of both the though quite thin covered with short in use these membrane, they contract side. When the air from the upper as wide as he covers of an he is able to sail from a high point His tail also is for, instead of being it is flat, like a fan.

In traveling through top of one tree and along the line of stance he descends the length of the and then with a smack upon the top up to the top or and repeats the journey. As a rule but somewhat quiverance. This fluttering untary act on the say, to the action membrane. The as when the wind flaps.

Some flying squirrels tops, but most of branches. The last makes an ideal happens to stand in long without a tremor the woodpecker drill diameter, and then deep. The following have down, the square the hole a quantity other soft material retires to this snug



his nose out until the again the "flyer" squirrel English squirrels. Th in all weather, the gray comes out for food chipmunk, although he gets up occasionally to beechnuts. But as far as the winter through

### HER WIN WHITE-HAIRED LAB ING FOR PHIL

[Philadelphia Bulletin] cross the shadow of a house square know the than ten years with Mr. Philadelphia.

Every morning between itself. The tree sudden that seem to descend for aspire in the city. The motion, and the branches their hundreds of tenants to the opening day, silence again. They are and breakfast.

She has never disappointed same two trees," said the wisely of her protégé. "to fly away thinking them. And they never lo

"But one day they came grave, but there was the first time that I had in the latter part of the for I felt sure that the b seeing that I had no crum traying them and would woman shattered.

"But I had no time to I quietly sped through: 'Good morning,' or made realized that it was the who carried it."

But they make no disrude when both approach. The tree awakens as so shaggy little feet around t



# Girls.

trumpet, but I do not believe that

ad. "I do not need any dried apples

I cried. I went to the wheat bin

and there I met my old friend

ill, "when I told him about my bad

here because everybody is so in-

th me to Asa, and you will do far

with Wervil. In a day or two

wagon and taken to the railroad

arrived in New York. Then it was

ship, and for days and days after

new nothing except the splash of

of that great ship.

called Asia. As soon as I got a

to Wervil. And walked until I was

well broke it is a good thing to

big. Wervil told me to go the first

am. I heard Yellow Lion ready

walked up to where he was stand-

very politely, "Yellow Lion, want

about me in it?" asked Yellow

no time to talk to little animals

sa. "You will oblige me by getting

all stop all over you."

and: "I do not wish to crowd you,

out of a revengeful nature." So I

ached very proud and angry.

I was walking through the jungle

on. I peeped through the bushes,

lion lying under a hammock.

ad. "Seeing that you are so com-

er hammock. I thought I would

eye on."

small" sneered Yellow Lion, "but

have caught me in a net?"

and: that you are in a net, but

in the jungle without a copy of

the Great Which What." In the li-

my head is told why the what

what said to the which etc

Yellow Lion.

aid I, "which tells how a lion got

a poor little mouse in return for

with his sharp teeth and on the

aid Yellow Lion.

aid I, "I answered, 'was to buy a lot

thing."

aid Yellow Lion. I'll take a bus-

I got out I'll make everybody do

ion," said I. Then I gnawed it

away. The king of beasts has

than a million copies of the let-

ter. Yellow Lion told all the best

of the hind foot, and are formed by the extension of the skin of both the upper and lower parts. Consequently, though quite thin, they are of double thickness. They are covered with short fur both above and below. When not in use these membranes are inconspicuous, for, being elastic, they contract, forming an irregular ridge along each side. When the squirrel wishes to "fly" he springs into the air from the upper part of a tree, and by spreading his legs as wide as he can, stretches the membranes taut, like the covering of an open umbrella. On this natural parachute he is able to sail for a considerable distance, but always from a high point to a lower one.

His tail also is well adapted to this mode of traveling, for, instead of being bushy like those of other squirrels, it is flat, like a feather.

In traveling through a wood a flying squirrel runs to the top of one tree and jumps in the direction of another one along the line of march. For about three-fourths the distance he descends at an angle, which varies according to the length of the flight and the height of the starting point, and then with a curving upshoot he rights with a little smack upon the trunk of the farther tree. He then runs up to the top or near it, and sails away to the next tree, and repeats the performance until he has completed his journey. As a rule the flight is not sharp and clean cut, but somewhat quivering or fluttering—at least in appearance. This fluttering is not, I think, the result of any voluntary act on the part of the animal, but is due, I should say, to the action of the air upon the outer edges of the membrane. The same effect is seen, upon a larger scale, when the wind flaps the edge of a mainsail.

Some flying squirrels build nests of leaves in the tree-tops, but most of them live in holes in the trunks and branches. The last year's nest of a downy woodpecker makes an ideal home for a flying squirrel, and if the tree happens to stand in a swamp, it is not likely to remain long without a tenant. Into a decayed trunk or branch the woodpecker drills a round hole an inch and a half in diameter, and then hollows out a chamber about a foot deep. The following autumn, after the young woodpeckers have flown, the squirrel takes possession, and carries into the hole a quantity of fine outer bark of cedar trees or other soft material suitable for a nest. In November he retires to this snug retreat, and never so much as pokes

of her mistress and the crumbs. The foliage grows noisy again, and the birds swing from their high pedestals to pose on Mrs. Covert's bonnet or shoulder or basket handle before joining the banquet on the ground at her feet.

It was ten years ago that this strange little woman with hair white as snow first carried her big crumb basket to the square. The work was begun by a wealthy woman who died in Philadelphia a few weeks ago. She saw that the scavengers of the streets left little food for the birds, many of whom starved or flew away to perish elsewhere. She made Mrs. Covert her intermediary, and has bequeathed a legacy to the birds that will enable them to be happy and toll for many generations.

## KINDERGARTENS IN JAPAN.

NOWHERE ELSE HAVE CHILDREN SO PERFECTLY ADAPTED THEMSELVES TO FROEBEL.

By a Special Contributor.

The kindergarten has gone to Japan with other western ideals of education, and nowhere else in the world does this most interesting method of child instruction attain the same picturequeness. It was introduced by some of the missionaries, but the Japanese have accepted its principles and ideas with enthusiasm, and the foreign teachers meet with the intelligent cooperation of Japanese parents. Several training schools have been founded, and these have opened up a new field of work to Japanese women, for the girl graduates have established kindergartens of their own. In Tokio, Kioto, Osaka and Kobe kindergarten societies have been formed, which publish a periodical in Japanese.

If the kindergarten appeals to mature Japanese minds, it is still more attractive to the children themselves. Their intellects are just as keen as those of children in the West, and they often take a greater delight in the work, which involves colors and their combinations, for every Japanese child is born with artistic instincts, and everything in the kindergarten naturally appeals to him.

Whether a person is fond of children or not, he could watch the operation of a Japanese kindergarten day after day without tiring. The babies begin to troop in in the morning at 9 o'clock. The kindergarten generally consists of two or three square rooms with "tatami" (straw mats)



THE KINDERGARTEN IN REPOSE.

his nose out until the following March. In this respect again the "fyer" squirrel differs from all the other New England squirrels. The red squirrel may be seen abroad in all weather, the gray squirrel wakes up on warm days and comes out for food and exercise, and even the little chipmunk, although he remains in his underground home, gets up occasionally to nibble at his store of grain or beechnuts. But as far as is known, the flying squirrel sleeps the winter through.

## HER WINGED PROTEGES.

WHITE-HAIRED LADY'S BANQUET EVERY MORN-ING FOR PHILADELPHIA'S BIRDS.

[Philadelphia Bulletin:] Few pedestrians who daily cross the shadow of a great oak tree that stands in Rittenhouse square know the secret that it has shared for more than ten years with Mrs. Kate Covert and the birds of Philadelphia.

Every morning between 5 and 6 o'clock the story repeats itself. The tree suddenly darkens in a shower of birds that seem to descend from every chimney top and church spire in the city. The leaves rustle noisily in the commotion, and the branches sway lightly under the weight of their hundreds of tenants. The birds warble a few notes to the opening day, salute each other—and then all is silence again. They are waiting for Mrs. Kate Covert—and breakfast.

She has never disappointed them. "I always go to the same two trees," said their quaint benefactor, as she talked wisely of her protégés. "For I wouldn't want one of them to fly away thinking that I had not really been to see them. And they never look for me under any tree."

"But one day they disappointed me," Mrs. Covert became grave, but there was a twinkle in her eye. "It was the first time that I had occasion to go through the square in the latter part of the day. I was distressed at first, for I felt sure that the birds would recognize me, and then seeing that I had no crumbs, would think that I was betraying them and would fly away with their faith in woman shattered."

"But I had no time to pause or to change my gown. So I quietly sped through the square. Not a bird chirped 'Good morning,' or made any sign of recognition. Then I realized that it was the basket they knew, not the citizen who carried it."

But they make no discrimination in their show of gratitude when both approach at breakfast time.

The tree awakens as soon as Jessie, the dog, puts her shaggy little feet around the corner. She runs in advance

on the floor. The Japanese never wear their shoes when they enter a house to walk over this matting, so it is always spotlessly clean. In their own homes they kneel on cushions on the floor, but in the kindergarten they have the same little chairs and tables, marked into squares, which we use in this country. Leaving their "geta," or wooden shoes, in a stand made for the purpose just outside the door, they enter in their little white "tabi" (socks) and bow very low to the teachers before running to their places.

Japanese politeness is inculcated when a child begins to crawl, and as soon as he can stand, he is taught to make a bow, so Japanese children of all ages will make a deep obeisance when occasion demands—and that is very often—with gravity and unconsciously, when an American small boy would find himself covered with confusion.

The Japanese children who go to the kindergarten, called a "Gochien," look like the Japanese dolls which our children play with, except that their faces are really much prettier and more attractive. But their hair is cut in the same fantastic way, and their little "kimonos" and "obis" are even more attractive in the original than in the imitation. Each child is brought by an "amah" (nurse) or his mother, or an older sister, and carries a little "bento" or lunch box, carefully packed at home. It is made of lacquer in three compartments, one on top of the other, and each is filled with a different kind of food, the most important of all being rice. When noon comes, the children sit down at the tables with their boxes, a bowl of tea and "hashi," or chopsticks, before them. At a signal the "hashi" are lifted, dipped into the tea, then convey rice, bits of meat and pickles to the small mouths with wonderful rapidity.

There is one fascinating occupation which Japanese children have in the kindergarten denied to boys and girls of other climates. This is the raising of silk worms and finally winding the silk from their own cocoons. A great feature of the Japanese kindergarten, like all others, is the custom of having a mass of growing, blooming flowers in each window. The children love these passionately.

When the last game has been played, and the last march about the room over the soft "tatami" is finished, the children bow ceremoniously to their teachers again, then rush off full of spirits to greet whoever is waiting for them, put on their outside garments, called "haori," and their wooden "geta," in which they trudge home, the older ones to finish out the day with outdoor games, such as kite-flying, in season, or stilt-walking, called "bamboo horse," which is always a source of joy to the young Japanese boy.

## THE BISHOP AND HIS HORSE.

AN ANIMAL WHICH SAVED A MINNESOTA PRE-LATE'S LIFE MANY TIMES.

[Extract from Reminiscences of Bishop Whipple:] On one of my visits to the Sioux Mission in 1861 I reached New Ulm at noon. The thermometer was 36 deg. below zero, and there were indications of a severe storm. I stopped at the house of Louis Robert, a French Indian trader.

When I told Mr. Robert that I had promised to be at the Mission next day, and reminded him that Indians call men liars when they do not keep their word, he made a quick inspection of me, looked at my horse and said: "Bishop, with that buckskin suit and fur coat you'll go through all right, only I'll give you three pairs of moccasins to put on in place of your boots. One never knows what sort of storms will come up on the prairies. The first seven miles of your journey you will find three horses, but none after that for twenty-three miles. Let your horses out at their best speed when you reach the prairie; you can easily follow the road as the grass will be high on either side." Without a moment's delay I pulled on my moccasins and started, driving at a rapid speed until well out on the prairie, but suddenly I discovered that the grass had been turned before the snowfall, and there was nothing to define the road. I found by the hard stubble which showed itself where the snow had been driven off by the wind that I was hopelessly out of the track. The windstorm which had already set in had obliterated the road over which I had come as completely as it had the stretch before me. In passing through several of the coulees with which the prairies abound my horses were breast deep in the snow.

A starless night came on, and with the wind sweeping the snow first into almost impassable drifts and then leveling them to the bare ground, I had to confess myself lost.

Until one has encountered a western blizzard the word has little meaning. The Indians have always paid me the highest compliment when they have said that I could follow a trail and find the points of the compass as well as any Indian.

I now kept my horses headed in the direction which I thought to be that of the agency. I said my prayers, threw the reins over the dashboard, let the horses walk as they

would, and curling myself up under the buffaloes hoped that I might weather the night.

Suddenly Bashaw stopped. I was confident that the wise fellow had struck a landmark, for he knew as well as I did that we were lost. I jumped from the sleigh, and could distinguish in the darkness something under the snow that looked like a huge snake. It proved to be an Indian trail. The Indians always walk single file to avoid an ambush, and in the loam of the prairie these trails are several inches deep. Bashaw followed it, and when his mate was inclined to turn out he put his teeth into his neck and forced him into the path.

Mr. Hinman was so sure that I had started that he had kept a light in the window of the agency, and when Bashaw saw it he leaped like a hound from his kennel. When we reached the Mission, and Bashaw, comfortably stilled, turned his great eyes upon me, his whinny said as plainly as words, "We are all right now, master."

Bashaw was own cousin to the celebrated Patchin [Mambrino Patchin?] He was a king's fellow, and had every sign of noble birth—a slim, delicate head, prominent eyes, small, active ears, large nostrils, full chest, thin gambrels, heavy curls, neat felloes, and was black as a coal. He was my friend and companion for over fifty thousand miles, always full of spirit and gentle as a girl. The only time I ever touched him with a whip was on the brink of a precipice where the path was a sheet of glare ice, and as the wagon began to slide I saved us both by a lash, but the blow hurt me more than it did Bashaw. He saved my life when lost on the prairies many times. In summer heat and winter storm he kept every appointment, often with heroic effort. Patient, hopeful, cheerful, he was a favorite of all the stage drivers, and upon coming to an inn, cold and wet, I was always sure to hear a kind-hearted voice cry, "Bishop, go into the inn; I know just what the old fellow needs."

A few months before he died, at 30 years of age, I sent him to a friend in the country to be pastured. One day some colts in the same meadow were racing, and Bashaw, who had been noted for his speed, with all his old fire joined in the race and beat the colts. He soon after died, and I wept when the news came to me.

## HAD TROUBLE ENOUGH.

[Atlanta Constitution:] "Jedge," cried the colored prisoner, "you say you gwine ter gimme justice. Fer de lawd sake, don't do dat, jedge—I got trouble enough now!"



# The Development of the Great Southwest.

## IN THE FIELDS OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

### New Concentrator.

THE "new standard concentrator" is a machine for the concentration of ores, now being manufactured by the New Standard Concentrating Company (incorporated,) whose office and factory is at No. 604 North Main street. The new standard concentrator is the invention of Luther Look of Los Angeles. Mr. Look is a man of mechanical skill who has devoted many years to the study of mining, and especially to the concentration of ores.

The following claims are made for this concentrator, in a pamphlet published by the company:

"The new standard concentrator brings the ore under the action of the wash-water as soon as it commences to travel down the table, and keeps the heavy particles up to the line of action of the wash-water until the ore is thoroughly cleaned from the gangue. It may be said that the ore is washed and cleaned for a distance of fourteen feet. This fact alone guarantees thorough and clean work.

"The arrangement of the riffles allows of the ready discharge of the ore to the wash-water side, and at the same time protects the fine mineral from being again mixed with the gangue and washed away.

"The new standard concentrator has a greater range of adjustment than any concentrator heretofore offered to the mining world, and through this great range of adjustment is adaptable for almost any kind of ore."

The company has been manufacturing this concentrator for six months and has shipped the machines to many of the mining sections of the Southwest, employing a force of twenty-four men. The new standard concentrator is patented in the United States, and patents have been applied for in Australia and Canada.

### Exporting Bread.

TRADE between Los Angeles and the Orient is increasing slowly but surely. The Times recently noted the shipment of several carloads of suetcrust by a Los Angeles firm to China. Since then Bishop & Co. have received an order for 100,000 pounds of pilot bread from the government, for Manila. A few weeks previously they had shipped 50,000 pounds of this product to the same place.

### Fresno Raisins.

THE Fresno County Board of Horticultural Commissioners has sent a report to the State Board from which the following extract regarding the raisin business is made: "According to the individual statements given in to the County Assessor for the year, there are 68,460 acres of vineyard in Fresno county, 60,970 acres of bearing vines, and 540 acres not yet of bearing age. This acreage is classified as follows:

	Acres Bearing.	Non-bearing.
Table grapes	756	190
Raisin grapes	39,563	2,200
Wine grapes	22,653	3,100

"The season has been favorable on the whole both for raisin and wine grapes, and it is conservatively estimated that 3500 carloads of raisins of ten tons each, and 3,000,000 gallons of wine and brandy, will be produced in the county this season. In this connection we believe it proper to mention the recent erection of a plant near Fresno for the manufacture of cream of tartar from the pomice formerly allowed to go to waste at the wineries. And also a by-product plant being rapidly prepared for operation in the suburbs of Fresno. This latter plant occupies a site embracing ten acres, and olive oil, cream of tartar and various oils obtained from peach and apricot pits, raisin seeds, etc., will be manufactured, it being intended to work up all the refuse material from the several extensive seedling and packing houses located in this city."

### Alamo Mines.

THE Alamo mining district in Lower California, which became famous some years ago as the scene of a great rush to placer diggings, seems to be coming to the front once more. T. E. Russell, superintendent of the Aurora mine in that district, recently came up from Escondido to San Diego, and informed a reporter of the San Diego Sun that the mining interests of Alamo are looking bright. The Sun says:

"There are at present a group of mines, consisting of the Aurora, Bracho, Ulysses, Monteruma and San Jacinto, all of which have their machinery in place, and are developed properties, most of them in practical operation. Wherever milling is carried on the ore is of good quality, and the properties are paying. The Aurora is at present shut down, but for a short time only, as the cause of the cessation of operations is due to a new arrangement about to be effected in its management. The mine has been running for some time, however, on a fine body of ore, which runs about an ounce of gold to the ton. The Bracho, Ulysses and San Jacinto mines are all running on ore of about the same quality, and any quantity of it in sight. The Monteruma, east to Sixth, south to Olive, west to Eureka, north to Citrus, west to First, and north to the plant.

"Prospectively, according to the statement of Mr. Russell, one of the best-paying mining properties in that section is the Vianago, located three miles from Alamo, at a place

known as Mexican Gulch. This mine is owned by Messrs. Hartnell & Davis, and is said to show a body of ore from six to twenty feet wide, which is as rich as any ore in that country. A ten-stamp mill is in process of erection on this property. The Bracho and the Ulysses mine, from the statement of Mr. Russell, are showing up as the richest mines in the section. A cyanide plant is in operation at Alamo, and is having all the work it can do."

### Gas for Redlands.

AS PROMISED by the directors, the Redlands Gas Company, immediately following the granting of permit or franchise by the Board of City Trustees, closed the contract for pipe for main line and laterals, the plant having been previously contracted for. Pipe will be delivered and the laying of mains begin before November 1. The Citicograph says:

"The main line will be 4-inch wrought-iron screw pipe, and run from the plant east on Water street to Fifth, south to Citrus, east to Sixth, south to Olive, west to Eureka, north to Citrus, west to First, and north to the plant.

"A 3-inch main will run on Cajon from Olive to Cypress, and from there 2-inch mains will be laid through the residence tract. A 2-inch main will run on Fifth street, from Water to Terrace, and from there to Casa Loma and through the Lugon's residence section. Like 2-inch mains will run on State from Fifth to Church, and from Sixth and Olive through the residence tract off Olive, between Citrus and Cajon.

"Contract for complete plant calls for delivery within sixty days, and President Ellis confidently expects to have everything in operation before the end of the present year.

"Offices of the company will probably be established in the new Fisher building, to be erected on Citrus avenue, just west of the Otis block, where they will also carry full lines of gas stoves, heaters, ranges and fittings. As soon as pipe-laying gets under way the city will be thoroughly canvassed, so that as many connections as possible may be made while that work is in hand, and so obviate frequent interference with streets."

### Oxnard Sugar Factory.

ACCORDING to the Santa Barbara News, the big beet-sugar factory at Oxnard, which has just closed its annual run, has had a most successful season. The News says:

"The season was a dry one, but the output of the plant was all that could be expected and more. The Oxnard people had a better campaign than any of the other factories in the West.

"The total tonnage of beets was no less than 70,000. From these beets there were made about 200,000 sacks of sugar. The farmers who raised the beets were paid \$350,000 for their work. The pay roll of the factory has been about \$100 daily. The run began on August 15.

"A noticeable fact has been that the average per cent. of sugar has been 18 per cent. This is the highest per cent. of sugar found in any beet-raising country in the world. The percentage is from Herr Mendelsohn, chief chemist at the factory. The statement shows the excellence of Ventura county soil.

"An improvement over previous years has been the use this season of waste water from the plans in the irrigation of beet fields for next year. In another matter there has been a saving of waste. There have been 1000 cattle fed on the pulp of the beets. The stuff is a fine food, and cattle do well on it.

"The size of the figures will show what the factory is to the county in which it is located. The factory has, moreover, run only at half its capacity. With good rains this season the next run will be a record breaker."

### New Mining Plant.

THE Mohave County Miner of Kingman, Ariz., states that an entire new milling plant will be ordered from Denver for the Tennessee mine at Chalaride, and that it is the intention of the company to have it in operation by January 1 next. In conversation with H. N. Botsford, in charge of the property, the editor of the Miner ascertained that the drifts from No. 1 shaft, at the 400 level are now being driven north and south on the ledge by eight-hour shifts. The drifts are all in ore, not a pound of waste being taken out. On the upper levels the ground is being blocked out preparatory to stopping. On the second and third levels there are drifts 750 feet in length from No. 1 shaft. At the 400 level the north drift is in 127 feet and the south drift 57 feet. Big ore bodies have been cut in both drifts. When the new mill is ready to begin work there will be over a year's ore blocked out in the mine. Since the fire, work has been rushed ahead at a rapid rate and every part of the work has added materially to the mine value.

### More Water for Anaheim.

FOLLOWING, in regard to a noteworthy water development project for the Anaheim section, is from the Plain Dealer of that place:

"Plans for increasing the water supply of the Union and the Santa Ana Valley companies have finally been put in tangible form. Execution is to begin shortly, and will cost the stockholders about \$170,000.

"The Union's share will be about \$100,000. It is heavier that the S. A. V. I.'s because it will have to increase the size of its main ditch before it can carry more water, a fact pointed out by the Plain Dealer months ago.

"The plan formulated by the two companies embraces the building of a mile of new cement ditch from the present head-gate of the Union company up the river to a point selected for the putting in of a submerged dam to cost \$125,000. It will raise enough water, according to engineers,

to give each company 3000 inches. Together the two companies will share the expense of enlarging the Cajon ditch for about three miles to carry this water. The S. A. V. I. will divert its portion four miles below the dam and run it beneath the river bed to its ditch. From the point where the diversion is made the Union will have to enlarge the ditch. It is proposed to cement the new work from the start, and the cost of the job is put at \$40,000. The plan includes a new ditch to La Habra reservoir site. The cost of preparing it for use can be commenced.

"The two companies have been considering this matter in secret session for a year past. Last Saturday was expected the Union company would make the matter public. It had been kept secret on the pretense that the way for the new ditch were being secured, and publication would hinder the work. The rights of way were in last week, and excuse no longer existed on Saturday. The board, however, decided to continue secrecy.

"There is a difference of opinion on both sides of the river as to how to raise the money for the improvement. Some of the directors believe in immediate action. This matter will be settled at an early date. The Union wishes to commence work at once. If it can get the 1000 inches promised by Engineer Kellogg, whose plan the manner of development proposed is, it will wish to extend the district and to bring La Habra reservoir site into use. It will get around a lease on it for all development to mains to be seen. The new board elected by the Santa Ana company, and which will have charge of the S. A. V. I. part of the scheme, is composed of J. J. Pherson, president; M. Nison, A. E. Bennett, W. R. P. Pherson and E. F. Siegfried."

### Teaching Art.

IN THE editorial columns of The Times recently was made to the desirability of the establishment in Los Angeles of a first-class art gallery and museum, also to the material advantage which a community derives from such institutions, as well as from first-class schools and colleges of all descriptions.

In this connection, it should be noted that there is in Los Angeles an art association which has been in existence for thirteen years. This is the Art Association of Southern California, established in 1887. The headquarters of the association are in the old St. Vincent's College building, at the corner of Hill and Sixth streets. The association is supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions. Free admission is allotted to those who desire to exhibit pictures and to exhibitors receive the full amount obtained in case of sale. Occasionally the association purchases a work of art for its collection.

In connection with the association is the Los Angeles School of Art and Design (incorporated). This school affords a thorough course of training in every branch of art, including modeling. Following are the trustees of the school: Dr. J. C. Fletcher, president; Henry Koch, president; Mrs. W. B. Conroy, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. W. J. Washburn, W. A. Spalding, Prof. A. J. Prof. W. L. Watts, L. E. Garden-MacLeod, W. R. P. and Malcolm MacLeod, secretary.

The examiners are Henry Koch, Dr. J. C. Fletcher and de Longpre. Any citizens who are interested in art are invited to call at any time and inspect the display in St. Vincent's Hall, and see what work has been accomplished. The exhibit of the association may be seen in a nucleus for a first-class art gallery for Los Angeles near future.

### A Mountain of Ore.

THE San Bernardino Sun has the following in regard to a large deposit of gold ore in the mountains of the Bear Valley country:

Supervisor West came down from Gold Mountain in the Bear Valley country yesterday where he had been after road matters in that part of his district. West says the weather at that altitude, 6000 feet, has been delightful all week, and they were surprised when they were told of the altitude and the mercury here in the valley, in an effort to get to the top of the tube.

But the matter of greatest interest that has been brought news of is the situation at Gold Mountain. New owners of the famous property will be ready to begin in two weeks, and the 40-stamp mill will be kept dropping night and day, and if the ore will run out, the 40 stamps will be increased to 100 stamps. It will then be one of the largest quartz mills in the world.

The formation, if such it may be called, at Gold Mountain, is unlike anything else that is known in California. It is just an immense body or mass of ore, out vein or ledge formation, but a veritable mountain of low grade gold ore. Expert miners have passed up all opinions on the property, some of them saying it is merely a blanket of ore, and will not "go down" and others incline to the view that it may reach several hundred feet, and if so, there is ore enough for a hundred stamps for a hundred years.

But whether the ore shall extend far in to the mountain or not, there is enough in sight to keep the 40 stamps running for a long time, and make it abundantly profitable for the company, and they will begin taking it out soon, and will literally quarry it.

One of the strange things that the development of a new company has discovered is probably the highest artesian well in the world. The question of water had been quite a serious one, and after some fruitless attempts to develop a supply, it was decided to go above Bear Lake, and sink for water, in the hope that a well would be developed from which a water supply could be obtained. To the intense surprise of everybody, water was struck, but a flowing well, and Judge West was told it was flowing about 30 inches while the water time was two feet above the surface, and the water supply is abundant besides being of the very best quality, clear and pure, ice.

October 28, 1900.]

## CARE OF

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS AND PRESCRIPTIONS

Compiled

Grape-fruit for Malaria.

J. D. NOBLE writes to "Will you please, interested; owing to chronic malaria—myself or of next Sunday full part curative agent. Please state much to be used, and at long to continue."

Frequent mention has been made of grape-fruit as a valuable malaria and liver trouble, and to the best method of using of this correspondent they The most economical, method of utilizing the grape-fruit is to utilize the seeds and seed. Placing the seeds in a bowl, pouring boiling water over them, and taking a tumblerful of the water in the morning, tiring.

This treatment should be continued, which will drive out the malaria, greasy and rich foods, such as Also from malt liquors.

There are several preparations on the market, which are good in strictly as a medicine, the best. After a brief course of be made of one of the pomelo beverage.

### Hair Tonics.

FRED S. ALDEN sends the following two recipes for hair tonics, he says he obtained from an old woman who has been asked whether they can be recommended. "Recipes of Hair Wash or Tonic. Strongest alcohol, 9 1/2-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1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# CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

## Grape-fruit for Malaria.

D. NOBLE writes to this department as follows:

"Will you please, for the benefit of a number interested, owing to the fact that they suffer from chronic malaria—myself one of them—publish in your issue of next Sunday full particulars as to grape-fruit as a curative agent. Please state how to prepare the fruit, how much to be used, and at what time of the day, and how long to continue."

Frequent mention has been made in this department of grape-fruit as a valuable natural remedy in cases of malaria and liver trouble, and directions have been given as to the best method of using the fruit, but for the benefit of this correspondent they are here repeated.

The most economical, as well as the most efficacious, method of utilizing the grape-fruit as a medicine is to slice up a pomelo, utilizing the entire fruit, including the rind and seed. Placing the sliced fruit in a pitcher and pouring boiling water thereon, using about a quart of water to an average-sized pomelo. Let it stand over night, and take a tumblerful of the liquid three times a day—rising in the morning, before lunch, and before retiring.

This treatment should be continued until beneficial results are noticed, which will generally be within a few days, particularly if the invalid is careful to abstain from greasy and rich foods, such as fats, pastry, hot cakes, etc. Also from malt liquors.

There are several preparations of the pomelo on the market, which are good in their way, but when used strictly as a medicine, the method above described is the best. After a brief course of this treatment, free use may be made of one of the pomelo preparations as a refreshing beverage.

## Hair Tonics.

FRED E. ALDEN sends The Times, from Corona, the following two recipes for hair wash or tonics, which he says he obtained from an old book of Dr. Warren, and asks whether they can be recommended:

"Recipe of Hair Wash or Tonic.—Castor oil, 2 1/2 pounds; strongest alcohol, 2 1/2 pints; pulverized Spanish flies, 1-2 ounces; oil of bergamot, 2 1/2 ounces; otto of roses, 20 drops; mix. Let them stand for a few days, and filter. A superior preparation for keeping the hair from falling out and to prevent dandruff.

"Another one, better than the above: Tinct. benzoïn comp., 2 drams; tinct. Spanish flies, 2 drams; castor oil, 4 ounces; oil bergamot, 1 dram; oil of cassia or verbena, 1/2 drops; strong alcohol, 9 1/2 ounces. Mix."

The castor oil and alcohol are valuable in hair treatment, while the Spanish fly is more dubious. Such preparations as these would generally have to be applied by another person, as the castor oil easily renders the hair sticky.

An excellent thing for the hair is to massage the scalp frequently, and to wash the hair with an egg once a week.

## Physicians and Patients. (In Two Papers.) I.

PROF. SCHWEINIGER says "ut aliquid fiat" is all the medical maxim recognized by some practitioners. Only a few physicians in these days believe in the healing powers of the red, blue, yellow and white magic powders they give. They tell their patients a great many things about the "art" and of their wisdom in medicine, but when alone, or free from the intrusions of outsiders, they as honestly make sport of their own pretensions. What their predecessors thought good, they pronounce as thorough gospel, although long ago they learned that the message is false. In place of honest errors, there has come pious fraud.

The trouble begins away back at college, where the "makers" of science reside, and where chemistry reigns supreme. When the clinical professor, with painstaking solicitude, has analyzed the morbid state of a patient, the lesson taught is rendered worse than useless by the therapeutic force which follows. Only he who is admitted within the veil can understand how much of the grotesque is hid beneath the dignified and plausible phraseology of the clinical tale told.

The results, however, of such an experience are, after all, salutary. True, the man who has passed through college practically knows very little of what may justly be called the "art of healing." If he is original in his methods of thought and work, he may create for himself a healing art in accordance with his own conceptions as to what it should be. Such instances, however, are exceptional. Rarely, indeed, does a medical man grow beyond the standard of his examination, and that, generally speaking, is very low.

The seeds of false pretenses sown in college become living factors in real life, and as such exert a controlling influence ever after.

It is a very common practice with a large portion of the profession to spend a not inconsiderable portion of their time in writing prescriptions. And why not? The ease with which the task is performed alone highly recommends it to persons in the habit of saving labor. The physician needs only to consult a text-book. There it is, this or that disease—such or such formula, highly recommended by good authority to cure it. And a fellow with a first-class memory can even manage to get on without being put to the trouble of hunting for the text-book.

These are harmless matters, and perhaps do not amount to much, and yet, their importance is not to be overlooked. Certainly the sick do not estimate them lightly, they stay away unless they regularly receive their bottle of water drops; then the physician's income grows beau-

tifully less, and thus the need of money-getting, the necessity of making a livelihood, drive into prescription-writing many a man who has not the slightest faith in it.

The excuse is also made that the sick insists upon being humbugged, that they do not believe a cure is possible without the use of medicine. But here again the profession are to blame, for have they not extolled the virtues of the drug shop until the people were actually forced to put their trust in it? And this thing is still going on. Hardly a medical journal but is filled with recommendations of new remedies and special preparations, and there are physicians who can actually read them without laughing.

Many physicians in their treatment of the sick willingly submit to the dictations of every old woman, and often we are wearing the fool's garments, because the public, finding the doctors willing thus to ornament themselves, condescends to array us in them. We have even come to a point that not we are treating the sick, but that every fool who comes into the office is treated in obedience to his own particular notions. Fortunately, nature endures much; she even heals without assistance from the healing art.

A medical man once said: "The writing of prescriptions is a kind of 'suggestion,' a psychic method of healing. The patient draws comfort from the consciousness that he has given him some health-restoring medicine that gives him strength to overcome the disease." But truth is worth more than a pious lie; it goes farther. And, in fact, therapeutic suggestion has nothing to do with the conception of truth and falsehood.

But sometimes "ut aliquid fiat" plays into the hands of every physician. When the anxious mother consults him because her child, in a tumble, receives a bump, or when a "whisky-soak" wonderingly shows the wise man his tongue, or an old maid complains of catarrh, the lips of the physician cunningly pronounce the "ut aliquid fiat," and the pen is forthwith dipped into the ink to write the saving word. He knows well enough that the whole trouble will disappear of its own accord—but that must remain between ourselves.

In typhus fever or in pneumonia the matter is a little more serious. The physician may in vain cast about for a remedy, but still he writes his axiom with a double-wise air. When the disease gets worn out, it is, of course, the remedy that has performed the cure; when the termination is in death—well, the doctor has done all he could; witness the prescriptions.

Now comes the flock of chronic patients. They can be helped, but only at the cost of much effort and thought, and here, too, the "ut aliquid fiat" comes in to good advantage. In exceptional cases a wiser course is followed; the patient then sees that something is actually being done for him, and he is gratified until he looks through the deception, when he goes somewhere else to receive the same treatment; and this continues until he loses all confidence, and throws himself into the arms of the surgeon.

Even to the incurable patient there is comfort in this sentence. He follows with wondering eye the bold penstroke with which the physician winds up his prescription; humbly he listened to his words of wisdom, trustfully he swallows the tablespoonful of nauseous compound, little knowing that his oracle shrugs his shoulders behind the door, content with his own goodness, murmuring to himself "ut aliquid fiat." The sick one hopes and waits, until at last death visits his bedside, gently taking the bottle of medicine out of his stiffening hands. The last look lingers upon the medicine bottle, and the faltering tongue struggles to speak words of thanks to the physician. And the physician? He accepts such as his rightful dues. He has done the best he knows to the very end; and that best is "ut aliquid fiat."

C. C. J. WACHENDORF, M.D.

## The Microbe Craze.

PROF. NORTON thus criticizes the prevailing microbe craze:

"There is great danger of the bacteriological craze landing its devotees in a quagmire, from which extrication will be difficult if not impossible without loss of prestige. The earnest investigators are prone, in their enthusiasm, to take too much for granted (the wish being father to the thought), and it will not be at all surprising to find that many steps will have to be retraced; many ingenious and promising theories abandoned. It should be borne in mind that a microscope life is, in the main, beneficent to humanity; that the varieties associated with disease are comparatively few, by comparison with the others, and, that in the case of the bacteria that have been definitely identified with specific diseases, it has never been satisfactorily demonstrated that they are the cause, and not the product, in such cases. Although some facts are positively known in bacteriology, yet the conclusions drawn from them are mainly conjectural, and in this, as in other fields, it is not at all unlikely that the next generation will see the present teachings thrown out, and a general recasting of theories."

At a meeting of the British Medical Association, Dr. George Wilson recently spoke with great frankness on the relations of bacterial research and methods of treatment. He asserted that Pasteur's inoculations are all based on errors, and quoted a prominent Italian physician as stating that experimental medicine will never be able to reproduce in the laboratory the diseases which nature shows us." Dr. Wilson added:

"The fact of the matter is, that a pathogenic microbe entering the healthy human body, whether by accident or with malice prepense, stands about as good a chance of doing harm as a mouse in a tight room, surrounded by a dozen hungry cats. The body in health is safeguarded by means of its various germicidal fluids, as saliva, gastric and intestinal juices, etc., and even the blood itself, peopled as it is with myriads of phagocytes, always abundant and forever on guard against such intruders. On the other hand, as is shown elsewhere in this paper, in diseased states of the body, the so-called germs are, under whatever name, scavengers of waste and effete matter; they are one of nature's means of eliminating disease-producing substances. But for them, indeed, the diphtheritic or far-gone consumptive patient would smother in a single night."

It looks as if the microbe craze had about reached its

limit. Certainly, it must be evident to the most superficial observer that if one-tenth of the terrible things that we have been told during the past few years about the ravages of microbes in the human system were true, then the entire human race would long since have ceased to exist.

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## Rheumatism and Heart Disease.

IT HAS been known for many years that the most fertile cause of heart disease is rheumatism. Only recently has it been realized, however, that many cases of rheumatism which give rise to heart complications really run so mild a course that they are not suspected of being serious and are neglected. This is especially true in cases which attack the very young. A writer in the New York Post says:

"In children rheumatism often masquerades under the name of 'growing pains.' In infants it often fails completely of recognition. It has become the custom to a lamentable degree to give for it the coal tar derivatives, the various anti-pyretic drugs, anti-pyrene, phenacetine and the like, besides various derivatives of salicylic acid. These drugs alleviate the rheumatic pain by benumbing the nerves; they also lessen fever. The result of their use is that patients are enabled to move about much sooner than they otherwise would, and this throws extra work on the heart, and leads to post-rheumatic heart complications which may cripple the organ for life. The recent increase in the number of refusals of risks by life insurance companies is thought to be due to this cause. Doctors here from many parts of the world deprecate the present excessive use of these drugs. Pain is nature's demand for rest. To allay it without reaching its cause is to drug the sentinel who watches over the citadel of health because his footsteps disturb our sleep."

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## Power of the Imagination.

MANY stories have been told to illustrate the influence of the imagination over the body. The following is from the journalist's notebook of Frank F. Moore:

"A young civil servant in India, feeling fagged from the excessive heat and from long hours of work, consulted the best doctor within reach. The doctor looked him over, sounded his heart and lungs and then said, gravely: 'I will write you tomorrow.'

"The next day the young man received a letter telling him his left lung was gone and his heart seriously affected, and advising him to lose no time in adjusting his business affairs. 'Of course, you may live for weeks,' the letter said, 'but you had best not leave important matters undecided.' "Naturally the young official was dismayed by so dark a prognostic—nothing less than a death warrant. Within twenty-four hours he was having difficulty with his respiration and was seized with an acute pain in the region of the heart. He took to his bed with the feeling that he should never arise from it. During the night he became so much worse that his servant sent for the doctor.

"What on earth have you been doing to yourself?" demanded the doctor. "There were no indications of this sort when I saw you yesterday."

"It is my heart, I suppose," weakly answered the patient.

"Your heart!" repeated the doctor. "Your heart was all right yesterday."

"My lungs, then."

"What is the matter with you, man? You don't seem to have been drinking."

"Your letter!" gasped the patient. "You said I had only a few weeks to live."

"Are you crazy?" said the doctor. "I wrote you to take a few weeks' vacation in the hills and you would be all right."

"For reply the patient drew the letter from under the bedclothes and gave it to the doctor.

"Heavens!" cried that gentleman, as he glanced at it. "This was meant for another man. My assistant misplaced the letters."

"The young man at once sat up in bed and made a rapid recovery.

"And what of the patient for whom the direful prognosis was intended? Delighted with the report that a sojourn in the hills would set him right, he started at once, and five years later was alive and in fair health."

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## Appendicitis.

THE following suggestions for the home treatment of appendicitis are given in the Healthy Home:

"While appendicitis is a serious disease and the physician should always be summoned, there is no doubt that many cases have gone on to recovery with simple home treatment. It is difficult sometimes for the patient to get prompt medical treatment, but the non-professional may well consider as appendicitis a colic-like attack, accompanied by soreness at the right side of the abdomen and tenderness at a point midway between the navel and the point of the hipbone in front. In such conditions only good results can follow (while the doctor is being called) from the administration of a copious enema of warm soap and water, followed by teaspoonful doses of magnesium sulphate in two wine glassfuls of warm water, given every hour, and the dose being repeated six or eight times until the bowels begin to act.

"The surgeon will very likely apply an ice bag over the seat of the pain if the congestion is such that it seems to produce relief.

"The patient must be kept in bed until the swelling and the tenderness have left the affected point, and he must be fed upon food which is easily digested, and which neither constipates nor forms massive stools."

## "BETROTHAL CAKES" NOW.

[London Chronicle:] A new terror is about to be added to existence. The bakers and confectioners who are at present disporting themselves in the Agricultural Hall propose to bring into fashion a "betrothal cake," similar to the wedding, birthday and christening cakes, in which case it is suggested that the "gay deceiver" would be the baker's best friend. The Bakers' Times, however, points out that care should be taken to give a guarantee with each betrothal cake that it will not keep beyond a month, lest it should be "used in evidence" against a traitor lover.



## EVOLUTION OF THE NEWSBOY.

HOLDING UP HIS END, IN HIS WAY, AS WELL AS MEN IN MORE PRETENTIOUS EMPLOYMENT.

[New York Sun:] "I note on the part of newsboys," said a town traveler, "an increasing display of politeness."

"For years, now, a good many among newsboys have been showing in the conduct of their business, this being some thing apart from the question of their politeness, a greater and greater degree of shrewdness, energy and intelligence. It is a familiar fact that, in more recent years especially, more and more newsboys have taken to occupying and sticking to a spot in some public locality, where many people pass, or that was for one reason or another particularly desirable; stations that they held on to by right of discovery or by force of arms, and where they have literally built up a trade. A good many of these boys, either by natural ability in that direction, or by careful or instructive cultivation, have come in a remarkable degree to the power of remembering what papers their customers take, which they hand out to them without the slightest doubt or hesitation. This, it will be remembered, brings not in a store, or in a newspaper booth, into which one enters or at which one may stop, and so where acquaintance is made, but in the public street."

"In this kind of development the newsboy stands up in his chosen spot, with his big bundle of newspapers under his arm, square in the middle of some busy human tide-way, and with the current constantly flowing past and eddying around him, hands papers aboard one and another of the human craft, as they range abreast of him for a moment and pass on."

"The display to the highest advantage of this phase of modern newsboy's art and skill may be seen at that hour when men are going home from their various occupations at the end of the day at some busy city spot, where many are passing constantly, but where now the stream flows full with the current running rapidly. There and then is where the really contemporaneous newsboy comes out strong and in all his glory. He stands in the center of that rushing tide, at the spot which he has nailed, and hands out papers right and left. Even the chance customer holding out a coin as he comes along and commonly, also, naming his paper, halts but briefly, his regular customers, who pass that spot daily, at that fixed hour, and to whom he hands a paper as they pass, halt not at all. Ten to one he has seen them coming down the tide; possibly not till they get close aboard of him, but almost certainly by that time, anyway, and as they range alongside, he hands out their paper which they take, and pass on not only without a word on either side and without the customary halting, but without slackening speed. He whips the paper out from the bundle under his arm—as an art acquired by long practice—the newsboy gives it a flit that doubles it, and he fairly places the paper thus doubled within the fingers of the hand held out to grasp it."

"They pass him on either side and they come at him athwart the current, criss-cross and every which way, but the newsboy turns easily to one side or the other to meet those who buy of him, out of this active moving current, and meets them all, readily. Nothing fazees him, it can't be too busy for him; this is the sort of thing he likes; for he's a humperina, the real modern, up-to-date newsboy."

"The increasing display of politeness of which I spoke at the outset, is a still later phase of the newsboy's higher development. This, of course, is not conspicuously shown in times of high pressure, as in that crowded late afternoon hour, when the newsboy with a good station is busy every minute. There's no time for that then, and his customers don't want it or expect it; though you may be sure that this chap, of whom, as many do, people buy newspapers, in preference to buying of somebody else, is manifestly of courteous and polite intent, and actually polite in manner. But the boys I am speaking of now are those at less busy spots or boys at the busy spots, perhaps, who speak thus at the less busy hours. You will come across now-days, newsboys who would say in response to a question: 'Yes sir,' or 'No sir,' as the case might be; and not cringingly, or meanly, but with just simple politeness. Twice within a week I have had straight stalwart newsboys say to me as they took the cent I handed over for an evening paper. 'Thank you.'"

"And this, not meanly or humbly, or anything of that sort, but just plain, straight, simple manly politeness. For business? Why, of course, for business; and it pays, too, besides pleasing people. I have never yet met anybody that didn't like to be treated with politeness and consideration, and I haven't the slightest doubt that, other things being equal, the newsboy who was at once self-respecting and polite would get more customers and hold more of them and make more money out of them than one who wasn't."

## SMALL BUT VERY STRONG.

[Popular Science Monthly:] The humming bird flies as the Irishman played the fiddle—by main strength—the frigate bird relies on his skill in taking advantage of every varying current of air, and the skeleton of the one indicates great muscular power, while that of the other shows its absence. No other bird has such proportionately great muscles as the humming bird. The keel of the sternum or breastbone from which these muscles arise runs from one end of the body to the other, while at the same time it projects downward like the keel of a modern racing yacht. These muscles drive at the rate of several hundred strokes a minute a pair of small, rigid wings, the outermost bones of which are very long, while the innermost are very short, a feature calculated to give the greatest amount of motion at the tip of the wing with the least movement of the bones of the upper arm, to which the driving muscles are attached. Another peculiar feature is that the outermost feathers, the flight feathers or primaries, are long and strong, while the innermost, those attached to the forearm, are few and weak; so far as flight is concerned, the bird could dispense with these secondaries and not feel their loss. Finally, the heart, which we may look upon as the boiler that supplies steam for this machinery, is large and powerful, as is necessary for such a high-pressure engine as the little humming bird.

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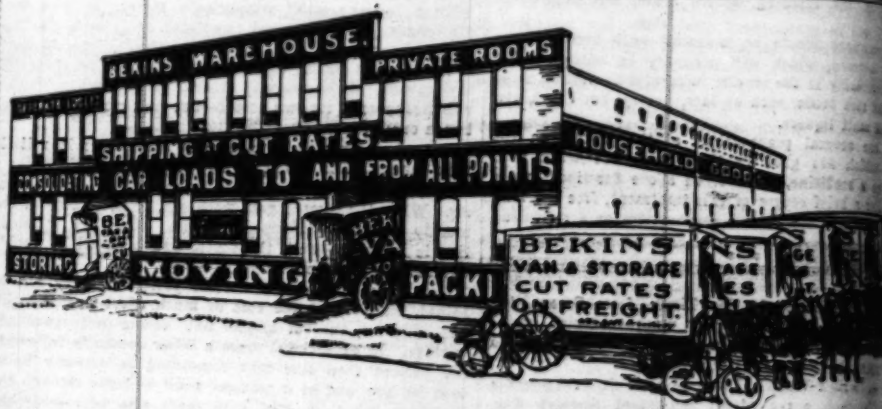
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(Cartoon.)

Editorial...

How It Feels

Candida B.

Th: President

Chinese Nam

National We

Two and a B

Good Short S

The Moon Me

Stories of the

Famous Drive

UTAH'S

HOW THE PIONEER

AND INT

By a

It lacked exactly a summer month, when cañon, now known as now famous as the Rocking eastward the Des Moines River, tions of men; on the scattered settlers their travel-worn wagons be their living until dust. They were in a for sympathy or help wagon were also potato, plain and river—leader declared, "Here men had taken the horse for the plows, and w That same day was pl in Utah.

But there was a dream, for centuries, planters did not stop to the precious seed could could at once have water anything like irrigating. Water there was—a mo valley. That first day brought by ditch from soil, in whose dust the so in that same first day and from that first plant come all the potatoes of The dryness of the colli illustration, one of the first creek to the "fort," wh erection of homes. The di brought was a half mile, that the water was two d

The produce of the was saved for seed the second so careful that not till 1849 did potatoes. They continued from the mountain stream fields by such simple way that all their fields of grain by black crickets that looking in the morning h evening show here as a fee was extremely precarious. The food that had been b the individual by the owner, was all the time hungry. T to mid-afternoon. After w not berrying, but growing, tie-tops for greens, the th spring near the fields. The milk freely, and the people And the crickets, after de fate, the "pioneers" said, b Providence. Sea gulls came devoured the insects and saved made a habitat of that locali and women the bird became boy aiming a shot at a gull gun up.

It did not take the pioneer artificial irrigation as the sol on the desert. Not a man o thing of practical irrigation, b the desert was begun all t farming that has astonished watered sections of the Atl Valley. It was the first irri Anglo-Saxon people. Forty years after that, the a prize of \$500 to the farmer wheat to the acre in the Un paid to William Libby of Sal tween eighty and ninety bus accurately-surveyed acre of the middle of February, and

Silk Waists—Of good quality fabrics. In all the new and pastel shades, also black, made with fancy tucked back and front, French shape, dress sleeves and flared. \$2.00

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## UTAH'S FIRST VEGETABLE.

HOW THE PIONEERS PLANTED A POTATO FIELD AND INTRODUCED IRRIGATION.

By a Special Contributor.

It lacked exactly one week to the beginning of the last summer month, when the "Utah pioneers" emerged from a cañon, now known as "Emigration Cañon," into a valley, now famous as the site of Salt Lake City.

Reckoning eastward, they were a thousand miles from the Des Moines River, Iowa, where were the nearest habitations of men; on the west, their next-door neighbors were the scattered settlers of California, 800 miles distant. In their travel-worn wagons were the provisions that were to be their living until crops could be evolved from the desert dust. They were in a sense outlaws who could not hope for sympathy or help from their far neighbors. In the wagons were also potatoes, brought 1000 miles across mountain, plain and river—brought for seed. Scarcely had their leader declared, "Here will we build our temple," than the men had taken the horses from the wagons, had them before the plows, and were zealously breaking the ground. That same day was planted the first vegetable ever planted in Utah.

But there was a drought in that land, unbroken, as it seemed, for centuries. The soil was sun-baked. But the pioneers did not stop to pray for rain. They realized that the precious seed could not be saved unless their plantings could at once have water. Not a man there had ever seen anything like irrigating done; but the seed must have water. Water there was—a mountain stream flowing through the valley. That first day in Salt Lake Valley water was brought by ditch from the rocky channel to the thirsty soil, in whose dust the seed potatoes had been hidden; and so in that same first day Utah irrigation was inaugurated; and from that first planting of Utah's first vegetable have come all the potatoes of that section.

The dryness of the soil was dreadful, dismaying. In illustration, one of the first ditches dug in Utah was from a creek to the "fort," where the people lived pending the erection of homes. The distance over which the water was brought was a half mile, and so thirsty was the ground that the water was two days in making the run.

The produce of that first planting in 1847 was saved for seed; and the produce from the second so carefully held for seed again that not till 1849 did those desert pioneers taste of potatoes. They continued to water all their plantings from the mountain streams, conveying the waters to the fields by such simple ways as they could contrive. In 1848 all their fields of grain and vegetables were attacked by black crickets that came down by millions. Fields, looking in the morning bright and promising, would by evening show bare as a floor. The situation of the people was extremely precarious. All were put on short rations. The food that had been brought so far was weighed to the individual by the ounce, week by week; and everybody was all the time hungry. The thin oxen could be used only to mid-afternoon. After work hours the people would go, not borrying, but greening, searching about gathering thistle-tops for greens, the thistles having appeared in the spring near the fields. Then, too, the cows began to give milk freely, and the people began to fatten.

And the crickets, after devouring many fields, met their fate, the "pioneers" said, by a direct interposition of Providence. Sea gulls came by thousands and thousands, devoured the insects and saved some of the fields. The gulls made a habitat of that locality. To those beleaguered men and women the bird became sacred, and when they see a boy aiming a shot at a gull, they feel like knocking his gun up.

It did not take the pioneers long to seize on the idea of artificial irrigation as the solution of the problem of life on the desert. Not a man of the community knew anything of practical irrigation, but with that first watering on the desert was begun all that phenomenally-successful farming that has astonished the favored wooded and watered sections of the Atlantic Slope and Mississippi Valley. It was the first irrigation on this continent by Anglo-Saxon people.

Forty years after that, the American Agriculturist offered a prize of \$500 to the farmer raising the largest crop of wheat to the acre in the United States. The prize was paid to William Libby of Salt Lake City, who raised between eighty and ninety bushels of clean wheat from an accurately-surveyed acre of ground. The crop came up the middle of February, and received no attention until

April 10, when it was rolled once. No other care was given it until harvest time, and the prize acre received no different treatment from the general wheat crop on the farm, the entire yield of which averaged seventy bushels to the acre. Five pecks of seed had been sown to the acre. There are many small farms in this irrigated land where the average yield is sixty bushels to the acre, year after year.

Some of the developed irrigation works are surprising achievements. At the World's Columbian Exposition the first prize was awarded to the Bear River Valley canal system; and the Khedive of Egypt afterward issued an edict for the construction of similar works at the head waters of the Nile.

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

## PREFER THE AMERICAN FRUIT.

[Portland Telegram:] Germany wants American fruit. There is a prospect of unprecedented importations of American dried prunes, apricots, peaches and pears, as well as evaporated apples and raspberries this autumn and winter.

"Our prunes are supplanting French prunes," says United States Consul Mason at Berlin. Much other valuable information is contained in the advance sheets of a circular report sent out by Mr. Mason, and dealing with German market conditions. The advance report says:

"The popularity of American dried preserved fruits in Germany has increased from year to year, by both their relative cheapness and unrivaled flavor and excellence, until a leading wholesale dealer in such products at Berlin informs this consulate that his applications from his customers—who are mainly grocers and provision dealers in other towns and cities—are larger this season than ever before, and relate almost exclusively to American fruits."

[Pittsburgh Chronicle:] "I read the other day that automobiles are replacing horses on some of the western ranches," said the Observant Boarder.

"I should think that horseless cowboys would be considerable of a novelty," commented the Cross-eyed Boarder.

## JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS

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1:40 p.m. Return 12:05 p.m. 3:30 p.m. 4:15 p.m. 5:00 p.m. 6:35 p.m.  
Monday and Tuesday—Leave Los Angeles 8:00 a.m. 10:30 a.m. 1:40 p.m. Return 12:05 p.m. 4:15 p.m. and 5:00 p.m.  
Ample Ferry Service will be provided from the Terminal wharves to the Battleships and return round trip. Terminal Island is the best place to view the warships from and get lunch.  
FARE 50 CENTS ROUND TRIP—Tea-Ride Tickets \$1.50, good for anyone.  
GRAND CONCERT AT TERMINAL ISLAND SUNDAY AFTERNOON.  
Admission and Tickets 237 South Spring Street. Tel. Main 960 and 656.

**SANTA CATALINA ISLAND**  
Three and one-half hours from Los Angeles.  
**SPECIAL EXCURSION.**  
**S.S. Hermosa, Sunday, Oct. 28.**  
A glimpse through the glass bottom boat and 10 lifelines of Catalina's crystal waters will reveal an ocean of living wonders. The great stage ride and golf links. Boat tank exhibition of living fish and animals. Hotel Metropole always open. Daily steamer service except Fridays from San Pedro wharves connecting with Southern Pacific and Terminal trains, leaving Los Angeles at 9:05 and 8:50 a.m. Fare, round trip \$2.75; Excursion round trip \$2.00. Sunday excursion allow 25c. Hours on the island, other days about 30 minutes.  
Telephone Main 36. BANNING CO., 222 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

**M. T. LOWE RAILWAY**  
"Grandest Scenic Trip on Earth."  
Sunday Excursion, \$1.75.  
(Round trip) "Lowest rate ever made." Incomparable views since the recent rate. High above the local railway fare, the scenic trip to the Alps. Fare, 75 cents. Return fare only. Passenger and Ticket Office, 220 S. Spring Street (Simons Block). Telephone Main 66.

**TO SAN FRANCISCO**—INCLUDING BERTH AND MEALS.  
Merchants' Independent Line  
Leave Tuesday, Wednesday, Thurs. Office 220 S. Spring St. Tel. Main 66. C. J. LEHMAN, AGT.

**VACATION OF CUBA.**  
Regular session until December, 1901, and will hardly do any important business until the spring of 1902. By that time representatives of the new Cuban republic may be ready to demonstrate to the appropriate committees of Congress that they have a government completely organized and capable of maintaining treaty obligations with other powers. Such a government can hardly exercise its functions until authorized by Congress.  
Whether it shall be permitted to exercise them without the supervision of the United States will be for Congress to determine. The President is not likely to assume the responsibility of putting the new Cuban government in operation, even under the tutelage of the United States. It would appear, therefore, that the new Cuban republic could not begin to exercise its functions until the summer of 1902.  
**ARNOLD SAILS FOR ENGLAND.**  
NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—Julian T. B. Arnold, second son of Sir Edwin Arnold, sailed for Europe a prisoner on the Cunard liner Umbria today. Arnold was brought here from San Francisco last Wednesday by two Scotland Yard detectives. He was charged with the embezzlement of large sums of money in London early in the year. Arnold's wife is still in San Francisco.

**WHIRLWIND CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN.**  
*Battle Will Be Fast and Furious from Now Till the End.*  
Republicans Are Confident of Their Ability to Organize the House—Monster Parade in Chicago Yesterday.  
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] East of the Rocky Mountains the closing week of this Presidential campaign is going to be an old-time whirlwind. Monday morning Bryan and Roosevelt begin a new fight in New York State, where Bryan tonight is making some twenty speeches. Monday morning Bryan tackles Brooklyn, besides making several speeches in New York City proper. Then he starts on another tour through the State, finishing at Buffalo. Meanwhile Roosevelt will make many speeches throughout the State. Bryan, after leaving New York, hurries on to Chicago, where he believes by some hard work he will be able to roll up a big majority in Cook county, which may overcome the Republican majority in the State of Illinois and give its electoral votes to him. From Illinois he proposes to work toward Nebraska, where he will make the closing speeches of the campaign, and it is expected he intends to work very hard to save that State to the Democrats, on the State ticket, any way, so in the event of his failure to land in the White House, a Democratic Legislature from his home State will send him to the United States Senate.  
It appears that the Democrats are going to concentrate their work upon New York and Indiana and Illinois during the coming week. Representative Bailey and other Democratic leaders are hurrying into Indiana to be ready to start things there Monday and keep them up till the latter part of the week, when a good many Democratic speakers will be sent for a final tour of Illinois, after Bryan has been there.  
The Democrats in New York will keep at it through the State for the entire week. The Republicans have their speakers everywhere, but they are going to depend largely upon

Roosevelt's work, and still more upon the wonderful demonstrations being got up for New York City next Saturday. It is going to be a practical holiday in the city. All the commercial marts will close, and it is expected there will be 150,000 men in the Republican parade which will move through the city.  
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] With election day only a week off, the Republicans are growing more confident about their ability to carry the House of Representatives. They will not have a big majority, and no one predicts more than twenty-five. They now have fourteen majority, so that will be a gain of eleven votes.  
Representative Loudenslager, who has charge of the Congressional Campaign Committee's headquarters here, has reports which show quite positively that the Republicans will hold the House.  
"I am confident the Republicans will organize the next House," said Loudenslager today. "Reports from all over the country received at these headquarters coming in from every district show that the Republicans are not confined wholly to political organization information, show clearly that the cause of sound money and protection and the upholding of the national honor and credit has been steadily growing. The Republicans and those allied with them in this campaign have been steadily growing more and more active and energetic, and realize the importance of the election. Many who have voted for Bryan in 1896 now declare they intend for the first time, to vote the Republican ticket. Reports from all over the West are very encouraging indeed, and while I am not as specifically advised concerning that portion of the country as I am in the East, yet I am sure we will make gains in that section."  
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The parade of the Republican party in Chicago yesterday was a perfect one. Hardly a cloud flecked the sky, while a cool breeze from Lake Michigan tempered the warm rays of the sun and kept fluttering the flags and banners stretched between the big buildings and waving from the windows and roofs, the paraders tramped from 9 o'clock in the morning until 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon.  
The day was practically a holiday in Chicago. The Board of Trade, the banks, and many of the big downtown stores were closed, and the residence districts were practically deserted, while the people massed themselves along the miles of tortuous march and applauded to their content.  
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**News Index to the Times This Morning**  
Part I.  
1. Whirlwind Close of Campaign.  
2. Impassioned Slaughter Rebels. Miners Celebrate Close of Strike.  
3. Huttin Must Name His Price. Huntington Going to Retire.  
4. Eager Outfits Royal Flush.  
5. Bryan Dines and Orates. Roosevelt's Big Cake Walk. Adlai Again in Evidence.  
6. Strike at Iron Mountain. Census Work Nearing Completion. Arrest of Receiver McKenna. Plot to Assassinate Loubet.  
7. Friday Night Socialist Meeting.  
8. Behind the Curtain.  
9. Salt Lake-Los Angeles Road.  
10. Southern California by Town. Personal: Men and Women.  
11. City in Brief: Brevities.  
12. Home News and Local Business. Record of Marriages and Deaths.  
Part II.  
1. Looking for New Oil Fields. Linters: Classified Advertising.  
Part III.  
1. Zepplin's New Air Ship. Sunday-school Convention Closes.  
2. The Stage: Music and Musicians.  
3. Events in the Social World.  
4. Clubs of Women.  
5. Close of Racing Week.  
6. Editorial Page: Paragraphs.  
7. Vital Campaign Issues.  
8. The Public Service: Official Doings. New Charter Problem Unsolved.  
9. Bolting Bryan Roddy.  
10. Enthusiastic Republican Rally.  
11. Financial and Commercial. Shares and Money at New York.  
Part IV.  
1. The Complete Story of Man.  
2. Passing of the Old Horse Car. Golf and Golf Players.  
3. Events in Fraternal Circles.  
4. Military Topics Carefully Compiled.  
5. Haunts of Big Game.  
6. Some Recollections of Sherman.  
7. Non-partisan Political Estimates.  
**CLASSIFIED NEWS SYNOPSIS.**  
**THE CITY.** Republicans have the greatest rally of the campaign... Sunday-school convention the best ever held... Los Angeles boys on the Oregon... Hundreds of local bar favors amendment to establish apollotie courts... Charities problem unsolved... Spiritualists seek exemption from license law... Young Mexican convicted of rape... Finish of the race... Catholic fair ended... Passing of the old horse cars... Milk supply improved... Interest in southwest Los Angeles oil district... Landlady arrested on tenant's complaint... Another "blind pig"... Chicanaman fatally shot by nightriders, garrote at St. Louis and Cincinnati.

**REPLY ON ALLIANCE.**  
*Hay Submits Draft to President.*  
United States Remains Non-Committal.  
Interpretation Placed on Third Clause Not Clear.  
Suicide of Yu Hsiang Confirmed—Step Toward Arbitration of Difficulties.  
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Secretary Hay today sent President McKinley his draft of the United States' reply to Germany and England regarding their alliance in Chinese affairs. The President will receive the document tomorrow morning, make whatever changes he deems necessary, and return it to the State Department by Wednesday morning. It will then be delivered to the German and British governments.  
It is understood that the State Department has received reports from various sources in China, and notably from Canton, through its agent there, to the effect that the imperial government had ordered the execution of the officers of the great Yang Tze provinces of Nankin and Hankow, because of their pro-foreign sentiment.  
Secretary Hay called Mr. Conger to investigate the report and if it was found to be true to make a feasible project to the imperial government through the Chinese commissioners at Peking, Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching, against the proposed action. Today Mr. Conger reported that, after careful investigation, the story of the change in administration had been found to be without foundation.  
The answer to the communications from Germany and Great Britain, embodying the last agreement relative to the open door and the territorial integrity of China, probably will go forward Monday. It is said that from the first our government has never been in agreement, or rather the invitation to a final agreement. But it was not possible to move speedily in this matter.  
The point of interest is the treatment that will be accorded the third section of the agreement relative to the course to be pursued by the signatories in the event that they find themselves obstructed in the execution of the two preceding paragraphs. It is expected that the State Department will find it unnecessary to enter upon any agreement on this point in advance of the occurrence of the event of the two preceding paragraphs. There can be no doubt of its full acceptance of the first two articles, in view of the fact that they are nothing more than reaffirmations of the department's own policies.

**CHARGE OF COWARDICE.**  
CONGER ACCUSES CAPT. HALL.  
[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.]  
WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—Minister Conger has preferred charges of cowardice against Capt. Hall, U.S.M.C., the second in command of the marine force at Peking during the siege. The details are closely guarded, the regulations of the War Department and Navy Department strictly forbidding publicity at this stage. It is gathered, however, that Mr. Conger questioned Capt. Hall's courage because of the latter's declination to carry out certain military operations suggested by the Minister. The charges in the ordinary course passed into the hands of Gen. Chaffee, the commander-in-chief for China, who examined them and made inquiry on his own account, and then concluding that the whole matter rested on the difference of judgment between the Minister and the captain, sent the papers to Washington, with a recommendation that no further proceedings be had, a finding vindicating the captain.  
From the War Department the papers went to the Navy Department, and after some consideration it was determined that the high morale of the Marine Corps required the most formal and complete acquittal. Consequently the papers were referred to Gen. Heywood, the commandant of the marine, who is taking steps to have a thorough investigation by a proper court. It happens that the only report of the conduct of the marines at Peking to reach the department was from Capt. Hall, the senior officer, Capt. Miles being ill to report.  
**SOBER VIEW IN GERMANY.**  
THINK MUDDLE WILL CLEAR.  
[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]  
BERLIN, Oct. 27.—[By Atlantic Cable.] More sober views about China now prevail here, owing doubtless to the fact that Count Von Buelow is known to entertain reasonable ideas about Germany's tangible interests there, and that his influence, as imperial chancellor, upon the impetuous Emperor and especially in foreign affairs, is decidedly greater than Prince Von Hohenlohe's. It is now generally believed here that the China muddle will slowly but surely unravel itself and lead to a satisfactory issue without necessitating any further large amount of actual hostilities or an elaborate strategic campaign. All the utterances of the semi-official press this week show this belief. Only the military party is dissatisfied with this view.  
Doubts are entertained here regarding the value of the credentials of Li Hung Chang as Prince Ching in their ability to force the terms of any agreement reached. The alleged latest edicts of Emperor Kwang Hsu are also regarded here with suspicion, and even the possibility that Li Hung Chang himself is their author or instigator, to facilitate the negotiators' task, is considered.  
An official of the Foreign Office informed the Associated Press correspondent that no further answers have been received to the Anglo-German agreement, but that Japan's adherence

is considered certain. The unfriendly attitude of influential Russian papers toward the agreement was pointed out and the Foreign Office official replied: "We have not to deal with the Russian press, but with the Russian government. We know the agreement is favorably received in St. Petersburg. An answer to the agreement will come from the Czar, who is now in the Crimea. Therefore, considerable time may elapse before his answer is received. There is no reason to hurry."

**YU HSIANG IS A DEAD ONE.**  
Rockhill Confirms Report of His Suicide—No Change in Administration.  
[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.]  
WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—From an independent source Secretary Hay has received confirmatory evidence of the reported suicide of Yu Hsiang, the fanatical Governor of the province of Shan Si, whose punishment was demanded by the powers for the massacre of a large number of missionaries. This message came from Special Commissioner Rockhill, as follows:  
"SHANGHAI, Oct. 27.—Have reliable information to the effect that Yu Hsiang committed suicide October 22. (Signed) 'ROCKHILL.'"  
It is regarded as probable by the State Department officials that Mr. Rockhill was unquestionably correct in the fact that the Chinese government had communicated information to this effect, so that coming from another point than Peking, whence the Chinese report emanated, Mr. Rockhill's advice is regarded as strongly corroborative.  
A dispatch has been received from Mr. Conger disproving the stories of the reactionary tendencies of the imperial government. The State Department has received reports from various sources in China, and notably from Canton, through its agent there, to the effect that the imperial government had ordered the execution of the officers of the great Yang Tze provinces of Nankin and Hankow, because of their pro-foreign sentiment.  
Secretary Hay called Mr. Conger to investigate the report and if it was found to be true to make a feasible project to the imperial government through the Chinese commissioners at Peking, Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching, against the proposed action. Today Mr. Conger reported that, after careful investigation, the story of the change in administration had been found to be without foundation.  
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**REWARD OUT FOR HEADS.**  
*Anti-Foreign Placards are Posted in the District of Hoiping.*  
[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]  
HONGKONG, Oct. 27.—[By Atlantic Cable.] The Chinese Mutual Protective Society of the Hoiping district has offered \$500 for the head of Dr. Sager of the American Board of Missions, and \$300 each for the heads of Rev. S. G. Tope, a British missionary; Dr. Graves, a Southern Baptist missionary; and Dr. Beattie of the American Presbyterian board. The placards say the heads must not be secured in Hoiping.  
The magistrate of that district is notably anti-foreign, and inspired the posting of the placards. Protection has been guaranteed by placards for all who destroy the property of the missions or of converts.



ROOSEVELT

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TEDDY'S STATE  
Bryan Fallacies.

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## ROOSEVELT AND BRYAN BOTH ADDRESS MONSTER MEETINGS.

**ROOSEVELT AND BRYAN BOTH ADDRESS MONSTER MEETINGS.**

**STARTS WITH A CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT.**

**EDDY'S STATE CAMPAIGN.**

**THE DECEASED BECAME ILL FROM HEART TROUBLE, STOPPED HERE AND DIED.**

**FIENDISH CRIMES OF A REBEL.**

**WHAT PEOPLE SAY**

**Is Not What Makes a Remedy Valuable.**

**Testimonials are good things and we are always glad to get them, but they don't make our remedy any more valuable.**

**Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are good because they do good—because they cure.**

**Testimonials are simply evidence that the tablets have helped other people, but it's your own case that counts.**

**Roosevelt Celebrates His  
Birthday by Refuting  
Bryan Fallacies.**

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

...nervous call them at the ...  
...and no matter what ...  
...is located in the lower ...  
...the ...  
...surprise you with the ...  
...own a few days ago.

...gathered around the Hoffman House.  
When Mr. Croker appeared, follow-  
ing him was a young man who  
now has to administer the govern-  
ment of Porto Rico, have as we are ac-  
quainted with the ...  
...the other day quoted the  
...of Adams, a signer of the Declara-  
tion of Independence, as having been  
resident after Washington, as an  
arrogant, but in reality Mr. Bryan  
has a letter to the ...  
January 8, 1861, explicitly states  
that the Constitution admits of (to use  
an expression often occurring by blind-  
fold men) "free alien territory."

...candidate turned around and smiled.  
This was the signal for another out-  
burst which caused Mr. Hyrsh, who  
Bryan said that he had just come  
from a warm room, but that he would  
not leave the Brooklyn Club meet-  
ing, where he addressed the Italian-  
American League.

The waving of 4000 Italian and  
American flags greeted Mr. Bryan  
when he entered the club. Every one  
stood up and yelled and cheered, and  
it was ten minutes before the tribute  
was over. Then it was only silence  
for a moment in his honor.

NEVADA CITY, Oct. 9.—Mayor  
Phelan of San Francisco addressed a  
Democratic meeting here tonight. A  
heart which declared that the Demo-  
cratic party were the friends of  
and seven young ladies gave a spec-  
tacular flag drill, while Miss Mabel  
sang the "Star Spangled Banner."  
COOMBS ON THE STUMP.  
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.  
SANTA CRUZ, Oct. 9.—The head-  
quarters of the campaign of William  
Coombs, Republican nominee for Con-  
gress from the First District, address-  
ed a Democratic meeting here ton-

strictly cleanliness as well as main-  
aining kitchen and cooking vessels.  
Proper regulations are prescribed to  
insure the adoption of these precautions.

TRANSPORT THOMAS IN  
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.  
WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—Gen. Mac-  
Arthur has informed the War Depart-  
ment of the arrival of the transport  
Thomas at Manila. The headquarters  
band and First Battalion of the Fifth  
Infantry; the headquarters band and  
Second Battalion of the Eighth Infan-

made for the cure of stomach troubles.  
Don't mistake our medicine for a  
claim for curing such things but dyspepsia  
and stomacal disorders. Just the one  
thing is what they are made for, but that  
is all right in the cause of the starving  
point of nearly all the doctors.  
Use Stuart's Tablets regularly. Keep your  
stomach right, and you can never be sick.

STEEL MILL SHUTS DOWN.  
JOLIET (ILL.) Oct. 9.—The Illinois  
Steel Company tonight shut down its  
converter and blast mill for an in-

★ 30 DAYS TREATMENT ★

"I doubt if there was a single stationer worthy of the name in the entire country," he said. "The only one I found was in Italy, and at one time much of the trade was almost entirely done here year by year. The business was large and increasing, and the stationers were well supplied with all the necessities and luxuries of the trade."

"(May) Disbance

[illegible]

<p><b>BRYAN DENIES AND ORATES.</b></p> <p><b>Dinner Given by Mr. Hearst Followed by a Gaiety in Gotham.</b></p> <p>BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.</p>	<p><b>ALAI AGAIN IN EVIDENCE.</b></p> <p><b>Democrats Have a Big Meet- ing at Chicago—Mr. Jones's Flag Day.</b></p>	<p><b>HUNTINGTON WILL RETIRE.</b></p>	<p><b>The Owl Drug Co.</b> 320 So. Spring St.</p> <p><b>Free Delivery</b> On \$5.00 orders within 250 miles of <b>Free Delivery</b> To all parts of</p>
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**NEW YORK, Oct. 27.**—William J. Brown's speech coming to this city was the occasion tonight of one of the greatest political demonstrations of the campaign. Fourteen thousand people cheered the Democratic candidate at Madison Square Garden. He was accompanied to this city by 200 Yale students. When he arrived the crowd added reaction there were more than 5000 persons to greet him. He took the remainder of the afternoon at the Hoffman House, where he is now. He is the husband of the campaign with

**PLAYS IT RUMPS.** We "lead" in low prices, and the trust stores keep hustling cards out of their sleeves to beat "The Owl," while the jobbers deal the boycott joker from the bottom of the deck, and we still

**CONTINUE TO TAKE THE TRICKS**

**Lesley's Talcum Powder.**

He reached Cooper Union about 7 o'clock, and addressed a large gathering of Germans. Then Mr. Bryan went to the corner of Fourteenth and Second avenues, where he made a speech from his carriage to a crowd of about 1000 people. He made a speech from the "Fountain" street, and at Bryn's Madison Square Garden was not begun until 9:30 p.m. It was unlike his former style of that place. It was directed to the Germans. He returned his greetings in the most cordial manner.

**Cipher Prescriptions.**

Cipher prescriptions are written in characters unknown to the general druggist and intended for the individual druggist who holds a key thereto.

The only reason a doctor writes cipher prescriptions

[illegible]

standard. "When I had an occasion to speak to the crowd," he said, "I had not time to consult other members of the party, but I did not believe that any party that had the principles which the Democratic party espoused could endorse an imperial policy, and I thought that there was no danger in my own doing so." He then read the Declaration of Independence. When I was cautioned not to speak too

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

MONTREAL, Oct. 27.—Charles M. Hays, general manager of the Grand Trunk system, who accepted the offer of the president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, in succession of the late C. P. Huntington, will sever his connection with the Grand Trunk at the termination of his present engagement with that road on January 1 next, and will leave Montreal soon after the first of the new year.

Help the ever-brotherless to get the food. Propagate the word of life in the most of all good health.

People wonder how we sell this so fast. The fact is that it is sold at other places.

Positive cure for cold in one day. It takes, according to directions, 15 minutes.

An agreeable and constitutional remedy for the Little Water of colic, and all other ailments.

Accepted to be prepared to protect from all impurities, as well as to give the consumer may be guaranteed.

...son family ...  
...son family ...  
...son family ...







against The Times.]







# Southern California by Towns and Counties.

## PASADENA.

### Peapack Club Has Live Topics.

### Work for Advancement of the City.

### For Dr. Dalrymple's Funeral—The Ornithological Club's Joust.

### Four young men will speak on the subject of "The Peapack Club's Joust."

### The Sunday-school of the Lake Avenue Congregational Church celebrated its fifth anniversary last evening.

### Dr. George S. Hull has returned from a month's outing at Flagstaff and in the Grand Canyon.

### Rev. and Mrs. A. M. Merwin returned yesterday from Berkeley.

### Philip A. Butler is ill.

### The Boston Club Dry Goods House of Pasadena is selling a circular giving some heart-breaking prices for the next ten days.

### Only four days more of the big anniversary sale at the Dry Goods House.

### A Basket Fair at the parish house of All Saints Church will be held Thursday evening, November 1.

### Buy your mixed paints, white lead, linseed oil, varnishes, light brushes, etc. of Munger & Griffin Co.

### Artist's materials at Wedworth's. A train load of coal on track; lowest prices. J. A. Jacobs.

### For rent, \$3 month, bicycles; sewing machines, \$1.50; typewriters, \$4.00.

### The leading grocer—W. J. Kelly. Tourists' Luggage Bureau, 31 East Colorado.

### Coal, wood, reduced prices. Discount Fuel and Feed Co. 114 East Colorado.

### Hot drinks, oyster cocktails at McCampbell's.

### SAINT DIEGO COUNTY.

### NEW PATH FOR WHEELMEN.

### SAINT DIEGO, Oct. 27.—(Regular Correspondence.)

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## ORANGE COUNTY EVENTS.

### First Conviction Under Shade-Tree Ordinance—"Walk-Around" Aftermath.

### SANTA ANA, Oct. 27.—(Regular Correspondence.)

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## MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

### Chicago Street Railway Commission Complete Bill to Be Submitted to the Legislature.

### CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—The Chicago street railway commission proposes to introduce at the coming session of the State Legislature as the result of several months' exhaustive study of the traction situation are practically completed.

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## MOVEMENTS OF SHIPPING.

### Cost Vessels on the Way.

### FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

### FOR PORT LOS ANGELES.

### FOR NEWPORT.

### FOR PORT LOS ANGELES.

### FOR NEWPORT.

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### FOR PORT LOS ANGELES.

## BUY OF THE MAKER.

### To insure fine optical work at first hands and lowest prices.

### Our workmanship is guaranteed in excellent; our fitting of eyes perfect; and our prices are always the lowest.

### Take advantage of our many facilities and let us suit you to a pair of good glasses.

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## DRUMMAIDS EASILY CURED.

### Miss Edith Williams Wants Every Lady Reader of this Paper to Know How She Saved Her Father.

### Used an Odeurless and Tasteless Remedy in His Food, Quickly Curing Him Without His Knowledge.

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